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THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

VOL. IV.

THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

OF

52968

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER;

Collated with all the Former Editions,

AND CORRECTED;

With Notes, Critical and Explanatory,

BY VARIOUS COMMENTATORS;

And Adorned with Fifty-four Original Engravings.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOLUME THE FOURTH;

CONTAINING,

LAWS OF CANDY;
FALSE ONE;
LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER;
TRAGEDY OF VALENTINIAN;
MONSIEUR THOMAS.

LONDON,

Printed by T. Sherlock, Bow-Street, Covent-Garden;

For T. EVANS, and P. ELMSLEY, in the Strand; J. RIDLEY, St. James's Street; J. WILLIAMS, No. 39, Fleet-Street; and W. Fox, Holborn.

MDCCLXXVIII.

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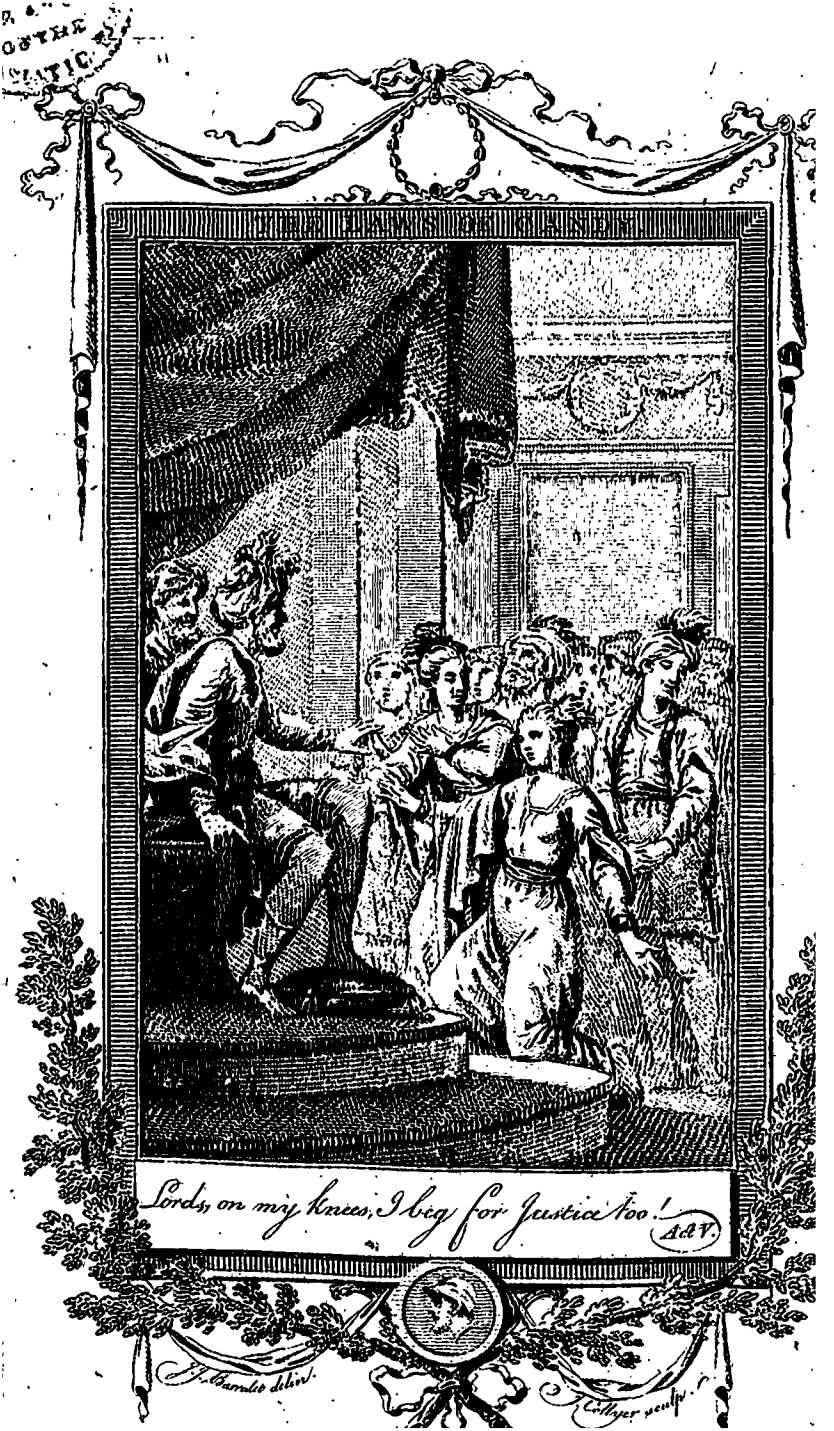
THE LAWS OF CANDY.
Lords, on my knees, I beg for Justice too!
Act V.
J. J. Barralet delin.
J. Collyer sculp.

THE

LAWS OF CANDY.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

This Play is ſuppoſed to have been the joint production of our Poets; and is one of the few which are not totally aſcribed to Fletcher by the panegyriſts. Its firſt publication was in the folio of 1647. It has lain long dormant; and, we believe, never received any alteration.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Caſſilane, *general of Candy.*
Antinous, *ſon to Caſſilane, and his competitor.*
Fernando, *a Venetian captain, ſervant to Annophel.*
Philander, *prince of Cyprus, paſſionately in love with Erota.*
Gonzalo, *an ambitious politick lord of Venice.*
Gaſpero, *ſecretary of ſtate.*
Melitus, *a gentleman of Candy.*
Arcanes, *a noble ſoldier, friend to Caſſilane.*
Decius, *friend to Antinous.*
Porphycio, } *ſenators.*
Poſſenne, }
Paolo Michael, *a Venetian ambaſſador.*
Mochingo, *an ignorant ſervant to Erota.*
Gentlemen.
Soldiers.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Erota, *a princeſs, imperious, and of an overweaning beauty.*
Annophel, *daughter to Caſſilane.*
Hyparcha, *attendant on the princeſs Erota.*

SCENE, CANDY.

THE

THE

LAWS OF CANDY.

ACT I.

Enter Gaſperò, and Melitus.

Melitus. SIR, you're the very friend I wiſh'd to meet with;
I have a large diſcourſe invites your ear
To be an auditor.

Gaſp. And what concerns it?

Mel. The ſadly-thriving progreſs of the loves
Between my lord the prince, and that great lady,
Whoſe inſolence, and never-yet-match'd pride,
Can by no character be well expreſs'd,
But in her only name, the proud Erota[1].

Gaſp. Alas, Melitus, I ſhould gueſs the beſt
Succeſs your prince could find from her, to be
As harſh as the event doth prove: But now
'Tis not a time to pity paſſionate griefs[2],

[1] *Whoſe inſolence, and never yet match'd pride,*
Can by no character be well expreſs'd,
But in her only name, the proud Erota.] It is difficult, by any etymology, to reconcile this name and character to each other. From Ερως can only be derived the attributes of *love*; and from Ηρως thoſe of *greatneſs*, on which *inſolence* and *pride* are indeed not uncommon, though not conſtant, attendants.

[2] Paſſionate *griefs.*] *i. e.* Griefs proceeding from *love.*

When a whole kingdom in a manner lies
Upon its death-bed bleeding.

Mel. Who can tell
Whether or no theſe many plagues at once
Hang over this unhappy land for her ſake,
That is a monſter in it?

Gaſp. Here's the miſery
Of having a child our prince; elſe I preſume
The bold Venetians had not dar'd to attempt
So bloody an invaſion.

Mel. Yet I wonder
Why, maſter ſecretary, ſtill the ſenate
So almoſt-ſuperſtitiouſly adores
Gonzalo, the Venetian lord, conſidering
The outrage of his countrymen.

Gaſp. The ſenate
Is wiſe, and therein juſt; for this Gonzalo,
Upon a maſſacre perform'd at ſea
By th' admiral of Venice, on a merchant
Of Candy, when the cauſe was to be heard
Before the ſenate there, in open court
Profeſſed, that the cruelty the admiral
Had ſhew'd, deſerv'd not only fine, but death:
(For Candy then and Venice were at peace.)
Since when, upon a motion in the ſenate,
For conqueſt of our land, 'tis known for certain,
That only this Gonzalo dar'd to oppoſe it;
His reaſon was, becauſe it too much ſavour'd
Of lawleſs and unjuſt ambition.
The wars were ſcarce begun, but he, in fear
Of quarrels 'gainſt his life, fled from his country,
And hither came, where to confirm his truth,
I know, Melitus, he, out of his own ſtore,
Hath monied Caſſilane, the general.

Mel. What, without other pledge than Caſſilane's
Bare promiſe of repayment?

Gaſp. No; it may be
He has ſome petty lordſhip to retire to;
But thus he hath done. Now, 'tis fit, Melitus,

The

The ſenate ſhould be thankful, otherwiſe
They ſhould annihilate one of thoſe laws
For which this kingdom is, throughout the world,
Unfollow'd and admir'd [3].

Mel. What laws are thoſe, Sir?
Let me ſo much importune you.

Gaſp. You ſhall;
And they be worth your knowledge. Briefly thus:
Whoe'er he be that can detect apparently
Another of ingratitude, for any
Received benefit, the plaintiff may
Require th' offender's life; unleſs he pleaſe
Freely and willingly to grant remiſſion.

Mel. By which ſtrict law, the ſenate is in danger,
Should they neglect Gonzalo?

Gaſp. Right; the law
Permits a like equality to aliens,
As to a home-born patriot.

Mel. Pray, Sir, the other?

Gaſp. Know, Melitus,
The elder Cretans flouriſh'd many years,
In war, in peace unparallel'd; and they
(To ſpur heroic ſpirits on to virtue)
Enacted, that what man ſoe'er he were,
Did nobleſt in the field againſt his enemy,
So by the general voice approv'd, and known,
Might, at his home-return, make his demand
For ſatisfaction and reward.

Mel. They are
Both famous laws indeed.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſſ. Maſter ſecretary,

[3] Unfollow'd *and admir'd.*] Mr. Theobald chuſes to read *unfellow'd*, which is certainly an improvement, though not a neceſſary one. *Seward.*

Theobald's reading is probably genuine, unleſs the Poets alluded to the well known lines of Ovid;

——— *Video meliora*, proboque,
Deteriora ſequor;

yet *unfollowed* is a harſh expreſſion.

The ſenate is about to ſit, and crave
Your preſence.
Gaſp. What, ſo ſuddenly?
Meſſ. Theſe letters
Will ſhew the cauſes why.
Gaſp. Heav'n, thou art great,
And worthy to be thank'd!
Mel. Your countenance, Sir,
Doth promiſe ſome good tidings.
Gaſp. Oh, the beſt
And happieſt for this land that e'er was told!
All the Venetian forces are defeated.
Mel. How, Sir?
Gaſp. And what doth add ſome delight more,
— there is
Amongſt the ſoldiers a contention
Who ſhall be the triumpher; and it ſtands
Doubtful between a father and his ſon,
Old Ceſſilane, and young Antinous.
Mel. Why may not both demand it?
Gaſp. The law denies it;
But, where the ſoldiers do not all conſent,
The parties in contention are referr'd
To plead before the ſenate; and from them
Upon an open audience to be judg'd
The chief, and then to make demands.
Mel. You raviſh me with wonder and delight.
Gaſp. Come; as we walk, I ſhall more fully inform you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Caſſilane, Arcanes, Antinous, and Decius.

Caſſ. Admit no ſoldier near us, till the ſenate
Have took their places.
Arc. You're obey'd, my lord.
Ant. Decius, fall off.
Dec. I ſhall.
Caſſ. Give leave, Arcanes. [*Exe. Arc. and Dec.*
Young man, come nearer to me! Who am I?

Ant.

Ant. It were a ſin againſt the piety
Of filial duty, if I ſhould forget
The debt I owe my father on my knee.
Your pleaſure?

Caſſ. What! ſo low? canſt thou find joints,
Yet be an elephant? Antinous, ariſe;
Thou wilt belie opinion, and rebate
Th' ambition of thy gallantry, that they
Whoſe confidence thou haſt bewitch'd, ſhould ſee
Their little god of war kneel to his father,
Tho' in my hand I did graſp thunder.

Ant. Sir,
For proof that I acknowledge you the author
Of giving me my birth, I have diſcharg'd
A part of my obedience. But if now
You ſhould (as cruel fathers do) proclaim
Your right, and tyrant-like uſurp the glory
Of my peculiar honours, not deriv'd
From ſucceſſary [4], but purchas'd with my blood,
Then I muſt ſtand firſt champion for myſelf
Againſt all interpoſers.

Caſſ. Boldly urg'd,
And proudly! I could love thee, did not anger
Conſult with juſt diſdain, in open language
To call thee moſt ungrateful. Say freely,
Wilt thou reſign the flatteries whereon
The reeling pillars of a popular breath
Have rais'd thy giant-like conceit, to add
A ſuffrage to thy father's merit? Speak.

Ant. Sir, hear me: Were there not a chronicle
Well penn'd by all their tongues, who can report
What they have ſeen you do; or had you not
Beſt in your own performance writ yourſelf,

[4] ——— *not deriv'd*
From *ſucceſſary*] Mr. Theobald would read, either *from ſucceſſors*, or *from anceſtry*; Mr. Seward prints, *Not deriv'd* NOR *ſucceſſary*. But as it is not impoſſible but the Authors, with their uſual licence of phraſeology, meant by the words, *not deriv'd from* SUCCESSARY, to ſignify, ' *not derived from* ſucceſſion,' we have followed the old authority.

And been your own text, I would undertake
Alone, without the help of art or character[5],
But only to recount your deeds in arms,
And you ſhould ever then be fam'd a precedent
Of living victory: But, as you are
Great, and well worthy to be ſtiled great,
It would betray a poverty of ſpirit
In me to obſtruct my fortunes, or deſcent,
If I ſhould coward-like ſurrender up
Th' int'reſt, which th' inheritance of your virtue,
And mine own thrifty fate, can claim in honour.
My lord, of all the maſs of fame, which any
That wears a ſword, and hath but ſeen me fight,
Gives me, I will not ſhare, nor yield one jot,
One tittle!

Caſſ. Not to me?

Ant. You are my father,
Yet not to you.

Caſſ. Ambitious boy, how dar'ſt thou
To tell me, that thou wilt contend?

Ant. Had I
Been ſlothful, and not follow'd you in all
The ſtraits of death, you might have juſtly then
Reputed me a baſtard: 'Tis a cruelty,
More than to murder innocents, to take
The life of my yet-infant honour from me.

Caſſ. Antinous, look upon this badge of age,
Thy father's grey-hair'd beard: Full fifty years,
(And more than half of this, ere thou wert born)
I have been known a ſoldier; in which time

[5] *Without the help of art,* or *character.*] If this be genuine, the word *character* muſt ſignify the ſame with rhetorick or oratory, but as the change of the particle will turn it to a verb and render it applicable to the context in its uſual acceptation, I have ventured to make the change. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward chuſes to read, *without the help of art,* to *character.* The old text requires no alteration, and the word *character* need not 'ſignify the ſame with rhetorick or oratory,' but *types,* or *letters,* in which ſenſe it is uſed to this day. 'You know the *character* '(meaning the handwriting) to be your brother's,' ſays Gloceſter in King Lear.

I found

I found no difference 'twixt war and peace,
For war was peace to me, and peace was war.
Antinous, mark me well; there hath not liv'd
Theſe fifty years a man whom Crete preferr'd
Before thy father; let me boldly boaſt,
Thy father, both for diſcipline and action,
Hath ſo long been the firſt of all his nation:
Now, canſt thou think it honeſt, charitable,
Nay humane, being ſo young, my ſon, my child,
Begot, bred, taught by me, by me thy father,
For one day's ſervice, and that one thy firſt[6],
To rob me of a glory which I fought for
A half of hundred years?

Ant. My caſe obſerves
Both equity and precedents; for, Sir,
That very day whereon you got your fame,
You took it from ſome other, who was then
Chief in repute, as you are now, and had been
Perhaps as many years deſerving that
Which you gain'd in a day, as I have mine.

Caſſ. But he was not my father then, Antinous;
Thou leav'ſt out that.

Ant. Sir, had he been your father,
He had been then immortal; for a father
Heightens his reputation where his ſon
Inherits it; as, when you give us life,
Your life is not diminiſh'd, but renew'd
In us when you are dead, and we are ſtill
Your living images.

Caſſ. So be thou curs'd
In thy poſterity, as I in thee,
Diſhonourable boy! Oh, ſhall that ſun,
Which not a year yet ſince beheld me mounted
Upon a fiery ſteed, waving my ſword,
And teaching this young man to manage arms,
That was a raw, freſh novice in the feats
Of chivalry, ſhall that ſame ſun be witneſs

[6] *For one day's ſervice, and that* on *thy firſt.*] Corrected in 1750.

Againſt

Againſt this brat, of his ingratitude?
Who, to eclipſe the light of my renown,
Can no way hope to get a noble name,
But by the treading on his father's greatneſs!
Thou wilt not yield?

Enter Arcanes and Decius.

Ant. My life, but not the prize
My ſword hath purchas'd.
Arc. The ſenate, my lord,
Are here at hand, and all the ſoldiers
Begin to throng about them.
Caſſ. Now, Arcanes,
The——
Arc. What, Sir?
Caſſ. Triſles will affront us; that
Fine fighting ſtripling!
Arc. Let him have the ſhame on't,
[illegible] withdraw on this ſide.
Caſſ. My great heart
Was never quail'd before.
Dec. My lord, be confident;
Let not your father daunt you.
Ant. Decius, whither
Muſt I withdraw?
Dec. On this ſide. See, the ſoldiers
Attend your pleaſure. Courage, Sir; the ſenate.
Caſſ. Way for the ſenate!

Enter Porphycio, Poſſenne, three Senators, Gonzalo, Gaſpero, and Soldiers.

Gon. My good lords, I know not
What tax of arrogance I may incur,
Should I preſume, tho' courted by your favours,
To take a place amongſt you. I had rather
Give proof of my unfeign'd humility
By this [7], tho' mean, yet more becoming place,

7 *Give proof of my unfeign'd humility*
By force, *tho' mean, yet more becoming place.*] To give proof of an

Than run the hazard of a doubtful cenſure.

Poſſ. My lord, your wiſdom is both known and tried;
We cannot rank you in a nobler friendſhip
Than your great ſervice to the ſtate deſerves.

Porph. Will't pleaſe you ſit?

Enter Fernando, with Soldiers.

Gon. What, here, my lord Porphycio?
It muſt not be.

Porph. My lord, you are too modeſt.

Gon. It is no ſeaſon to be troubleſome,
Elſe——But I've done. Your lordſhips are obſerv'd.

Gaſp. Is the demandant ready?

Arc. He is ready.

Gaſp. Produce him then.

Arc. Before this ſacred preſence,
I, by a general conſent, am made
The ſoldier's voice, and to your gracious wiſdoms
Preſent, as chief in arms, his country's champion,
Caſſilane.

Dec. Moſt reverend lords, you hear the leſſer number
Of thoſe who have been guardians to this country,
Approve this champion; I, in all their names
Who fought for Candy, here preſent before you
The mightieſt man in arms, Antinous.

---

an unfeign'd humility by *force*, is an expreſſion evidently abſurd, and I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute the word which the context requires inſtead of *force*. But it may be objected, that words ſo totally different in all their letters as *this* and *force* could not eaſily be miſtook for each other, either by tranſcriber or printer. This, I allow, has very rarely happened, though ſometimes it has, as in the firſt ſcene of the Faithful Shepherdeſs, *feel* was wrote inſtead of *goe*. But in ſuch great changes, without the authority of an old edition, conjecture ought not to dictate any emendation, unleſs it can give a probable reaſon for the corruption; and in this caſe I think there is one. Every man converſant in criticiſm knows how often *marginal comments* have crept into the text. I imagine therefore that ſome perſon who ſaw the pride of Caſſilane, and that his unfeign'd humility here was really a *forc'd* one, wrote *by force* in the margin, which the printer thinking a correction inſerted in the text. *Seward.*

We have adopted Mr. Seward's emendation, though we can by no means allow that he has given 'a probable reaſon for the corruption.'

Speak,

Speak, fellow-ſoldiers!

Sold. Antinous, Antinous!

Gaſp. Stand by, all, ſave the two competitors.

Poſſ. My lords, how much your country owes you both,
The due reward of your deſertful glories,
Muſt to poſterity remain: But yet
Since, by our law, one only can make claim
To the propoſed honours which you both
(It ſeems) have truly merited, take leave
Freely to plead your rights; we ſhall attend ye.

Porph. Wherein priority of voice is granted,
Lord Caſſilane, to you; for that your rare
And long experience in the courſe of war,
As well doth challenge it, as the beſt privilege
Of order and civility, for that
You are your brave opponent's worthy father.
Say, countrymen, are you content?

Both. Ay, ay.

Caſſ. Right grave, right gracious fathers! how unfit
It is for me, that all my life-time have
Been practis'd in the ſchool of blood and ſlaughter,
To bandy words now in my life's laſt farewell,
Your wiſdoms will conſider: Were there pitch'd
Another, and another field, like that
Which, not yet three days ſince, this arm hath ſcatter'd,
Defeated, and made nothing, then the man
That had a heart to think he could but follow
(For equal me he ſhould not) thro' the lanes
Of danger and amazement, might in that,
That only of but following me, be happy,
Reputed worthy to be made my rival:
For 'tis not, lords, unknown to thoſe about me,
(My fellow-ſoldiers) firſt, with what a confidence
I led them on to fight, went on ſtill, and,
As if I could have been a ſecond nature,
As well in heartening them by my example,
As by my exhortation, I gave life
To quicken courage, to inflame revenge,

To

To heighten reſolution; in a word,
To out-do action. It boots not to diſcover,
How that young man, who was not fledg'd nor ſkill'd
In martial play, was ev'n as ignorant
As childiſh; but I liſt not to diſparage
His non-ability: The ſignal given
Of battle, when our enemies came on,
(Directed more by fury, than by warrant
Of policy and ſtratagem) I met them,
I, in the fore-front of the armies, met them;
And, as if this old weather-beaten body
Had been compos'd of cannon-proof, I ſtood
The vollies of their ſhot. I, I myſelf,
Was he that firſt diſ-rank'd their woods of pikes:
But when we came to handy ſtrokes, as often
As I lent blows, ſo often I gave wounds,
And every wound a death. I may be bold
To juſtify a truth; this very ſword
Of mine ſlew more than any twain beſides!
And, which is not the leaſt of all my glory,
When he, this young man, hand to hand in fight,
Was by the general of the Venetians,
And ſuch as were his retinue, unhors'd,
I ſtepp'd between, and reſcu'd him myſelf,
Or horſes' hoofs had trampled him to dirt;
And whilſt he was remounting, I maintain'd
The combat with the gallant general,
'Till, having taken breath, he throng'd before me,
Renew'd the fight, and with a fatal blow,
Stole both that honour from me, and his life
From him, whom I before, myſelf alone,
Had more than full three quarters kill'd: A man
Well worthy only by this hand to have died,
Not by a boy's weak puſh. I talk too much;
But 'tis a fault of age! If to bring home
Long peace, long victory, ev'n to your capitol;
If to ſecure your kingdom, wives, and children,
Your lives and liberties; if to renown
Your honours thro' the world, to fix your names,

Like

Like blazing ſtars admir'd, and fear'd by all
That have but heard of Candy, or a Cretan;
Be to deſerve th' approvement of my manhood,
Then thus much have I done; What more, examine
The annals of my life; and then conſider
What I have been, and am. Lords, I have ſaid.
Gon. With rev'rence to the ſenate, is it lawful,
Without your cuſtom's breach, to ſay a word?
Poſſ. Say on, my lord Gonzalo.
Gon. I have heard,
And with no little wonder, ſuch high deeds
Of chivalry diſcours'd, that I confeſs,
I do not think the worthies, while they liv'd,
All nine, deſerv'd as much applauſe, or memory,
As this one: But who can do aught to gain
The crown of honour from him, muſt be ſomewhat
More than a man. You tread a dang'rous path,
Yet I ſhall hear you gladly; for, believe me,
Thus much let me profeſs, in honour's cauſe,
I would not to my father, nor my king,
(My country's father) yield: If you tranſcend
What we have heard, I can but only ſay,
That miracles are yet in uſe. I fear
I have offended.
Porph. You have ſpoken nobly.
Antinous, uſe your privilege.
Ant. Princely fathers,
Ere I begin, one ſuit I have to make;
'Tis juſt, and honourable.
Porph. & Poſſ. Speak, and have it.
Ant. That you would pleaſe the ſoldiers might all ſtand
Together by their general.
Poſſ. 'Tis granted.
All fall to yonder ſide! Go on, Antinous.
Ant. I ſhall be brief and plain. All what my father
(This country's patron) hath diſcours'd, is true.
Fellows in arms, ſpeak you; is't true?
Sold. True, true.

Ant.

Ant. It follows, that the blaze of my performance
Took light from what I ſaw him do: And thus
A city, tho' the flame be much more dreadful,
May from a little ſpark be ſet on fire.
Of all what I have done, I ſhall give inſtance
Only in three main proofs of my deſert:
Firſt, I fought out (but thro' how many dangers,
My lords, judge you) the chief, the great commander,
The head of that huge body, whoſe proud weight
Our land ſhrunk under; him I found and fought with,
Fought with, and ſlew. Fellows in arms, ſpeak you;
Is't true, or not?

Sold. True, true.

Ant. When he was fall'n,
The hearts of all our adverſaries
Began to quail, till young Fernando, ſon
To the laſt duke of Venice, gather'd head,
And ſoon renew'd the field; by whoſe example,
The bold Venetians doubling ſtrength and courage,
Had got the better of the day: Our men,
Suppoſing that their adverſaries grew
Like Hydra's head, recoil, and 'gan to fly;
I follow'd them; and what I ſaid, they know:
The ſum on't is; I call'd them back, new rank'd them;
Led on, they follow'd, ſhrunk not till the end.
Fellows in arms, is't true, or no?

Sold. True, true.

Ant. Laſtly, to finiſh all, there was but one,
The only great exploit; which was, to take
Fernando priſoner, and that hand to hand
In ſingle fight I did, myſelf, without
The help of any arm, ſave th' arm of Heav'n.
Speak, ſoldiers; is it true, or no?

Sold. Antinous, Antinous!

Ant. Behold my priſoner, fathers.

Fern. This one man
Ruin'd our army, and hath glorified
Crete in her robes of mightineſs and conqueſt.

Poſſ. We need not uſe long circumſtance of words:
Antinous,

Antinous, thou art conqueror; the Senate,
The ſoldiers, and thy valour, have pronounc'd it.
All. Antinous, Antinous!
Porph. Make thy demand.
Caſſ. Pleaſe ye, my lords, give leave
That I may part.
Poſſ. No, Caſſilane, the court
Should therein be diſhonour'd; don't imagine
We prize your preſence at ſo ſlight a rate.
Demand, Antinous.
Ant. Thus, my lords; to witneſs
How far I am from arrogance, or thinking
I am more valiant, tho' more favour'd,
Than my moſt matchleſs father, my demand is,
That, for a laſting memory of his name,
His deeds, his real, nay, his royal worth,
You ſet up in your capitol in braſs
My father's ſtatue, there to ſtand for ever,
A monument and trophy of his victories,
With this inſcription, to ſucceeding ages:
'Great Caſſilane, patron of Candy's peace,
'Perpetual triumpher.'
Porph. & Poſſ. It is granted.
What more?
Ant. No more.
Caſſ. How, boy?
Gon. Thou art immortal,
Both for thy ſon-like piety, and beauties
Of an unconquer'd mind!
Ant. My priſoner, lords,
To your more ſacred wiſdoms I ſurrender;
Fit you his ranſom; half whereof I give
For largeſs to the ſoldiers, th' other half
To the erection of this monument.
Caſſ. Ambitious villain!
Gon. Thou art all unimitable.——
My lords, to work a certain peace for Candy
With Venice, uſe Fernando like a prince;
His ranſom I'll diſburſe, whate'er it be:

Yet

Yet you may ſtay him with you, 'till conditions
Of amity ſhall be concluded on:
Are ye content?
Porph. We are, and ever reſt
Both friends and debtors to your nobleneſs.
Gon. Soldiers, attend me in the market-place;
I'll thither ſend your largeſs.
Sold. Antinous, Antinous! [*Exeunt.*
Caſſ. I have a ſuit too, lords.
Porph. & Poſſ. Propoſe it;
'Tis yours, if fit and juſt.
Caſſ. Let not my ſervices,
My being forty years a drudge, a pack-horſe,
To you and to the ſtate, be branded now
With ignominy ne'er to be forgotten:
Rear me no monument, unleſs you mean
To have me fam'd a coward, and be ſtamp'd ſo.
Poſſ. We underſtand you not.
Caſſ. Proud boy, thou doſt,
And tyrant-like inſult'ſt upon my ſhame.
Ant. Sir, Heav'n can tell, and my integrity,
What I did was but only to enforce
The ſenate's gratitude. I now acknowledge it.
Caſſ. Obſerve it, fathers, how this haughty boy
Grows cunning in his envy of mine honours:
He knows no mention can of me be made,
But that it ever likewiſe muſt be told,
How I by him was maſter'd; and for ſurety
That all ſucceeding times may ſo report it,
He would have my diſhonour, and his triumphs,
Engrav'd in braſs: Hence, hence proceeds the falſhood
Of his inſinuating piety.
Thou art no child of mine; thee and thy blood,
Here in the capitol, before the ſenate,
I utterly renounce! So, thrift and fate
Confirm me! Henceforth, never ſee my face;
Be as thou art, a villain to thy father!
Lords, I muſt crave your leaves. Come, come, Arcanes.
[*Exeunt Caſſ. and his party.*

Gon. Here's a ſtrange high-born ſpirit.
Poſſ. 'Tis but heat
Of ſudden preſent rage: I dare aſſure
Antinous of his favour.
Ant. I not doubt it;
He's both a good man, and a good father.
I ſhall attend your lordſhips.
Poſſ. Do, Antinous.
Gon. Yes; feaſt thy triumphs with applauſe and pleaſures.
Porph. & Poſſ. Lead on. [*Exeunt. Flor. Cornets.*

Manent Antinous and Decius.

Ant. 'I utterly renounce'——'Twas ſo;
Was't not, my Decius?
Dec. Piſh! you know, my lord,
Old men are choleric.
Ant. And laſtly parted
With, 'Never henceforth ſee my face!' Oh me,
How have I loſt a father! ſuch a father!
Such a one, Decius! I am miſerable,
Beyond expreſſion!
Dec. Fy, how unbecoming
This ſhews upon your day of fame!
Ant. Oh, miſchief!
I muſt no more come near him; that I know,
And am aſſur'd on't.
Dec. Say you do not?
Ant. True;
Put caſe I do not: What is Candy then
To loſt Antinous? Malta, I reſolve
To end my days in thee.
Dec. How's that?
Ant. I'll try
All humble means of being reconcil'd;
Which if denied, then I may juſtly ſay,
This day has prov'd my worſt, Decius, my worſt!
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Gonzalo and Gaſpero.

Gaſp. NOW to what you have heard; as no man can
Better than I, give you her character;
For I have been both nurs'd, and train'd up to
Her petulant humours, and been glad to bear them;
Her brother, my late maſter, did no leſs.
Strong apprehenſions of her beauty have
Made her believe that ſhe is more than woman:
And as there did not want thoſe flatterers
'Bout the world's conqueror, to make him think,
And did perſuade him, that he was a god;
So there be thoſe baſe flies, that will not ſtick
To buz into her ears, ſhe is an angel,
And that the food ſhe feeds on is ambroſia.

Gon. She ſhould not touch it then; 'tis poets' fare.

Gaſp. I may take leave to ſay, ſhe may as well
Determine of herſelf to be a goddeſs,
With leſſer flattery, than he a god;
For ſhe does conquer more, altho' not further:
Every one looks on her, dies in deſpair,
And would be glad to do it actually,
To have the next age tell how worthily,
And what good cauſe he had to periſh ſo.
Her beauty is ſuperlative; ſhe knows it,
And knowing it, thinks no man can deſerve,
But ought to periſh, and to die for her.
Many great princes for her love have languiſh'd,
And given themſelves a willing ſacrifice,
Proud to have ended ſo; and now there is
A prince ſo madded in his own paſſions,
That he forgets the royalty he was born to,
And deems it happineſs to be her ſlave.

Gon. You talk as if you meant to wind me in,

And make me of the number.

Gaſp. Sir,
Miſtake me not; the ſervice that I owe you
Shall plead for me: I tell you what ſhe is,
What ſhe expects, and what ſhe will effect,
Unleſs you be the miracle of men,
That come with a purpoſe to behold,
And go away yourſelf.

Gon. I thank you; I will do it.
But, pray reſolve me, how's ſhe ſtor'd with wit?

Gaſp. As with beauty, infinite, and more
To be admir'd at, than meddled with.

Gon. And walks
Her tongue the ſame gait with her feet?

Gaſp. Much beyond:
Whatever her heart thinks, ſhe utters, and ſo boldly,
So readily, as you would judge it penn'd
And ſtudied.

Enter Erota, Philander, Annophel, Hyparcha, Mochingo, and Attendants.

Gon. She comes.

Gaſp. I muſt leave you then;
But my beſt wiſhes ſhall remain with you. [*Exit.*

Gon. Still I muſt thank you.
This is the moſt paſſionate, moſt pitiful prince,
Who, in the caldron of affections,
Looks as he had been parboil'd.

Phil. If I offend with too much loving you,
It is a fault that I muſt ſtill commit,
To make your mercy ſhine the more on me.

Erota. You are the ſelf-ſame creature you condemn,
Or elſe you durſt not follow me, with hope
That I can pity you, who am ſo far
From granting any comfort in this kind,
That you and all men elſe ſhall periſh firſt!
I will live free and ſingle, 'till I find
Something above a man to equal me.

Put

Put all your braveſt heroes into one[8],
Your kings and emperors, and let him come
In perſon of a man, and I ſhould ſcorn him;
Muſt, and will ſcorn him!
The god of love himſelf hath loſt his eyes,
His bow and torch extinguiſh'd, and the poets
That made him firſt a god, have loſt their fire,
Since I appear'd, and from my eyes muſt ſteal it.
This I dare ſpeak; and let me ſee the man,
Now I have ſpoke it, that doth dare deny,
Nay, not believe it.

Moch. He is mad that does not.

Erota. Have not all nations of the earth heard of me?
Moſt come to ſee me, and, ſeeing me, return'd
Full of my praiſes; teaching their chroniclers
To make their ſtories perfect? For where the name,
Merely the word, of fair Erota ſtands,
It is a laſting hiſtory to time,
Begetting admiration in the men,
And in my own ſex envy; which glory's loſt,
When I ſhall ſtick my beauty in a cloud,
And ſcarcely ſhine thro' it[9].

Gon. This woman's in the altitudes, and he muſt be
A good aſtrologer ſhall know her zodiack.

Phil. For any man to think
Himſelf an able purchaſer of you[10],
But in the bargain there muſt be declar'd
Infinite bounty; otherwiſe, I vow
By all that's excellent and gracious in you,
I would untenant every hope lodg'd in me,
And yield myſelf up love's, or your own martyr.

---

[8] *Put all your* brave *heroes into one.*] Corrected in 1750.

[9] *And* clearly *ſhine thro' it.*] *Clearly* being an evident corruption, *dimly*, *barely*, and *merely*, were ſeverally propoſed in 1750. We prefer *ſcarcely* to either of them, and, as it is not very different from the old books in the trace of letters, have inſerted it in the text.

[10] Phil. *For any man to think*
Himſelf an able purchaſer of you, &c.] Some words appear to have been loſt here; the chaſm Mr. Seward would ſupply by reading,
'Twere arrogance *for any man to think*, &c.

Erota. So you ſhall pleaſe us.
Phil. Oh, you cannot be
So heav'nly and ſo abſolute in all things,
And yet retain ſuch cruel tyranny.
Erota. I can, I do, I will.
Gon. She is in her
Moods, and her tenſes: I will grammar with you,
And make a trial how I can decline you.
By your leave, great lady!
Erota. What are you?
Gon. A man,
A good man, that's a wealthy, a proper man,
And a proud man too; one that underſtands
Himſelf, and knows, unleſs it be yourſelf,
No woman in the univerſe deſerves him.
Nay, lady, I muſt tell you too withal,
I may make doubt of that, unleſs you paint
With better judgment next day than on this;
For (plain I muſt be with you) 'tis a dull fucus.
Erota. Knows any one here what this fellow is?
Atten. He is of Venice, madam; a great magnifico,
And gracious with the ſenate.
Erota. Let him keep then among them; what makes he here?
Here's ſtate enough where I am. Here's ado!—
You, tell him, if he have aught with us, let him
Look lower, and give it in petition.
Moch. Mighty magnifico, my miſtreſs bid me tell you,
If you have aught with her, you muſt look lower,
And yield it in petition.
Gon. Here's for thee a ducat.
Moch. You ſay well, Sir; take your own courſe.
Gon. I'll not grace you,
Lady, ſo much as take you by the hand;
But when I ſhall vouchſafe to touch your lip,
It ſhall be thro' your court a holiday
Proclaim'd for ſo high favour.
Erota. This is ſome

Great

Great man's jeſter: Sirrah, begone! here is
No place to fool in.
Gon. Where are the fools you talk of?
I do keep two.
Erota. No queſtion of it;
For in yourſelf you do maintain an hundred.
Gon. And, beſides them, I keep a noble train,
Statiſts, and men of action; my purſe is large and deep,
Beyond the reach of riot to draw dry;
Fortune did vie with nature, to beſtow,
When I was born, her bounty equally.
'Tis not amiſs you turn your eyes from me;
For, ſhould you ſtand and gaze me in the face,
You periſh would, like Semele by Jove:
In Venice, at this inſtant, there do lie
No leſs than threeſcore ladies in their graves,
And in their beds five hundred, for my love.
Moch. You lie more than they! Yet it becomes him bravely:
'Would I could walk and talk ſo! I'll endeavour it.
Erota. Sir, do you know me?
Gon. Yes; you were ſiſter to the late prince of Candy,
Aunt to this young one: And I in Venice,
Am born a lord! equal to you in fortunes;
In ſhape—I'll ſay no more; but view!
Moch. There needs no more be ſaid; were I a woman—
Oh, he does rarely: 'In ſhape—I'll ſay no more,
'But view!' Who could ſay more, who better?
Man is no man, nor woman woman is,
Unleſs they have a pride like one of theſe.
How poor the prince of Cyprus ſhews to him!
How poor another lady unto her!
Carriage and ſtate make us ſeem demi-gods;
Humility, like beaſts, worms of the earth!

Enter Antinous and Decius.

Ant. Royal lady, I kiſs your hand.
Erota. Sir, I know you not.

Anno. Oh, my noble brother! welcome from the wars!
Ant. Dear ſiſter!
Anno. Where's my father, that you come without him?
We've news of your ſucceſs. H' has his health, I hope?
Ant. Yes, ſiſter, h' has his health, but is not well.
Anno. How? not well? what riddles do you utter?
Ant. I'll tell you more in private.
Gon. Noble Sir,
I cannot be unmindful of your merit,
Since I laſt heard it: You're a hopeful youth,
And indeed the ſoul of Candy. I muſt ſpeak my thoughts.
Anno. The prince of Cyprus, brother. Good Decius!
Ant. I'm his ſervant.
Phil. You are the patron of your country, Sir;
So your unimitable deeds proclaim you;
It is no language of my own, but all mens'.
Gon. Your enemies muſt needs acknowledge it:
Then do not think it flattery in your friends,
For if they had a heart, they could not want a tongue.
Erota. Is this your brother, Annophel?
Anno. Yes, madam.
Erota. Your name's Antinous?
Ant. I am, lady, that moſt unfortunate man.
Erota. How unfortunate? Are you not the ſoldier,
The captain of thoſe captains, that did bring
Conqueſt and victory home along with you?
Ant. I had ſome ſhare in it; but was the leaſt
Of the leaſt worthy.
Gon. Oh, Sir, in your modeſty
You'ld make a double conqueſt. I was an ear-witneſs
When this young man ſpoke leſſer than he acted,
And had the ſoldier's voice to help him out.
But that the law compell'd him, and his honour
Enforc'd him make a claim for his reward [11],

I well

[11] *But that the law compell'd him* for *his honour,*
To inforce *him make a claim for his reward.*] *The law compell'd him*

I well perceivê he would have ſtood the man
That he does now, buried his worth in ſilence.
Erota. Sir, I hearken not to him, but look on you,
And find more in you than he can relate:
You ſhall attend on me.
Ant. Madam, your pardon!
Erota. Deny it not, Sir, for it is more honour
Than you have gotten i' th' field: For, know, you ſhall,
Upon Erota's aſking, ſerve Erota.
Ant. I may want anſwers, lady,
But never want a will to do you ſervice.
I came here to my ſiſter to take leave,
Having enjoin'd myſelf to baniſhment,
For ſome cauſe that hereafter you may hear,
And wiſh with me I had not the occaſion.
Anno. There ſhall be no occaſion to divide us:
Dear madam, for my ſake uſe your power,
Even for the ſervice that he ought to owe,
Muſt, and does owe, to you, his friends, and country!
Erota. Upon your loyalty to th' ſtate and me,
I do command you, Sir, not depart Candy!
Am I not your princeſs?
Ant. You are a great lady.
Erota. Then ſhew yourſelf a ſervant and a ſubject.
Ant. I am your vaſſal.
Moch. You are a coward: I, that dare not fight,
Scorn to be vaſſal to any prince in Europe.
Great is my heart with pride, which I'll encreaſe,
When they are gone, with practice on my vaſſals.

Enter an Attendant.

Atten. The noble Caſſilane is come to ſee you, madam.
Dec. There's comfort in thoſe words, Antinous;
For here's the place and perſons that have power

him to inforce him ſeemed ſomewhat abſurd; but I was at firſt a little doubtful whether I ſhould treat it as an evident corruption, till obſerving that the *for* in the ſecond line ſtood directly under that in the firſt, and that every one knows how frequently the printers make ſuch miſtakes; I was determin'd to treat it as a miſtake. *Seward.*

To

To reconcile you to his love again.

Ant. That were a fortunate meeting.

Enter Caſſilane and Arcanes.

Caſſ. Greatneſs ſtill wait you, lady!

Erota. Good Caſſilane,
We do maintain our greatneſs thro' your valour.

Caſſ. My pray'rs pull daily bleſſings on thy head,
My unoffending child, my Annophel!—
Good prince!—Worthy Gonzalo!—Ha! art thou here
Before me? in ev'ry action art thou ambitious?
My duty, lady, firſt offered here,
And love to thee, my child, tho' he out-ſtrip me.
Thus in the wars he got the ſtart on me,
By being forward, but performing leſs!
All the endeavours of my life are loſt,
And thrown upon that evil of mine own
Curſed begetting, whom I ſhame to father!
Oh, that the heat thou robb'dſt me of, had burnt
Within my entrails, and begot a fever,
Or ſome worſe ſickneſs; for thou art a diſeaſe
Sharper than any phyſick gives a name to!

Anno. Why do you ſay ſo?

Caſſ. Oh, Annophel, there is good cauſe, my girl!
H' has plaid the thief with me, and filch'd away
The richeſt jewel of my life, my honour;
Wearing it publicly with that applauſe,
As if he juſtly did inherit it.

Ant. 'Would I had in my infancy been laid
Within my grave, cover'd with your bleſſings, rather
Than grown up to a man, to meet your curſes!

Caſſ. Oh, that thou hadſt!
Then I had been the father of a child [12],

[12] *Then I had been the father of a child,*
Dearer than thou wert even unto me,
When hope perſwaded me I had begot
Another ſelf in thee.] This ſentence ſeems a little obſcure. It ſhould mean, that he had then only had one child, *viz.* Annophel, who is dearer to him than Antinous was ev'n at the time of his birth, when hope perſwaded him that he had begot another ſelf. *Seward.*

Dearer

Dearer than thou wert even unto me
When hope perſuaded me I had begot
Another ſelf in thee. Out of mine eyes,
As far as I have thrown thee from my heart,
That I may live and die forgetting thee!

Erota. How has he deſerv'd this untam'd anger,
That, when he might have aſk'd for his reward,
Some honour for himſelf, or maſs of pelf,
He only did requeſt to have erected
Your ſtatue in the capitol, with titles
Engrav'd upon't, 'The patron of his country?'

Caſſ. That, that's the poiſon in the gilded cup,
The ſerpent in the flowers, that ſtings my honour,
And leaves me dead in fame! Gods, do a juſtice,
And rip his boſom up, that men may ſee,
Seeing believe, the ſubtle practices
Written within his heart! But I am heated,
And do forget this preſence, and myſelf.
Your pardon, lady!

Erota. You ſhould not aſk, 'leſs you knew how to give.
For my ſake, Caſſilane, caſt out o' your thoughts
All ill conceptions of your worthy ſon,
That, queſtionleſs, has ignorantly offended,
Declared in his penitence.

Caſſ. Bid me die, lady, for your ſake I'll do it;
But that you'll ſay is nothing, for a man
That has out-liv'd his honour; but command me
In any thing ſave that, and Caſſilane
Shall ever be your ſervant. Come, Annophel,
My joy in this world! thou ſhalt live with me,
Retir'd in ſome ſolitary nook,
The comfort of my age! My days are ſhort,
And ought to be well ſpent; and I deſire
No other witneſs of them but thyſelf,
And good Arcanes.

Anno. I ſhall obey you, Sir.

Gon. Noble Sir,
If you taſte any want of worldly means,

Let

Let not that diſcontent you: Know me your friend,
That hath and can ſupply you.

Caſſ. Sir, I am too much bound to you already;
And 'tis not of my cares the leaſt, to give you
Fair ſatisfaction.

Gon. You may imagine I do ſpeak to that end;
But, truſt me, 'tis to make you bolder with me.

Caſſ. Sir, I thank you, and may make trial of you;
Mean time, my ſervice!

Anno. Brother, be comforted: So long as I continue
Within my father's love, you cannot long
Stand out an exile. I muſt go live with him,
And I will prove ſo good an orator
In your behalf, that you again ſhall gain him,
Or I will ſtir in him another anger,
And be loſt with you.

Ant. Better I were neglected; for he's haſty,
And, thro' the choler that abounds in him,
Which for the time divides from him his judgment,
He may caſt you off, and with you his life:
For grief will ſtraight ſurprize him, and that way
Muſt be his death; the ſword has tried too often,
And all the deadly inſtruments of war
Have aim'd at his great heart, but ne'er could touch it:
Yet not a limb about him wants a ſcar.

Caſſ. Madam, my duty!

Erota. Will you be gone?

Caſſ. I muſt, lady; but I ſhall be ready,
When you are pleas'd command me, for your ſervice.
Excellent prince! To all my hearty love,
And a good farewell!

Moch. Thanks, honeſt Caſſilane!

Caſſ. Come, Annophel.

Gon. Shall I not wait upon you, Sir?

Caſſ. From hence
You ſhall not ſtir a foot. Loving Gonzalo,
It muſt be all my ſtudy to requite you.

Gon. If I may be ſo fortunate to deſerve
The name of friend from you, I have enough.

Caſſ.

Caſſ. You are ſo, and you've made yourſelf ſo.
Gon. I will then
Preſerve it. [*Exeunt Caſſ. and Arc.*
Erota. Antinous, you are my ſervant,
Are you not?
Ant. 'T hath pleas'd you ſo to grace me.
Erota. Why are you then dejected? You will ſay,
You've loſt a father; but you've found a miſtreſs
Doubles that loſs: Be maſter of your ſpirit;
You have a cauſe for it, which is my favour.
Gon. And mine.
Erota. Will no man eaſe me of this fool?
Gon. Your fellow.
Erota. Antinous, wait upon us.
Ant. I ſhall, madam.
Gon. Nay but, lady, lady!
Erota. Sir, you're rude:
And if you be the maſter of ſuch means
As you do talk of, you ſhould learn good manners.
Gon. Oh, lady, you can find a fault in me,
But not perceive it in yourſelf! You muſt, ſhall hear me:
I love you for your pride; 'tis the beſt virtue in you.
Erota. I could hang this fellow now! By whom
Are you ſupported, that you dare do this?
Have you not example here in a prince,
Tranſcending you in all things, yet bears himſelf
As doth become a man had ſeen my beauty?
Back to your country, and your courtezans,
Where you may be admir'd for your wealth;
Which being conſum'd, may be a means to gain you
Th' opinion of ſome wit. Here's nothing to be got
But ſcorn, and loſs of time.
Gon. Which are things I delight in.
Erota. Antinous, follow me. [*Exit, with train.*
Gon. She is vex'd to the ſoul.
Moch. Let her be vex'd; 'tis fit ſhe ſhould be ſo.
Give me thy hand, Gonzalo; thou art in our favour,
For we do love to cheriſh lofty ſpirits,

Such

Such as percuſſe the earth, and bound
With an erected countenance to th' clouds.
Gon. 'Sfoot, what thing is this?
Moch. I do love fireworks,
Becauſe they mount; an exhalation I
Profeſs t' adore beyond a fixed ſtar,
'Tis more illuſtrious, as every thing
Rais'd out of ſmoak is ſo; their virtue is
In action: What d'ye think of me?
Gon. Troth, Sir,
You are beyond my gueſs; I know you not.
Moch. D'you know yourſelf?
Gon. Yes, Sir.
Moch. Why, you and I
Are one: I am proud, and very proud too,
That I muſt tell you; I ſaw it did become you.
Couſin Gonzalo! prithee, let it be ſo.
Gon. Let it be ſo, good couſin.
Moch. I'm no great one's fool.
Gon. I hope ſo, for alliance ſake.
Moch. Yet I do ſerve
The mighty, monſtrous, and magnanimous,
Invincible Erota.
Gon. Oh, good couſin,
Now I have you: I'll meet you in your coat.
Moch. Coat? I've my horſeman's coat, I muſt confeſs,
Lin'd thro' with velvet, and a ſcarlet outſide:
If you will meet me in't, I'll ſend for it;
And, couſin, you ſhall ſee me with much comfort,
For it is both a new one, and a right one;
It did not come collateral.
Gon. Adieu, good couſin!
At this preſent, I've ſome buſineſs.
Moch. Farewell, excellent couſin! [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

Enter Gonzalo and Fernando.

Gon. CANDY, I ſay, is loſt already.
Fern. Yes,
If to be conqueror be to be loſt.
Gon. You have it; one day's conqueſt hath undone them,
And ſold them to their vaſſalage. For what
Have I elſe toil'd my brains, profuſely emptied
My monies, but to make them ſlaves to Venice;
That ſo, in caſe the ſword did loſe his edge,
Then art might ſharpen her's?
Fern. Gonzalo, how?
Gon. Fernando, thus: You ſee how thro' this land,
Both of the beſt and baſeſt I am honour'd:
I only gave the ſtate of Venice notice,
When, where, and how to land, or you had found
A better entertainment; I was he
Encourag'd young Antinous to affront
The devil his father; for the devil, I think,
Dares not do more in battle.
Fern. But why did you?
I find no ſuch great policy in that.
Gon. Indeed, Fernando, thou canſt fight, nor plot:
Had they continu'd one, they two alone
Were of ſufficient courage and performance
To beat an army.
Fern. Now, by all my hopes,
I rather ſhall admire, than envy virtue.
Gon. Why then, by all your hopes you'll rather have
Your brains knock'd out, than learn how to be wiſe.
You ſtateſman! Well, Sir, I did more than this;
When Caſſilane crav'd from the common treaſure

Pay

Pay for his ſoldiers, I ſtruck home, and lent him
An hundred thouſand ducats.
Fern. Marry, Sir,
The policy was little, the love leſs,
And honeſty leaſt of all.
Gon. How ſay you by that?
Go fight, I ſay, go fight! I'll talk no more with you;
You are inſenſible.
Fern. Well, I ſhall obſerve you.
Gon. Why, look you, Sir, by this means have I got
The greateſt part of Caſſilane's eſtate
Into my hands, which he can ne'er redeem,
But muſt of force ſink: D'you conceive me now?
Fern. So!
But why have you importuned the ſenate,
For me to ſojourn with him[13]?
Gon. There's the quinteſſence,
The ſoul, and grand elixir of my wit:
For he, according to his noble nature,
Will not be known to want, tho' he do want,
And will be bankrupted ſo much the ſooner,
And made the ſubject of our ſcorn and laughter.
Fern. Here is a perfect plotted ſtratagem!
Gon. Why could you
Imagine, that I did not hate in heart
My country's enemies? Yes, yes, Fernando,
And I will be the man that ſhall undo them.
Fern. You're in a ready way.
Gon. I was ne'er out on't.

Enter Gaſpero.

Gon. Peace;
Here comes a wiſe coxcomb, a tame coward!
Now, worthy Gaſpero, what,
You come, I know, to be my lord Fernando's
Conductor to old Caſſilane?

[13] *For me to ſojourn with* them?] It was Caſſilane to whom he was to become a gueſt, *them* therefore ſeems a miſtake, as the antecedent would be the Senate, not Caſſilane or his family. *Seward.*

Gaſp.

Gaſp. To wait upon him.
Gon. And my lords the ſenators ſent you?
Gaſp. My noble lord, they did.
Gon. My lord Fernando,
This gentleman, as humble as you ſee him,
Is ev'n this kingdom's treaſure: In a word,
'Tis his chief glory that he is not wiſer
Than honeſt, nor more honeſt than approv'd
In truth and faith.
Gaſp. My lord!
Gon. You may be bold
To truſt him with your boſom; he'll not deceive,
If you rely upon him once.
Fern. Your name is Gaſpero?
Gaſp. Your ſervant.
Gon. Go, commend me,
Right honeſt Gaſpero, commend me heartily,
To noble Caſſilane; tell him my love
Is vow'd to him.
Gaſp. I ſhall.
Gon. I know you will.
My lord, I cannot long be abſent from you.
Fern. Sir, you are now my guide. [*Exit with Gaſp.*
Gon. Thus my deſigns
Run uncontroul'd. Yet, Venice, tho' I be
Intelligencer to thee, in my brain are
Other large projects: For, if proud Erota
Bend to my lure, I will be Candy's king,
And duke of Venice too. Ha! Venice too? Oh,
'Twas prettily ſhov'd in! Why not? Erota
May in her love ſeal all ſure; if ſhe ſwallow
The bait, I'm lord of both; if not, yet Candy,
Deſpite of all her power, ſhall be ruin'd. [*Exit.*

Enter Caſſilane, Arcanes, and Annophel.

Caſſ. Urge me no further.—Annophel!
Anno. My lord!
Caſſ. Thy father's poverty has made thee happy;
For tho' 'tis true, this ſolitary life

Suits not with youth and beauty, oh, my child,
Yet 'tis the ſweeteſt guardian to protect
Chaſte names from court-aſperſions: There a lady,
Tender and delicate in years and graces,
That dotes upon the charms of eaſe and pleaſure,
Is ſhipwreck'd on the ſhore; for 'tis much ſafer
To truſt the ocean in a leaking ſhip,
Then follow greatneſs in the wanton rites
Of luxury and ſloth.

Anno. My wiſhes, Sir,
Have never ſoar'd a higher flight, than truly
To find occaſion wherein I might witneſs
My duty and obedience.

Caſſ. 'Tis well ſaid.
Canſt thou forbear to laugh, Arcanes?

Arc. Why, Sir?

Caſſ. To look upon my beggary, to look
Upon my patience in my beggary.
Tell me, does it ſhew handſome? bravely handſome?
Thou'lt flatter me, and ſwear that I'm not miſerable [14].

Arc.

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[14] *Thou wilt flatter me*
And ſwear that I am miſerable.] There is a difficulty in the laſt of theſe lines, which Mr. Sympſon would amend, by ſuppoſing a negative dropt, and would read,

And ſwear that I'm not *miſerable.*

But this does not ſatisfy, and I therefore prefer the old reading with the following interpretation. 'You, Arcanes, will flatter me by talking of my former greatneſs and glory, and ſwear that this retirement is miſery to a man of my abilities for the command of whole armies.'——This gives me an opportunity of remarking the excellency of Caſſilane's Character; the faults of whoſe temper, tho' the fineſt ſtrokes of the poet's pencil, are apt to diſguſt ſome readers. The ſame has happened with regard to Arbaces in King and No King; the faults of the heroes are objected to the poets, and they ſcarce think it poſſible that perſons of ſuch noble and magnanimous tempers ſhould be diſtracted with ſuch violent and frantick paſſions. But the poets, from a deeper inſight into human nature, knew, that perſons of *bright parts* and *extenſive capacities* are more ſubject to *violent paſſions* than geniuſes of a *lower claſs:* Becauſe *quick perceptions* are the ſource from whence chiefly ſpring both the *underſtanding* and the *paſſions.* The characters therefore of Achilles by Homer, of Turnus and Mezentius by Virgil, of Caſſius, Hotſpur and Coriolanus by Shakeſpeare, of

Arbaces

Arc. Nothing more glorifies the noble, and the valiant,
Than to deſpiſe contempt: If you continue
But to enjoy yourſelf, you in yourſelf
Enjoy all ſtore beſides.
Caſſ. An excellent change!
I that ſome ſeven apprenticeſhips commanded
A hundred miniſters, that waited on
My nod, and ſometimes twenty thouſand ſoldiers,
Am now retir'd, attended in my age
By one poor maid, follow'd by one old man.
Arc. Sir, you are lower in your own repute
Than you have reaſon for.
Caſſ. The Roman captains,
I mean the beſt, ſuch as with their bloods
Purchas'd their country's peace, the empire's glory,
Were glad at laſt to get them to ſome farms,
Off from the clamours of th' ingrateful great ones,
And the unſteady multitude, to live
As I do now; and 'twas their bleſſing too;
Let it be ours, Arcanes.
Arc. I cannot but
Applaud your ſcorn of injuries.
Caſſ. Of injuries?
Arcanes! Annophel! lend both your hands.
So! what ſay ye now?
Arc. Why now, my lord?
Caſſ. I ſwear
By all my paſt proſperities, thus ſtanding
Between you two, I think myſelf as great,

Arbaces and Caſſilane, by our Authors, required more art, and a deeper inſight into nature to draw them, than either Hector, Æneas, Brutus or Antinous by the ſame authors, altho' the latter are certainly much more amiable characters than the former. *Seward.*

It has long been determined, that perfect characters are not the moſt proper for the *Epopœia*, or the Drama. As to the paſſage in queſtion, the whole tenor of the dialogue proves that we ought to adopt Mr. Sympſon's emendation, and read,

Thou'lt flatter me, and ſwear that I'm not *miſerable*;

The very anſwer of Arcanes confirms it.

As mighty, as if in the capitol
I ſtood amidſt the ſenators, with all
The Cretan ſubjects proſtrate at my feet.
Anno. Sir, you are here more ſafe.
Caſſ. And more belov'd.
Why, look ye, Sirs, I can forget the weakneſs
Of the traduced ſoldiers, the neglect
Of the fair-ſpoken ſenate, the impiety
Of him, the villain, whom, to my diſhonour,
The world miſcalls my ſon. But by the——
Arc. Sir,
Remember that you promis'd no occaſion
Should move your patience.
Caſſ. Thou doſt chide me friendly:
He ſhall not have the honour to be thought upon

Enter a Servant.

Amongſt us. Now? the news?
Serv. The ſecretary,
With the Venetian priſoner, deſire
Admittance to your lordſhip.
Caſſ. How! to me?
What myſtery is this? Arcanes, can they,
Think'ſt thou, mean any good?
Arc. My lord, they dare not
Intend aught elſe but good.
Caſſ. 'Tis true, they dare not.
Arcanes, welcome them. Come hither, Annophel;
[*Exit Arc.*
Stand cloſe to me; we'll change our affability
Into a form of ſtate, and they ſhall know
Our heart is ſtill our own.

Enter Arcanes, Fernando, and Gaſpero.

Arc. My lord——
Caſſ. Arcanes,
I know them both. Fernando, as you are
A man of greatneſs, I ſhould undervalue
The right my ſword hath fought for, to obſerve
Low-

Low-fawning compliments; but as you are
A captive and a ſtranger, I can love you,
And muſt be kind. You're welcome.
Fern. 'Tis the all
Of my ambition.
Gaſp. And for proof how much
He truly honours your heroic virtues,
The ſenate, on his importunity,
Commend him to your lordſhip's guard.
Caſſ. For what?
Gaſp. During the time of his abode in Candy,
To be your houſhold gueſt.
Fern. Wherein, my lord,
You ſhall more make me debtor to your nobleneſs,
Than if you had return'd me without ranſom.
Caſſ. Are you in earneſt, Sir?
Fern. My ſuit to th' ſenate
Shall beſt reſolve you that.
Caſſ. Come hither, ſecretary!
Look that this be no trick now put upon me!
For if it be——Sirrah——
Gaſp. As I have troth,
My lord, it only is a favour granted
Upon Fernando's motion, from himſelf.
Your lordſhip muſt conceive, I'd not partake
Aught, but what ſhould concern your honour: Who
Has been the prop, our country's ſhield, and ſafety,
But the renowned Caſſilane?
Caſſ. Applauſe
Is, Gaſpero—puff—nothing. Why, young lord,
Would you ſo much be ſequeſter'd from thoſe
That are the blazing comets of the time,
To live a ſolitary life with me,
A man forſaken? All my hoſpitality
Is now contracted to a few; theſe two,
This tempeſt-wearied ſoldier, and this virgin.
We cannot feaſt your eyes with maſques and revels,
Or courtly anticks; the ſad ſports we riot in,
Are tales of foughten fields, of martial ſcars,

And things done long ago, when men of courage
Were held the beſt; not thoſe well-ſpoken youths,
Who only carry conqueſt in their tongues.
Now, ſtories of this nature are unſeaſonable
To entertain a great duke's ſon with.
Fern. Herein
Shall my captivity be made my happineſs,
Since what I loſe in freedom, I regain,
With int'reſt, by converſing with a ſoldier,
So matchleſs for experience as great Caſſilane.
'Pray, Sir, admit me.
Caſſ. If you come to mock me,
I ſhall be angry.
Fern. By the love I bear
To goodneſs, my intents are honourable!
Caſſ. Then, in a word, my lord, your viſitations
Shall find all due reſpect. But I am now
Grown old, and have forgot to be an hoſt:
Come when you pleaſe, you're welcome.
Fern. Sir, I thank you.
Anno. Good Sir, be not too urgent; for my father
Will ſoon be mov'd; yet, in a noble way
Of courteſy he is as eaſily conquer'd.
Fern. Lady, your words are like your beauty, powerful;
I ſhall not ſtrive more how to do him ſervice,
Than how to be your ſervant.
Caſſ. She's my daughter,
And does command this houſe.
Fern. I ſo conceive her.
Caſſ. D'you hear?
Gaſp. My honour'd lord.
Caſſ. Commend me to them:
Tell 'em, I thank them.
Gaſp. Whom, my lord?
Caſſ. The ſenate.
Why, how come you ſo dull? Oh, they are gracious,
And infinitely grateful!—Thou art eloquent;
Speak modeſtly in mentioning my ſervices;

And

And if aught fall out in the by, that muſt
Of mere neceſſity touch any act
Of my deſerving praiſes, bluſh when you talk on't:
'Twill make them bluſh to hear on't.

Gaſp. Why, my lord?

Caſſ. Nay, nay, you are too wiſe now; good, obſerve me!
I do not rail againſt the hopeful ſpringall[15],
That builds up monuments in braſs, rears trophies
With mottoes and inſcriptions, quaint devices
Of poetry and fiction!—Let's be quiet.

Arc. You muſt not croſs him.

Gaſp. Not for Candy's wealth.

Fern. You ſhall for ever make me yours.

Anno. 'Twere pity
To double your captivity.

Arc. Who's here?
Decius!

Enter Decius.

Caſſ. Ha! Decius! who nam'd Decius?

Dec. My duty to your lordſhip! I am bold,
Preſuming on your noble and known goodneſs,
To——

Caſſ. What?

Dec. Preſent you with this——

Caſſ. Letter?

Dec. Yes, my honour'd lord.

Caſſ. From whom?

Dec. 'Pleaſe you peruſe
The inſide; you ſhall find a name ſubſcrib'd,
In ſuch humility, in ſuch obedience,
That you yourſelf will judge it tyranny
Not to receive it favourably.

Caſſ. Hey-day!
Good words, my maſters! This is court-infection,
And none but cowards ply them. Tell me, Decius,
Without more circumſtance, who is the ſender?

[15] *Springall.*] i. e. *Youth.* The word occurs in Spenſer. *R.*

Dec. Your much-griev'd ſon, Antinous.
Caſſ. On my life,
A challenge! Speak, as thou art worthy, ſpeak!
I'll anſwer't.
Dec. Honour'd Sir——
Caſſ. No honour'd Sirs!
Fool your young idol with ſuch pompous attributes,
Say briefly, what contains it?
Dec. 'Tis a lowly
Petition for your favour.
Caſſ. Raſh young man,
But that thou'rt under my own roof, and know'ſt
I dare not any way infringe the laws
Of hoſpitality, thou ſhouldſt repent
Thy bold and rude intruſion. But preſume not
Again to ſhew thy letter, for thy life;
Decius, not for thy life!
Arc. Nay then, my lord,
I can with-hold no longer; you're too rough,
And wreſtle againſt nature, with a violence
More than becomes a father. Wherein would you
Come nearer to the likeneſs of a God,
Than in your being entreated? Let not thirſt
Of honour make you quite forget you are
A man, and what makes perfect manhood's comforts,
A father [16].
Anno. If a memory remain
Of my departed mother, if the purity
Of her unblemiſh'd faith deſerve to live
In your remembrance, let me yet by theſe
Awake your love to my uncomforted brother!
Fern. I am a ſtranger, but ſo much I tender
Your ſon's deſertful virtues, that I vow
His ſword ne'er conquer'd me ſo abſolutely,

16 ——— *quite forget you are*
A man, and what makes perfect manhoods, comforts
A father.] The pointing of this paſſage being regulated, the ſenſe will be clear: 'Don't forget you are a man, and what is the 'greateſt bleſſing in the ſtate of manhood, *a father.*' *Seward.*

As

As ſhall your courteſy, if you vouchſafe,
At all our inſtances, to new-receive him
Into your wonted favour.
Gaſp. Sir, you cannot
Require more low ſubmiſſion.
Anno. Am I not
Grown vile yet in your eyes? then, by the name
Of father, let me once more ſue for him,
Who is the only now-remaining branch
With me, of that moſt ancient root, whoſe body
You are, dear Sir!
Caſſ. 'Tis well! An hoſt of furies
Could not have baited me more torturingly,
More rudely, or more unnaturally!
Decius, I ſay, let me no more hear from him!
For this time, go thou hence; and know from me,
Thou art beholden to me, that I have not
Kill'd thee already: Look to it next, look to't!
Arcanes, fy! fy, Annophel! [*Exit.*
Arc. He's gone,
Chaf'd beyond ſufferance: We muſt follow him.
Dec. Lady, this letter is to you.
Anno. Come with me,
For we muſt ſpeak in private. 'Pleaſe you, Sir,
To ſee what entertainment our ſad houſe can yield?
Fern. I ſhall attend you, lady. [*Exit Anno.*
Gaſp. How d'you like
To ſojourn here, my lord?
Fern. More than to feaſt
With all the princes of the earth beſides.
Gonzalo told me, that thou wert honeſt.
Gaſp. Yes, Sir,
And you ſhall find it.
Fern. Shall I?
Gaſp. All my follies
Be elſe recorded to my ſhame!
Fern. Enough.
My heart is here for ever lodg'd.
Gaſp. The lady——

Fern.

Fern. The place admits no time to utter all;
But, Gaſpero, if thou wilt prove my friend,
I'll ſay thou art——

Gaſp. Your ſervant. I conceive you.
We'll chuſe ſome fitter leiſure.

Fern. Never man
Was in a moment, or more bleſs'd, or wretched!
[*Exeunt.*

Hyparcha, placing two chairs, Antinous and Erota.

Erota. Leave us!

Hyp. I ſhall. [*Exit.*

Erota. Antinous, ſit down!

Ant. Madam!

Erota. I ſay, ſit down: I do command you ſit!
For look, what honour thou doſt gain by me,
I cannot loſe it. Happy Antinous!
The graces and the higher deities
Smil'd at thy birth, and ſtill continue it:
Then think that I, who ſcorn leſſer examples,
Muſt do the like. Such as do taſte my power,
And talk of it with fear and reverence,
Shall do the ſame unto the man I favour.
I tell thee, youth, thou haſt a conqueſt won,
Since thou cam'ſt home, greater than that laſt
Which dignified thy fame; greater than if
Thou ſhouldſt go out again, and conquer further;
For I am not aſhamed to acknowledge
Myſelf ſubdu'd by thee.

Ant. Great lady——

Erota. Sit ſtill; I will not hear thee elſe. No ſpeak;
And ſpeak like my Antinous, like my ſoldier,
Whom Cupid, and not Mars, hath ſent to battle.

Ant. I muſt, I ſee, be ſilent.

Erota. So thou mayſt;
There's greater action in it than in clamour.
A look, if it be gracious, will begin the war,
A word conclude it; then prove no coward,

Sinc

Since thou haſt ſuch a friendly enemy,
That teaches thee to conquer.

Ant. You do amaze me, madam!
I have no ſkill, no practice, in this war;
And whether you be ſerious, or pleaſe
To make your ſport on a dejected man,
I cannot rightly gueſs; but, be't as 'twill,
It is alike unhappineſs to me:
My diſcontents bear thoſe conditions in them,
And lay me out ſo wretched, no deſigns,
However truly promiſing a good,
Can make me reliſh aught, but a ſweet-bitter
Voluntary exile.

Erota. Why an exile? [*Muſick.*
What comfort can there be in thoſe companions
Which ſad thoughts bring along? Hyparcha [17]!

Enter Hyparcha.

Hyp. Madam.

Erota. Whence comes this well-tun'd ſound?

Hyp. I know not, madam.

Erota. Liſten, wench. [*Song.*
Whatever friendly hands they are that ſend it,
Let 'em play on; they're maſters of their faculty.
Doth't pleaſe you, Sir?

Ant. According to the time.

Erota. Go to 'em, wench,
And tell 'em, we ſhall thank 'em; for they've kept
As good time to our diſpoſition, as to their inſtruments.
Unleſs Antinous ſhall ſay he loves,
There never can be ſweeter accents utter'd.

Enter Philander.

Phil. Let then the heart that did employ thoſe hands

[17] *Which ſad thoughts bring along* with?
Enter *Hyparcha.*
Hyp. *Madam.*] I think it pretty plain that *Erota* called her attendant; and this, with leaving out an unneceſſary monoſyllable, completes the meaſure. *Seward.*

Receive

Receive ſome ſmall ſhare of your thanks with them,
'Tis happineſs enough that you did like it;
A fortune unto me, that I ſhould ſend it
In ſuch a lucky minute; but to obtain
So gracious welcome did exceed my hopes!
Erota. Good prince, I thank you for't.
Phil. Oh, madam, pour not, too faſt, joys on me,
But ſprinkle 'em ſo gently, I may ſtand 'em.
It is enough at firſt, you've laid aſide
Thoſe cruel angry looks out of your eyes,
With which, as with your lovely, you did ſtrike
All your beholders in an ecſtaſy.
Erota. Philander, you have long profeſs'd to love me.
Phil. Have I but profeſs'd it, madam?
Erota. Nay, but hear me.
Phil. More attentively than to an oracle.
Erota. And I will ſpeak more truly, if more can be;
Nor ſhall my language be wrapt up in riddles,
But plain as truth itſelf. I love this gentleman,
Whoſe grief has made him ſo uncapable
Of love, he will not hear, at leaſt not underſtand it.
I that have look'd with ſcornful eyes on thee,
And other princes, mighty in their ſtates,
And in their friends as fortunate, have now pray'd,
In a petitionary kind almoſt,
This man, this well-deſerving man, (that I muſt ſay)
To look upon this beauty; yet you ſee
He caſts his eyes rather upon the ground
Than he will turn 'em this way.
Philander, you look pale; I'll talk no more.
Phil. Pray go forward; I would be your martyr:
To die thus, were immortally to live.
Erota. Will you go to him then, and ſpeak for me?
You have lov'd longer, but not ferventer,
Know how to ſpeak, for you have done it like
An orator, ev'n for yourſelf; then how will you for me,
Whom you profeſs to love above yourſelf.
Phil. The curſes of diſſemblers follow me
Unto my grave, an if I do not ſo!

Erota

Erota. You may, as all men do, ſpeak boldlier,
Better, in their friend's cauſe ſtill, than in your own;
But ſpeak your utmoſt, yet you cannot feign;
I will ſtand by, and bluſh, to witneſs it.
Tell him, ſince I beheld him, I have loſt
The happineſs of this life, food and reſt [18],
A quiet boſom, and the ſtate I went with;
Tell him how he has humbled the proud,
And made the living but a dead Erota.
Tell him withal, that ſhe is better pleas'd
With thinking on him, than enjoying theſe.
Tell him——Philander! prince! I talk in vain
To you; you do not mark me.

Phil. Indeed I do.

Erota. But thou doſt look ſo pale,
As thou wilt ſpoil the ſtory in relating.

Phil. Not, if I can but live to tell it.

Erota. It may be, you have not the heart.

Phil. I have a will, I'm ſure, howe'er my heart
May play the coward. But, if you pleaſe, I'll try.

Erota. If a kiſs will ſtrengthen thee, I give you leave

[18] ——— *food; and reſt;*
A quiet boſom, and the ſtate I went with.
Tell him how he has humbled the proud,
And made the living but a dead Erota.
Tell him withal, that ſhe is better pleas'd
With thinking on him, than enjoying theſe.] The relative *theſe* can have no reference to any thing contain'd in the two preceding lines, but plainly refers to food, reſt, a quiet boſom and her ſtate, which it cannot do, without much force, as the lines at preſent ſtand; I have therefore replac'd them in their natural order. It is highly probable that the two intermediate lines were added by the Author after the former, and ſo being wrote in the margin, the tranſcriber or printer might eaſily miſtake the place where they were to be inſerted.

Seward.

Mr. Seward places the fifth and ſixth lines before the third and fourth; but in ſo doing he has reverſed, and not replaced, 'the 'natural order' of the lines. Till ſhe has, as in the old books, ſpoken of herſelf in the third perſon, it is abſurd and inelegant to ſay,

Tell him withal that SHE *is better pleas'd;*

nor is the relative too diſtant to refer to,

The happineſs of this life, food and reſt.

To

To challenge it; nay, I will give it you.
Phil. Oh, that a man ſhould taſte ſuch heavenly bliſs,
And be enjoin'd to beg it for another!
Erota. Alas, it is a miſery I grieve
To put you to, and I will ſuffer rather
In his tyranny, than thou in mine.
Phil. Nay, madam, ſince I cannot have your love,
I will endeavour to deſerve your pity;
For I had rather have within the grave
Your love, than you ſhould want it upon earth.
But how can I hope, with a feeble tongue,
To inſtruct him in the rudiments of love,
When your moſt powerful beauty cannot work it?
Erota. Do what thou wilt, Philander; the requeſt
Is ſo unreaſonable, that I quit thee of it.
I deſire now no more but the true patience
And fortitude of lovers, with thoſe helps
Of ſighs and tears, which, I think, is all the phyſick—
Phil. Oh, if he did but hear you, 'twere enough;
And I will wake him from his apoplexy.
Antinous!
Ant. My lord!
Phil. Nay, 'pray,
No courteſy to me; you are my lord,
Indeed you are, for you command her heart
That commands mine; nor can you want to know it:
For look you, ſhe that told it you in words,
Explains it now more paſſionately, in tears:
Either thou haſt no heart, or a marble one,
If thoſe drops cannot melt it! Prithee look up,
And ſee how ſorrow ſits within her eyes,
And love the grief ſhe goes with (if not her)
Of which thou art the parent; and ne'er yet
Was there, by nature, that thing made ſo ſtony,
But it would love whatever it begot.
Ant. He that begot me, did beget theſe cares,
Which are good iſſues, tho' happily by him
Eſteemed monſters: Nay, th' ill-judging world
Is likely enough to give them thoſe characters.

Phil.

Phil. What's this to love, and to the lady? He's old,
Wrathful, perverſe, ſelf-will'd, and full of anger;
Which are his faults, but let them not be thine:
He thruſts you from his love, ſhe pulls thee on;
He doubts your virtues, ſhe doth double them.
Oh, either uſe thine own eyes, or take mine,
And with them my heart! then thou wilt love her,
Nay, dote upon her more than on thy duty,
And men will praiſe thee equally for it;
Neglecting her, condemn thee as a man
Unworthy ſuch a fortune. Oh, Antinous,
'Tis not the friendſhip that I bear to thee,
But her command, that makes me utter this:
And when I have prevail'd, let her but ſay,
'Philander, you muſt die, or this is nothing,'
It ſhall be done together with a breath,
With the ſame willingneſs I live to ſerve her.

Erota. No more, Philander.

Phil. All I have done, is little yet to purpoſe;
But, ere I leave him, I'll perceive him bluſh;
And make him feel the paſſions that I do.
Every true lover will aſſiſt me in't,
And lend me their ſad ſighs to blow it home,
For Cupid wants a dart to wound this boſom.

Erota. No more, no more, Philander! I can endure no more:
Pray, let him go. Go, good Antinous; make peace
With your own mind, no matter tho' I periſh!

[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Hyparcha and Mochingo.

Hyp. I CANNOT help it.

Moch. Nor do I require it;
The malady needs no phyſician. Help
Hoſpital people.

Hyp.

Hyp. I am glad to hear
You are ſo valiant?
Moch. Valiant?
Can any man be proud that is not valiant?
Fooliſh woman! what wouldſt thou ſay? thou—
I know not what to call thee.
Hyp. I can you,
For I can call you coxcomb, aſs, and puppy!
Moch. You do do't, I thank you.
Hyp. That you'll loſe a fortune,
Which a cobler better deſerves than thou doſt!
Moch. Do not provoke my magnanimity;
For when I am incens'd I am inſenſible.
Go, tell thy lady, that hath ſent me word
She will diſcard me, that I diſcard her,
And throw a ſcorn upon her, which I would not,
But that ſhe does me wrong.

Enter Erota and Antinous.

Erota. Do you not glory in your conqueſt more,
To take ſome great man priſoner, than to kill him?
And ſhall a lady find leſs mercy from you,
That yields herſelf your captive, and for her ranſom,
Will give the jewel of her life, her heart,
Which ſhe hath lock'd from all men but thyſelf?
For ſhame, Antinous; throw this dullneſs off!
Art thou a man no where but in the field?
Hyp. He muſt hear drums and trumpets, or he ſleeps [19]:
And at this inſtant dreams he's in his armour.
Theſe iron-hearted ſoldiers are ſo cold,
'Till they be beaten to a woman's arms!

[19] *He muſt hear drums, and trumpets e'er he ſleeps.*] It was dullneſs, which Hyparcha calls ſleepineſs, that is complain'd of, and I doubt not but the ſenſe of this line is the very reverſe of what it was originally, by the accidental change of a particle. *E'er* ſhould be either *or* or *elſe*. I prefer the former, as Shakeſpeare uſes it in the ſame ſenſe.

'He's for a jig or tale of bawdry, *or* he ſleeps.' Hamlet.

Seward.

And

And then they love 'em better than their own;
No fort can hold them out.
Ant. What pity is it, madam, that yourſelf,
Who are all excellence, ſhould become ſo wretched,
To think on ſuch a wretch as grief hath made me!
Seldom deſpairing men look up to Heav'n,
Altho' it ſtill ſpeak to 'em in its glories;
For when ſad thoughts perplex the mind of man,
There is a plummet in the heart that weighs,
And pulls us, living, to the duſt we came from.
Did you but ſee the miſeries you purſue,
As I the happineſs that I avoid,
That doubles my afflictions, you would fly
Unto ſome wilderneſs, or to your grave,
And there find better comforts than in me;
For love and cares can never dwell together!
Erota. They ſhould,
If thou hadſt but my love and I thy cares.
Ant. What wild beaſt in the deſart but would be
Taught by this tongue to leave his cruelty,
Tho' all the beauties of the face were veil'd!
But I am ſavager than any beaſt,
And ſhall be ſo till Decius do arrive;
Whom with ſo much ſubmiſſion I have ſent
Under my hand, that, if he do not bring
His benediction back, he muſt to me
Be much more cruel than I am to you.
Erota. Is't but your father's pardon you deſire?
Ant. With his love; and then nothing next that, like yours.

Enter Decius.

Erota. Decius is come.
Ant. Oh, welcome, friend! If I not apprehend
Too much of joy, there's comfort in thy looks.
Erota. There is indeed; I prithee, Decius, ſpeak it.
Dec. How! prithee, Decius? this woman's ſtrangely alter'd.
Ant. Why doſt not ſpeak, good friend, and tell me how

[20] *Be much* more crueller *than I to you.*] Firſt folio and Seward. The intermediate copies preſerve grammar, and neglect meaſure.

The reverend bleſſing of my life receiv'd
My humble lines? Wept he for joy?
Dec. No; there's a letter will inform you more.
Yet I can tell you what I think will grieve you:
The old man is in want, and angry ſtill,
And poverty's the bellows to the coal,
More than diſtaſte from you, as I imagine.
Ant. What's here? how's this? It cannot be! Now ſure
My griefs delude my ſenſes.
Erota. In his look's
I read a world of changes. Decius, mark,
With what a ſad amazement he ſurveys
The news! Canſt thou gueſs what it is?
Dec. None good, I fear.
Erota. I fear ſo too; and then——
Ant. It is her hand!
Erota. Are you not well?
Ant. Too well. If I were aught
But rock, this letter would conclude my miſeries.
Peruſe it, lady, and reſolve me then,
In what a caſe I ſtand.
Dec. Sir, the worſt is
Your father's lowneſs and diſtaſte?
Ant. No, Decius;
My ſiſter writes, Fernando has made ſuit
For love to her; and, to expreſs ſincerely
His conſtant truth, hath, like a noble gentleman,
Diſcover'd plots of treachery, contriv'd
By falſe Gonzalo, not intending more
The utter ruin of our houſe, than generally
Candy's confuſion.
Dec. 'Tis a generous part
Of young Fernando.
Ant. 'Tis, and I could wiſh
All thrift to his affections, Decius.
You find the ſum on't, madam?
Erota. Yes, I do.
Ant. And can you now yet think a heart oppreſs'd
With

With ſuch a throng of cares, can entertain
An amorous thought? Love frees all toils but one;
Calamity and it can ill agree.
Erota. Will't pleaſe you ſpeak my doom?
Ant. Alas, great lady,
Why will you flatter thus a deſperate man,
That is quite caſt away? Oh, had you not
Procur'd the ſenate's warrant to enforce
My ſtay, I had not heard of theſe ſad news.
What would you have me do?
Erota. Love me, or kill me!
One word ſhall ſentence either: For, as truth
Is juſt, if you refuſe me, I am reſolute
Not to out-live my thraldom.
Ant. Gentle lady!
Erota. Say, muſt I live, or die?
Dec. My lord, how can you
Be ſo inexorable? Here's occaſion
Of ſuccouring your father in his wants
Securely proffer'd: Pray, Sir, entertain it.
Erota. What is my ſentence?
Ant. What you pleaſe to have it.
Erota. As thou art gentle, ſpeak thoſe words again!
Ant. Madam, you have prevail'd; yet, give me leave,
Without offence, ere I reſign the intereſt
Your heart hath in my heart, to prove your ſecreſy.
Erota. Antinous, 'tis the greateſt argument
Of thy affections to me.
Ant. Madam, thus then;
My father ſtands for certain ſums engag'd
To treacherous Gonzalo, and has mortgag'd
The greateſt part of his eſtate to him:
If you receive this mortgage, and procure
Acquittance from Gonzalo to my father,
I am what you would have me be.
Erota. You'll love me then?
Ant. Provided, madam, that my father know not
I am an agent for him.
Erota. If I fail

In this, I am unworthy to be lov'd.

Ant. Then, with your favour, thus I ſeal my truth.
To-day[20], and Decius, witneſs how unchangingly
I ſhall ſtill love Erota.

Erota. Thou haſt quicken'd
A dying heart, Antinous.

Dec. This is well.
Much happineſs to both!

Enter Hyparcha.

Hyp. The lord Gonzalo
Attends you, madam.

Erota. 'Comes as we could wiſh.
Withdraw, Antinous; here's a cloſet, where
You may partake his errand. Let him enter.

Ant. Madam, you muſt be wary. [*Exit.*

Erota. Fear it not;
I will be ready for him, to entertain him

Enter Gonzalo.

With ſmiling welcome:—Noble Sir, you take
Advantage of the time; it had been fit
Some notice of your preſence might have faſhion'd
A more prepared ſtate.

Gon. D'you mock me, madam?

Erota. Truſt me, you wrong your judgment, to repute
My gratitude a fault: I have examin'd
Your portly carriage, and will now confeſs
It hath not ſlightly won me.

Gon. The wind's turn'd;
I thought 'twould come to this.—It pleas'd us, madam,
At our laſt interview, to mention love:
Have you conſider'd on't?

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[20] ——— *thus I ſeal my truth,*
To day, *and Decius witneſs how unchangingly.*] Mr. Seward expunges the words *to day*, 'as unneceſſary to the ſenſe, and hurtful 'to the meaſure;' but this is too arbitrary; and the old reading, properly ſtopped, is good ſenſe, not unpoetical, nor more redundant than the meaſure often is. The *day* is no uncommon adjuration, and in that ſenſe we here underſtand it.

Erota. With more than common
Content: But, Sir, if what you ſpake you meant,
As I have cauſe to doubt, then——
Gon. What, ſweet lady?
Erota. Methinks we ſhould lay by this form of
ſtatelineſs;
Love's courtſhip is familiar; and, for inſtance,
See what a change it hath begot in me:
I could talk humbly now, as lovers uſe.
Gon. And I, and I; we meet in one ſelf-centre
Of bleſs'd conſent.
Erota. I hope my weakneſs, Sir,
Shall not deſerve neglect; but if it prove ſo,
I am not the firſt lady has been ruin'd
By being too credulous; you will ſmart for't one day.
Gon. Angel-like lady, let me be held a villain,
If I love not ſincerely!
Erota. 'Would I knew it.
Gon. Make proof by any fit command.
Erota. What do you mean?
To marry me?
Gon. How! mean? Nay more, I mean
To make you empreſs of my earthly fortunes,
Regent of my deſires; for did you covet
To be a real queen, I could advance you.
Erota. Now I perceive you ſlight me, and would
make me
More ſimple than my ſex's frailty warrants.
Gon. But ſay your mind, and you ſhall be a queen.
Erota. On thoſe conditions call me yours.
Gon. Enough.
But are we ſafe?
Erota. Aſſuredly.
Gon. In ſhort——
Yet, lady, firſt be plain: Would you not chuſe
Much rather to prefer your own ſun-riſing,
Than any's elſe, tho' ne'er ſo near entitled
By blood, or right of birth?
Erota. It is a queſtion

Needs not a reſolution.
Gon. Good; what if
I ſet the crown of Candy on your head?
Erota. I were a queen indeed then.
Gon. Madam, know
There's but a boy 'twixt you and it; ſuppoſe him
Tranſhap'd into an angel.
Erota. Wiſe Gonzalo!
I cannot but admire thee!
Gon. 'Tis worth thinking on;
Beſides, your huſband ſhall be duke of Venice.
Erota. Gonzalo duke of Venice!
Gon. You are mine, you ſay?
Erota. Piſh! you but dally with me; and would lull me
In a rich golden dream.
Gon. You are too much diſtruſtful of my truth.
Erota. Then you muſt give me leave to apprehend
The means and manner how.
Gon. Why, thus——
Erota. You ſhall not;
We may be over-heard; affairs and counſels
Of ſuch high nature are not to be truſted,
Not to the air itſelf: You ſhall in writing
Draw out the full deſign; which if effected,
I am as I profeſs.
Gon. Oh, I applaud
Your ready care, and ſecreſy.
Erota. Gonzalo,
There is a bar yet, 'twixt our hopes and us,
And that muſt be remov'd.
Gon. What is't?
Erota. Old Caſſilane.
Gon. Ha? fear not him: I build upon his ruins
Already.
Erota. I would find a ſmoother courſe
To ſhift him off.
Gon. As how?
Erota. We'll talk in private;

I have a ready plot.
Gon. I ſhall adore you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Fernando and Annophel.

Fern. Madam, altho' I hate unnoble practices,
And therefore have perform'd no more than what
I ought for honour's ſake[21]; yet, Annophel,
Thy love hath been the ſpur, to urge me forward
For ſpeedier diligence.
Anno. Sir, your own fame
And memory will beſt reward themſelves.
Fern. All gain is loſs, ſweet beauty, if I miſs
My comforts here: The brother and the ſiſter
Have double conquer'd me, but thou mayſt triumph.
Anno. Good Sir, I have a father.
Fern. Yes, a brave one:
Couldſt thou obſcure thy beauty, yet the happineſs
Of being but his daughter, were a dower
Fit for a prince. What ſay you?
Anno. You've deſerv'd
As much as I ſhould grant.
Fern. By this fair hand
I take poſſeſſion.
Anno. What in words I dare not,
Imagine in my ſilence.
Fern. Thou'rt all virtue.

Enter Caſſilane and Arcanes.

Caſſ. I'll tell thee how: Baldwin the emperor,
Pretending title, more thro' tyranny
Than right of conqueſt, or deſcent, uſurp'd
The ſtile of lord o'er all the Grecian iſlands,
And under colour of an amity
With Crete, preferr'd the marquis Mountferato

[21] *I ought for honour's* ſafety.] I have not rejected *ſafety* as thinking it nonſenſe, but becauſe the more natural word better ſuits the meaſure. I allow that where a pauſe happens in the middle of a verſe, a redundant ſyllable is often flung in by Shakeſpeare as well as our Authors. But one ſhould not ſuppoſe them to vary a natural phraſe on purpoſe to do it. *Seward*

To be our governor: The Cretans, vex'd
By the ambitious Turks, in hope of aid
From th' emperor, receiv'd for general
This Mountferato; he, the wars appeas'd,
Plots with the ſtate of Venice, and takes money
Of them for Candy; they paid well, he ſteals
Away in ſecret; ſince which time, that right
The ſtate of Venice claims o'er Candy, is
By purchaſe, not inheritance or conqueſt:
And hence grows all our quarrel.

Arc. So an uſurer
Or Lombard Jew, might with ſome bags of traſh
Buy half the weſtern world.

Caſſ. Money, Arcanes,
Is now a god on earth: It cracks virginities,
And turns a Chriſtian, Turk;
Bribes Juſtice, cut-throats Honour, does what not?

Arc. Not captives Candy.

Caſſ. Nor makes thee diſhoneſt,
Nor me a coward.——Now, Sir, here is homely,
But friendly entertainment.

Fern. Sir, I find it.

Arc. And like it, do you not?

Fern. My repair ſpeaks for me.

Caſſ. Fernando, we were ſpeaking of—how's this?

Enter Gonzalo, and Gaſpero with a caſket.

Gon. Your friend, and ſervant.

Caſſ. Creditors, my lord,
Are maſters, and no ſervants: As the world goes,
Debtors are very ſlaves to thoſe to whom
They've been beholden to; in which reſpect,
I ſhould fear you, Gonzalo.

Gon. Me, my lord?
You owe me nothing.

Caſſ. What, nor love, nor money?

Gon. Yes, love, I hope; not money.

Caſſ. All this bravery
Will ſcarcely make that good.

Gon. 'Tis done already:
See, Sir, your mortgage; which I only took,
In caſe you and your ſon had in the wars
Miſcarried: I yield it up again; 'tis yours.
Caſſ. Are you ſo conſcionable?
Gon. 'Tis your own.
Caſſ. Piſh, piſh! I'll not receive what is not mine;
That were a dangerous buſineſs.
Gon. Sir, I'm paid for't;
The ſums you borrow'd are return'd, the bonds
Cancell'd, and your acquittance formally ſeal'd:
Look here, Sir; Gaſpero is witneſs to it.
Gaſp. My honour'd lord, I am.
Gon. My lord Fernando,
Arcanes, and the reſt, you all ſhall teſtify,
That I acquit lord Caſſilane for ever,
Of any debts to me.
Gaſp. 'Tis plain and ample [22].
Anno. Fortune will once again ſmile on us fairly!
Caſſ. But, hark ye, hark ye! If you be in earneſt,
Whence comes this bounty? or whoſe is't?
Gon. In ſhort,
The great Erota, by this ſecretary,
Return'd me my full due.
Caſſ. Erota!—Why
Should ſhe do this?
Gon. You muſt aſk her the cauſe;
She knows it beſt.
Caſſ. So ho, Arcanes! none
But women pity us! ſoft-hearted women!
I am become a brave fellow now, Arcanes,
Am I not?
Arc. Why, Sir, if the gracious princeſs
Have took more ſpecial notice of your ſervices,

[22] Gaſp. *'Tis plain and ample:*
Fortune will once again, &c.] Mr. Seward gives theſe two lines to *Caſſilane*; and ſays, they evidently belong to him; but ſurely *'tis plain and ample* may be ſpoken by *Gaſpero*, as witneſs to the acquittance; and the other line will come from either *Annophel* or *Arcanes* with much more propriety than from *Caſſilane*.

And

And means to be more thankful than ſome others,
It were an injury to gratitude
To diſeſteem her favours.
Anno. Sir, ſhe ever
For your ſake moſt reſpectively lov'd me.
Caſſ. The ſenate, and the body of this kingdom,
Are herein (let me ſpeak it without arrogance)
Beholden to her: I will thank her for it;
And if ſhe have reſerv'd a means whereby
I may repay this bounty with ſome ſervice,
She ſhall be then my patroneſs. Come, Sirs,
We'll taſte a cup of wine together now.
Gon. Fernando, I muſt ſpeak with you in ſecret.
Fern. You ſhall.——Now, Gaſpero, all's well.
Gon. There's news
You muſt be acquainted with [23].
Come, there's no maſter-piece in art, like policy.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Fernando and Michael.

Fern. THE ſenate is inform'd at full.
Mich. Gonzalo
Dreams not of my arrival yet?
Fern. Nor thinks
'Tis poſſible his plots can be diſcover'd.
He fats himſelf with hopes of crowns, and kingdoms,
And laughs ſecurely, to imagine how

[23] Gaſp. *There's news*
You muſt be acquainted with.
Come there's no maſter-piece of art like policy.] This laſt line is a repetition of *Gonzalo's* vain opinion of his own policy. I therefore think that the whole ſpeech belong'd to him. And it is artful to make *Gonzalo* triumph in the ſucceſs of his politics, when the reader knows, that he is upon the brink of ruin. If *Gaſpero* is to ſpeak it, he muſt be ſuppoſed to have heard from Fernando the converſation which had paſs'd between *Gonzalo* and him. *Seward.*

He means to gull all but himſelf; when, truly,
None is ſo groſly gull'd as he.
Mich. There was never
A more arch villain.
Fern. Peace; the ſenate comes.

Enter Porphycio, Poſſenne, Senators, Gaſpero, attendants.

Porph. How cloſely treaſon cloaks itſelf in forms
Of civil honeſty!
Poſſ. And yet how palpably
Does Heav'n reveal it!
Fern. Gracious lords!
Gaſp. Th' ambaſſador,
Lord Paulo Michael, advocate
To the great duke of Venice.
Porph. You're moſt welcome;
Your maſter is a juſt and noble prince.
Mich. My lords, he bad me ſay, that you may know
How much he ſcorns, and, as good princes ought,
Defies, baſe, indirect, and godleſs treacheries,
To your more ſacred wiſdoms he refers
The puniſhment due to the falſe Gonzalo,
Or elſe to ſend him home to Venice.
Poſſ. Herein
The duke is royal. Gaſpero, the prince
Of Cyprus anſwer'd he would come?
Gaſp. My lords,
He will not long be abſent.

Enter Philander and Melitus.

Porph. You, Fernando,
Have made the ſtate your debtor.—Worthy prince,
We ſhall be ſuitors to you for your preſence,
In hearing and determining of matters
Greatly concerning Candy.
Phil. Fathers, I'm
A ſtranger.
Poſſ. Why, the cauſe, my lord, concerns
A ſtranger. Pleaſe you, ſeat yourſelf.

Phil.

Phil. Howe'er
Unfit, ſince you will have it ſo, my lords,
You ſhall command me.
Porph. You, my lord Fernando,
With the ambaſſador, withdraw a while.
Fern. My lords, we ſhall. [*Exit with Michael.*
Poſſ. Melitus, and the ſecretary,
Give notice to Gonzalo, that the ſenate
Requires his preſence. [*Exe. Gaſp. and Mel.*

Enter Caſſilane and Arcanes.

Phil. What concerns the buſineſs?
Porph. Thus, noble prince——
Caſſ. Let me alone; thou troubleſt me;
I will be heard.
Arc. You know not what you do.
Poſſ. Forbear[24]!
Who's he that is ſo rude? what's he that dares
To interrupt our counſels?
Caſſ. One that has guarded
Thoſe purple robes from cankers worſe than moths;
One that hath kept your fleeces on your backs,
That would have been ſnatch'd from you: But, I ſee,
'Tis better now to be a dog, a ſpaniel,
In times of peace, than boaſt the bruiſed ſcars,
Purchas'd with loſs of blood in noble wars.
My lords, I ſpeak to you!
Porph. Lord Caſſilane,
We know not what you mean.
Caſſ. Yes, you are ſet
Upon a bench of juſtice; and a day
Will come (hear this, and quake, ye potent great ones)
When you yourſelves ſhall ſtand before a judge,
Who in a pair of ſcales will weigh your actions,
Without abatement of one grain: As then

[24] Poſſ. *Forbear: Who's he that is ſo rude? What's he that dares?*] The firſt word of *Poſſenne's* ſpeech, ſeems originally to have been given to *Arcanes*. *Seward.*

There needs no variation; *Forbear!* coming very properly from *Poſſenne.*

You would be found full weight, I charge ye, fathers,
Let me have juſtice now!
Poſſ. Lord Caſſilane,
What ſtrange diſtemp'rature provokes diſtruſt
Of our impartiality? Be ſure
We'll father no man's injuries[25].
Caſſ. 'Tis well.
You have a law, lords, that, without remorſe,
Dooms ſuch as are beleper'd with the curſe
Of foul ingratitude, unto death.
Porph. We have.
Caſſ. Then, do me juſtice.

Enter Antinous, Decius, Erota, and Hyparcha.

Dec. Madman, whither runn'ſt thou?
Ant. Peace, Decius! I am deaf.
Hyp. Will you forget
Your greatneſs, and your modeſty?
Erota. Hyparcha, leave!
I will not hear.
Ant. Lady! great, gentle lady!
Erota. Prithee, young man, forbear to interrupt me;
Triumph not in thy fortunes; I will ſpeak.
Poſſ. More uproars yet! Who are they that diſturb us?
Caſſ. The viper's come; his fears have drawn him hither;
And now, my lords, be chronicled for ever,
And give me juſtice againſt this vile monſter,
This baſtard of my blood!
Erota. 'Tis juſtice, fathers,
I ſue for too; and, tho' I might command it,
(If you remember, lords, whoſe child I was)
Yet I will humbly beg it: This old wretch

[25] *We'll* flatter *no man's injuries.*] A judge who pardons a criminal, or rather a judge who will not ſee, but endeavours to palliate the crimes of the offender, may be ſaid to *flatter* his injuries, and therefore it was not without conſulting ſeveral ingenious friends that I ventur'd to diſcard it; They all upon reading the paſſage mark'd it as an exceptionable word, and two of them conjectur'd the ſame emendation which I had made: Which is certainly a ſtronger, a clearer and a more poetical word. *Seward.*

Has

Has forfeited his life to me.

Caſſ. Tricks, tricks,
Complots, devices, 'twixt theſe pair of young ones,
To blunt the edge of your well-temper'd ſwords,
Wherewith you ſtrike offenders, lords! But I
Am not a baby to be fear'd with bug-bears;
'Tis juſtice I require.

Erota. And I.

Ant. You ſpeak
Too tenderly, and too much like yourſelf,
To mean a cruelty, which would make monſtrous
Your ſex: Yet, for the love's ſake which you once
Pleas'd to pretend, give my griev'd father leave
To urge his own revenge; you have no cauſe
For yours: Keep peace about you!

Caſſ. Will ye hear me?

Phil. Here's ſome ſtrange novelty.

Poſſ. Sure we are mock'd!
Speak one at once. Say, wherein hath your ſon
Tranſgreſs'd the law?

Caſſ. Oh, the groſs miſts of dullneſs!
Are you this kingdom's oracles, yet can be
So ignorant? Firſt hear, and then conſider.
That I begot him, gave him birth and life,
And education, were, I muſt confeſs,
But duties of a father: I did more;
I taught him how to manage arms, to dare
An enemy, to court both death and dangers;
Yet theſe were but additions to complete
A well-accompliſh'd ſoldier: I did more yet;
I made him chief commander in the field
Next to myſelf, and gave him the full proſpect
Of honour and preferment; train'd him up
In all perfections of a martialiſt:
But he, unmindful of his gratitude,
You know with what contempt of my deſerts,
Firſt kick'd againſt mine honour, ſcorned all
My ſervices, then got the palm of glory
Unto himſelf. Yet, not content with this,

He

He, laſtly, hath conſpir'd my death, and ſought
Means to engage me to this lady's debt,
Whoſe bounty all my whole eſtate could never
Give ſatisfaction to. Now, honour'd fathers,
For this cauſe only, if your law be law,
And you the miniſters of juſtice, then
Think of this ſtrange ingratitude in him.

Phil. Can this be ſo, Antinous?

Ant. 'Tis all true,
Nor hath my much-wrong'd father limn'd my faults
In colours half ſo black, as in themſelves
My guilt hath dy'd them: Were there mercy left,
Yet mine own ſhame would be my executioner!
Lords, I am guilty.

Erota. Thou belieſt, Antinous,
Thine innocence! Alas, my lords, he's deſperate,
And talks he knows not what; you muſt not credit
His lunacy: I can myſelf diſprove
This accuſation.—Caſſilane, be yet
More merciful; I beg it.

Caſſ. Time, nor fate,
The world, or what is in it, ſhall not alter
My reſolution: He ſhall die!

Erota. The ſenate's
Prayers, or weeping lovers', ſhall not alter
My reſolution: Thou ſhalt die!

Ant. Why, madam,
Are ye all marble?

Poſſ. Leave your ſhifts, Antinous.
What plead you to your father's accuſation?

Ant. Moſt fully guilty.

Poſſ. You have doom'd yourſelf;
We cannot quit you now.

Caſſ. A burthen'd conſcience
Will never need a hangman. Hadſt thou dar'd
To have denied it, then this ſword of mine
Should on thy head have prov'd thy tongue a liar.

Erota. Thy ſword? Wretched old man, th' haſt liv'd
too long,

To

To carry peace or comfort to thy grave;
Thou art a man condemn'd. My lords, this tyrant
Had periſh'd but for me; I ſtill ſupplied
His miſerable wants; I ſent his daughter
Money to buy him food; the bread he eat
Was from my purſe: When he, vainglorioufly
To dive into the peoples' hearts, had pawn'd
His birth-right, I redeem'd it, ſent it to him,
And, for requital, only made my ſuit,
That he would pleaſe to new-receive his ſon
Into his favour; for whoſe love, I told him,
I had been ſtill ſo friendly: But then he,
As void of gratitude as all good nature,
Diſtracted, like a mad man, poſted hither
To pull this vengeance on himſelf, and us:
For why, my lords, ſince, by the law, all mean
Is blotted out of your commiſſion [26],
As this hard-hearted father hath accus'd
Noble Antinous, his unblemiſh'd ſon,
So I accuſe this father, and crave judgment!

Caſſ. All this is but deceit, mere trifles forg'd
By combination, to defeat the proceſs
Of juſtice. I will have Antinous' life!

Arc. Sir, what d'you mean?

Erota. I will have Caſſilane's!

Ant. Cunning and cruel lady, runs the ſtream
Of your affections this way? Have you not
Conqueſt enough by treading on my grave,
Unleſs you ſend me thither in a ſhrowd
Steep'd in my father's blood? As you are woman,
As the proteſts of love you vow'd were honeſt,

---

26 ——— *all* means

Is blotted out of your commiſſion.] The verb being in the ſingular number makes it probable, though not certain, that the nominative was ſo too; and the ſenſe, if not grammar, requires the change. 'Since your commiſſion allows no *mean* or midway between the death 'or abſolute acquittance of the party accuſed.' This ſeems to be the ſenſe intended. Mr. Sympſon reads '*mends*, i. e. *Amends*: Death being the only amends or atonement that the law allow'd.

Seward.

Be gentler to my father!
Erota. Caſſilane,
Thou haſt a heart of flint: Let my entreaties,
My tears, the ſacrifice of griefs unfeign'd,
Melt it; yet be a father to thy ſon,
Unmaſk thy long-beſotted judgment, ſee
A low obedience kneeling at the feet
Of nature, I beſeech you!
Caſſ. Piſh! you cozen
Your hopes; your plots are idle: I am reſolute.
Erota. Antinous, urge no further.
Ant. Hence, thou ſorcery
Of a beguiling ſoftneſs! I will ſtand,
Like the earth's centre, unmov'd. Lords, your breath
Muſt finiſh theſe diviſions: I confeſs,
Civility doth teach I ſhould not ſpeak
Againſt a lady of her birth, ſo high
As great Erota; but her injuries,
And thankleſs wrongs to me, urge me to cry
Aloud for juſtice, fathers.
Dec. Whither run you?
Ant. For, honour'd fathers, that you all may know
That I alone am not unmatchable
In crimes of this condition, leſt perhaps,
You might conceive, as yet the caſe appears,
That this foul ſtain and guilt run in a blood;
Before this preſence, I accuſe this lady
Of as much vile ingratitude to me.
Caſſ. Impudent traitor!
Phil. Her? Oh, ſpare, Antinous!
The world reputes thee valiant; do not ſoil
All thy paſt nobleneſs with ſuch a cowardice
As murd'ring innocent ladies will ſtamp on thee.
Ant. Brave prince, with what unwillingneſs I force
Her follies, and in thoſe her ſin, be witneſs,
All theſe about me: She is bloody-minded,
And turns the juſtice of the law to rigour:
It is her cruelties, not I, accuſe her.
Shall I have audience?

Erota. Let him ſpeak, my lords.
Dec. Your memory will rot.
Ant. Caſt all your eyes
On this—what ſhall I call her?—ruthleſs woman[27]!
When often in my diſcontents, the ſway
Of her unruly blood, her untam'd paſſion,
Or name it as you liſt, had hour by hour
Solicited my love, ſhe vow'd at laſt
She could not, would not live, unleſs I granted
What ſhe long ſued for: I, in tender pity,
To ſave a lady of her birth from ruin,
Gave her her life, and promis'd to be hers;
Nor urg'd I aught from her, but ſecreſy;
And then enjoin'd her to ſupply ſuch wants
As I perceiv'd my father's late engagements
Had made him ſubject to. What, ſhall I heap up
Long repetitions? She, to quit my pity,
Not only hath diſcover'd to my father
What ſhe had promis'd to conceal, but alſo
Hath drawn my life into this fatal forfeit:
For which, ſince I muſt die, I crave a like
Equality of juſtice againſt her;
Not that I covet blood, but that ſhe may not
Practiſe this art of falſhood on ſome other,
Perhaps more worthy of her love hereafter.
Porph. If this be true——
Erota. My lords, be as the law is,
Indifferent, upright; I do plead guilty.
Now, Sir, what glory have you got by this?
'Las, man, I meant not to outlive thy doom!
Shall we be friends in death?
Caſſ. Hear me! The villain
Scandals her, honour'd lords.
Erota. Leave off to dote,

[27] Truthleſs *woman.*] I have ventured to change the epithet here by ſtriking off a letter; not but I allow the former to be good ſenſe; but as Erota's want of compaſſion to Caſſilane was the ſole cauſe of Antinous's anger, *ruthleſs* ſeems to me the moſt natural epithet. *Seward.*

And

And die a wiſe man.
Ant. I am over-reach'd,
And maſtered in my own reſolution.
Phil. Will you be wilful, madam? Here's the curſe
Of love's diſdain.
Caſſ. Why ſit you like dumb ſtatues?
Demur no longer.
Poſſ. Caſſilane, Erota,
Antinous, death ye aſk, and 'tis your dooms:
You in your follies liv'd, die in your follies.
Caſſ. I am reveng'd, and thank you for it.
Erota. Yes,
And I: Antinous hath been gracious!
Ant. Sir,
May I preſume to crave a bleſſing from you
Before we part?
Caſſ. Yes, ſuch a one as parents
Beſtow on curſed ſons! Now, now I laugh
To ſee how thoſe poor younglings are both cheated
Of life and comfort. Look ye, look ye, lords,
I go but ſome ten minutes, more or leſs,
Before my time, but they have finely cozen'd
Themſelves of many, many hopeful years,
Amidſt their prime of youth and glory. Now

Enter Annophel.

My vengeance is made full!—Welcome, my joy!
Thou com'ſt to take a ſeaſonable bleſſing
From thy half-buried father's hand: I'm dead
Already, girl; and ſo is ſhe, and he:
We all are worms'-meat now.
Anno. I have heard all;
Nor ſhall you die alone. Lords, on my knees
I beg for juſtice too.
Porph. 'Gainſt whom? for what?
Anno. Firſt, let me be reſolv'd, does the law favour
None, be they ne'er ſo mighty?
Porph. Not the greateſt.
Anno. Then juſtly I accuſe of foul ingratitude,

My lords, you of the ſenate all! not one
Excepted!
Poſſ. & Porph. Us?
Phil. Annophel!
Anno. You're the authors
Of this unthrifty bloodſhed! When your enemies
Came marching to your gates, your children ſuck'd not
Safe at their mothers' breaſts, your very cloyſters
Were not ſecure, your ſtarting-holes of refuge
Not free from danger, nor your lives your own:
In this moſt deſp'rate ecſtaſy, my father,
This aged man, not only undertook
To guard your lives, but did ſo, and beat off
The daring foe; for you he pawn'd his lands,
To pay your ſoldiers, who without their pay
Refus'd to ſtrike a blow. But, lords, when peace
Was purchas'd for you, and victory brought home,
Where was your gratitude, who in your coffers
Hoarded the ruſty treaſure which was due
To my unminded father? He was glad
To live retir'd in want, in penury,
Whilſt you made feaſts of ſurfeit, and forgot
Your debts to him! The ſum of all is this;
You've been unthankful to him, and I crave
The rigour of the law againſt you all.
Caſſ. My royal-ſpirited daughter!
Erota. Annophel,
Thou art a worthy wench; let me embrace thee.
Anno. Lords, why d'ye keep your ſeats? they are no places
For ſuch as are offenders.
Poſſ. Tho' our ignorance
Of Caſſilane's engagements might aſſuage
Severity of juſtice, yet to ſhew
How no excuſe ſhould ſmooth a breach of law,
I yield me to the trial of it.
Porph. So
Muſt I. Great prince of Cyprus, you are left
The only moderator in this difference;

And,

And, as you are a prince, be a protector
To woful Candy.

Phil. What a ſcene of miſery
Hath thine obdurate frowardneſs, old man,
Drawn on thy country's boſom! And, for that
Thy proud ambition could not mount ſo high
As to be ſtil'd thy country's only patron,
Thy malice hath deſcended to the depth
Of hell, to be renowned in the title
Of the deſtroyer! Doſt thou yet perceive
What curſes all poſterity will brand
Thy grave with, that at once haſt robb'd this kingdom
Of honour and of ſafety?

Erota. Children yet
Unborn will ſtop their ears when thou art nam'd!

Arc. The world will be too little to contain
The memory of this deteſted deed;
The furies will abhor it!

Dec. What the ſword
Could not enforce, your peeviſh thirſt of honour,
A bare[28], cold, weak, imaginary fame,
Hath brought on Candy! Candy groans; not theſe
That are to die.

Phil. 'Tis happineſs enough
For them, that they ſhall not ſurvive to ſee
The wounds wherewith thou ſtabb'ſt the land that gave
Thee life and name.

Dec. 'Tis Candy's wreck ſhall feel
The miſchief of your folly[29].

[28] *A* brave, *cold, weak*—] As none of the epithets beſide the firſt are ironical, I doubt not but *brave* was a miſtake inſtead of the natural word, which I have, I believe, only reſtored. Mr. Sympſon has ſent me alſo the ſame emendation. *Seward.*

[29] *Dec. 'Tis Candy's wreck ſhall feel*——
Caſſ. *The miſchief of your folly.*
Porph. & Poſſ. *Annpobel!*] The impropriety of *Caſſilane's* ſpeaking the ſecond of theſe lines ſtruck Mr. Seward, and he gave it to *Arcanes*; but we ſee no reaſon for *Decius* being interrupted by any perſon, nor can we believe the Poets intended he ſhould. The laſt line comes very well from *Caſſilane*, but cannot, in our opinion, belong to the *Senators*.

Caſſ. Annophel!
Anno. I will not be entreated.
Caſſ. Prithee, Annophel!
Anno. Why would you urge me to a mercy, which
You in yourſelf allow not?
Caſſ. 'Tis the law,
That if the party who complains, remit
Th' offender, he is freed. Is't not ſo, lords?
Porph. & Poſſ. 'Tis ſo.
Caſſ. Antinous, by my ſhame obſerve
What a cloſe witchcraft popular applauſe is:
I am awak'd, and with clear eyes behold
The lethargy wherein my reaſon long
Hath been becharm'd: Live, live, my matchleſs ſon,
Bleſs'd in thy father's bleſſing; much more bleſs'd
In thine own virtues. Let me dew thy cheeks
With my unmanly tears! Riſe; I forgive thee!
And, good Antinous, if I ſhall be thy father,
Forgive me! I can ſpeak no more.
Ant. Dear Sir,
You new-beget me now.—Madam, your pardon!
I heartily remit you.
Erota. I as freely
Diſcharge thee, Caſſilane.
Anno. My gracious lords,
Repute me not a blemiſh to my ſex,
In that I ſtrove to cure a deſperate evil
With a more violent remedy: Your lives,
Your honours, are your own.
Phil. Then with conſent
Be reconcil'd on all ſides: Pleaſe you, fathers,
To take your places.
Poſſ. Let's again aſcend,
With joy and thankfulneſs to Heav'n! And now,
To other buſineſs, lords.

Enter Gaſpero and Melitus, with Gonzalo.

Mel. Two hours and more, Sir,
The ſenate hath been ſet.

Go

Gon. And I not know it?
Who ſits with them?
Mel. My lord the prince of Cyprus.
Gon. Gaſpero,
Why, how comes that to paſs?
Gaſp. Some weighty cauſe,
I warrant you.
Gon. Now, lords, the buſineſs? Ha!
Who's here? Erota!
Porph. Secretary, do your charge
Upon that traitor.
Gon. Traitor?
Gaſp. Yes, Gonzalo, traitor!
Of treaſon to the peace and ſtate of Candy
I do arreſt thee.
Gon. Me, thou dog?

Enter Fernando and Michael.

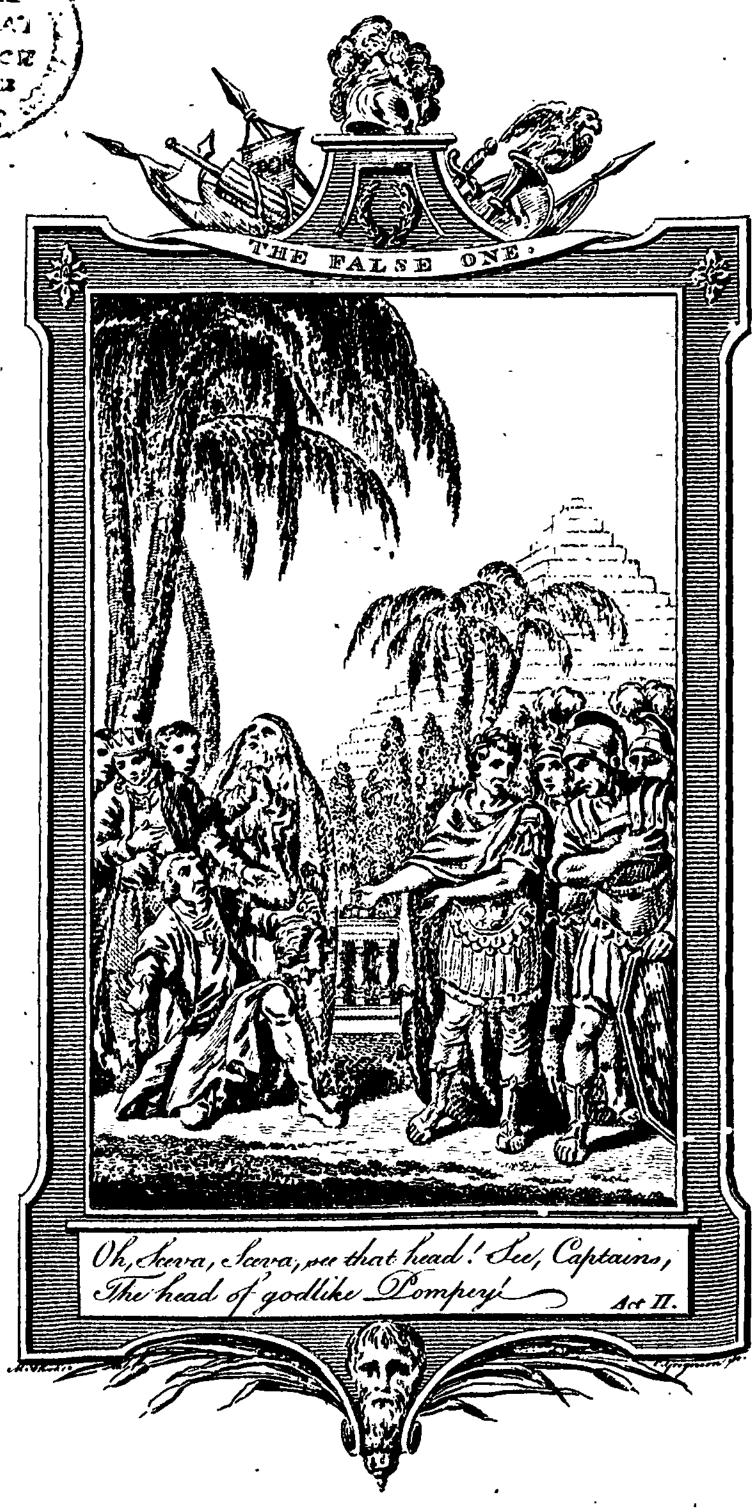
Mich. With licence
From this grave ſenate, I arreſt thee likewiſe
Of treaſon to the ſtate of Venice.
Gon. Ha!
Is Michael here? Nay, then I ſee
I am undone.
Erota. I ſhall not be your queen,
Your ducheſs, or your empreſs.
Gon. Dull, dull brain!
Oh, I am fool'd!
Gaſp. Look, Sir, d'you know this hand?
Mich. D'you know this ſeal?—Firſt, lords, he writes to Venice,
To make a perfect league; during which time
He would in private keep ſome troops in pay,
Bribe all the centinels throughout this kingdom,
Corrupt the captains, at a banquet poiſon
The prince and greateſt peers, and, in concluſion,
Yield Candy ſlave to Venice.
Gaſp. Next, he contracted
With the illuſtrious princeſs, the lady Erota,
In hope of marriage with her, to deliver

All the Venetian gallantry and ſtrength,
Upon their firſt arrival, to the mercy
Of her and Candy.
Erota. This is true, Gonzalo.
Gon. Let it be true: What then?
Poſſ. My lord ambaſſador,
What's your demand?
Mich. As likes the ſtate of Candy,
Either to ſentence him as he deſerves,
Here, or to ſend him like a ſlave to Venice
Porph. We ſhall adviſe upon it.
Gon. Oh, the devils,
That had not thruſt this trick into my pate!
A politician? fool! Deſtruction plague
Candy and Venice both!
Porph. & Poſſ. Away with him.
Mel. Come, Sir, I'll ſee you ſafe.
[*Exeunt Gonz. & Mel.*
Erota. Lords, ere you part,
Be witneſs to another change of wonder:
Antinous, now be bold, before this preſence,
Freely to ſpeak, whether or no I us'd
The humbleſt means affection could contrive,
To gain thy love.
Ant. Madam, I muſt confeſs it,
And ever am your ſervant.
Erota. Yes, Antinous,
My ſervant, for my lord thou ſhalt be never:
I here diſclaim the intereſt thou hadſt once
In my too-paſſionate thoughts. Moſt noble prince,
If yet a relick of thy wonted flames
Live warm within thy boſom, then I bluſh not
To offer up the aſſurance of my faith
To thee that haſt deſerv'd it beſt.
Phil. Oh, madam,
You play with my calamity!
Erota. Let Heav'n
Record my truth for ever.
Phil. With more joy

Than

Than I have words to utter, I accept it.
I alſo pawn you mine.
Erota. The man that in requital
Of noble and unſought affection
Grows cruel, never lov'd; nor did Antinous.
Yet herein, prince, you are beholden to him;
For his neglect of me humbled a pride,
Which to a virtuous wife had been a monſter.
Phil. For which I'll rank him my deſerving friend.
Ant. Much comfort dwell with you, as I could wiſh
To him I honour moſt!
Caſſ. Oh, my Antinous,
My own, my own good ſon!
Fern. One ſuit I have to make.
Phil. To whom, Fernando?
Fern. Lord Caſſilane, to you.
Caſſ. To me?
Fern. This lady
Hath promis'd to be mine.
Anno. Your bleſſing, Sir!
Brother, your love!
Ant. You cannot, Sir, beſtow her
On a more noble gentleman.
Caſſ. Sayſt thou ſo,
Antinous? I confirm it. Here, Fernando,
Live both as one; ſhe's thine.
Ant. And herein, ſiſter,
I honour you for your wiſe ſettled love.
This is a day of triumph; all contentions
Are happily accorded, Candy's peace
Secur'd, and Venice vow'd a worthy friend. [*Exeunt.*

THE


THE FALSE ONE.
Oh, Scæva, Scæva, see that head! See, Captains,
The head of godlike Pompey!
Act II.

THE

FALSE ONE.

A TRAGEDY.

Gardiner, the faſt friend of Fletcher, in his Commendatory Verſes, aſcribes this excellent Tragedy to him alone; the Prologue and Epilogue, which ſeem to have been written for the firſt repreſentation, and are much more to be depended on, ſpeak of 'Thoſe *who penn'd* 'this.' *The Falſe One was firſt printed in the folio collection of* 1647.—*We do not know that this Tragedy ever received any alterations, or that it has been performed in the courſe of many years paſt.*

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

NEW titles warrant not a play for new,
The ſubject being old; and 'tis as true,
Freſh and neat matter may with eaſe be fram'd
Out of their ſtories, that have oft been nam'd
With glory on the ſtage: What borrows he
From him that wrote old Priam's tragedy,
That writes his love to Hecuba? Sure, to tell
Of Cæſar's amorous heats, and how he fell
I' th' capitol, can never be the ſame
To the judicious: Nor will ſuch blame
Thoſe who penn'd this, for barrenneſs, when they find
Young Cleopatra here, and her great mind
Expreſs'd to th' height, with us a maid, and free,
And how he rated her virginity:
We treat not of what boldneſs ſhe did die,
Nor of her fatal love to Antony.
What we preſent and offer to your view,
Upon their faiths, the ſtage yet never knew:
Let reaſon then firſt to your wills give laws,
And after judge of them, and of their cauſe.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Julius Cæſar, *emperor of Rome.*
Ptolomy, *king of Egypt.*
Achoreus, *an honeſt counſellor, prieſt of Iſis.*
Photinus, *a politician, minion to Ptolomy.*
Achillas, *captain of the guard to Ptolomy.*
Septimius, *a revolted Roman villain.*
Labienus, *a Roman ſoldier, and nuncio.*
Apollodorus, *guardian to Cleopatra.*
Antony, Dolabella, } *Cæſar's captains.*
Sceva, *a free ſpeaker, alſo captain to Cæſar.*
Three lame Soldiers.
Guard.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Cleopatra, *queen of Egypt. Cæſar's miſtreſs.*
Arſinoe, *Cleopatra's ſiſter.*
Eros, *Cleopatra's waiting-woman.*

SCENE, EGYPT.

THE

FALSE ONE[1].

ACT I.

Enter Achillas and Achoreus.

Achoreus. I LOVE the king[2], nor do diſpute his power,
For that is not confin'd, nor to be cenſur'd
By me, that am his ſubject; yet allow me
The liberty of a man, that ſtill would be
A friend to juſtice, to demand the motives

[1] *The Falſe One.*] Mr. Seward, conceiving that *a ſlur is caſt on this play* (for ſo he expreſſes it) by Dr. Warburton's firſt note on the Tempeſt, is very copious in his defences of the Falſe One, as 'the 'rival of Antony and Cleopatra.' He alſo gives very large quotations from Lucan; and endeavours to ſhew the ſuperiority of the Falſe One over the Pompey of Corneille; in all which particulars we think him too prolix and too unintereſting to be entirely copied: Nor do we believe that our Authors meant (as the Rev. Commentator on the Tempeſt imagines) *to break a lance with Shakeſpeare* on this occaſion. The Prologue utterly diſclaims any competition either with his Julius Cæſar or his Antony and Cleopatra, truly aſſerting, that although the perſonages are the ſame with thoſe that are celebrated in thoſe plays, the ſituations of thoſe perſonages, that furniſh the ſubject of *the Falſe One*, are totally different.

[2] Achil. *I love the king*, &c.] The groſs error of making *Achillas* ſpeak this has run through all the editions. *Seward.*

We are very ſorry Mr. Seward ſhould begin a play he ſeems to admire, with a fallacious aſſertion: The firſt folio (in which *Ach.* ſtands for *Achoreus* throughout, and for *Achillas* only in one ſhort ſcene, when *Achoreus* is not preſent) gives this ſpeech to *Ach.* i. e. *Achoreus.*

That

That did induce young Ptolomy, or Photinus,
(To whoſe directions he gives up himſelf,
And I hope wiſely) to commit his ſiſter,
The princeſs Cleopatra——If I ſaid
The queen, Achillas, 'twere, I hope, no treaſon,
She being by her father's teſtament
(Whoſe memory I bow to) left co-heir
In all he ſtood poſſeſs'd of.
Achil. 'Tis confeſs'd,
My good Achoreus, that in theſe eaſtern kingdoms
Women are not exempted from the ſceptre,
But claim a privilege equal to the male;
But how much ſuch diviſions have ta'en from
The majeſty of Egypt, and what factions
Have ſprung from thoſe partitions, to the ruin
Of the poor ſubject, doubtful which to follow,
We have too many and too ſad examples:
Therefore the wiſe Photinus, to prevent
The murders, and the maſſacres, that attend
On diſunited government, and to ſhew
The king without a partner, in full ſplendor,
Thought it convenient the fair Cleopatra
(An attribute not frequent in this climate)
Should be committed to ſafe cuſtody,
In which ſhe is attended like her birth,
Until her beauty, or her royal dower,
Hath found her out a huſband.
Achor. How this may
Stand with the rules of policy, I know not;
Moſt ſure I am, it holds no correſpondence
Wi' th' rites of Egypt, or the laws of nature.
But, grant that Cleopatra can ſit down
With this diſgrace, tho' inſupportable,
Can you imagine that Rome's glorious ſenate,
To whoſe charge, by the will of the dead king,
This government was deliver'd, or great Pompey,
That is appointed Cleopatra's guardian
As well as Ptolomy's, will e'er approve
Of this raſh counſel, their conſent not ſought for,
That

That ſhould authorize it?

Achil. The civil war,
In which the Roman empire is embark'd
On a rough ſea of danger, does exact
Their whole care to preſerve themſelves, and give them
No vacant time to think of what we do,
Which hardly can concern them.

Achor. What's your opinion
Of the ſucceſs? I have heard, in multitudes
Of ſoldiers, and all glorious pomp of war,
Pompey is much ſuperior.

Achil. I could give you
A catalogue of all the ſeveral nations
From whence he drew his powers; but that were tedious.
They have rich arms, are ten to one in number,
Which makes them think the day already won;
And Pompey being maſter of the ſea,
Such plenty of all delicates are brought in,
As if the place on which they are entrench'd,
Were not a camp of ſoldiers, but Rome,
In which Lucullus and Apicius join'd
To make a publick feaſt. They at Dirachium
Fought with ſucceſs; but knew not to make uſe of
Fortune's fair offer: So much, I have heard,
Cæſar himſelf confeſs'd [3].

Achor. Where are they now?

Achil. In Theſſaly, near the Pharſalian plains;
Where Cæſar, with a handful of his men,
Hems in the greater number. His whole troops
Exceed not twenty thouſand, but old ſoldiers,
Fleſh'd in the ſpoils of Germany and France,
Inur'd to his command, and only know
To fight and overcome: And tho' that famine
Reigns in his camp, compelling them to taſte
Bread made of roots forbid the uſe of man,

[3] *So much I have heard*
Cæſar himſelf confeſs.] This reading ſuppoſes Achillas to have been in Greece, and in Cæſar's preſence. The correction is very obvious. *Seward.*

(Which they with ſcorn threw into Pompey's camp,
As in deriſion of his delicates)
Or corn not yet half ripe, and that a banquet;
They ſtill beſiege him, being ambitious only
To come to blows, and let their ſwords determine
Who hath the better cauſe.

Enter Septimius [4].

Achor. May victory
Attend on't, where it is.
Achil. We ev'ry hour
Expect to hear the iſſue.
Sept. Save my good lords!
By Iſis and Oſiris, whom you worſhip,
And the four hundred gods and goddeſſes
Ador'd in Rome, I am your honours' ſervant.
Achor. Truth needs, Septimius, no oaths.
Achil. You're cruel;
If you deny him ſwearing, you take from him
Three full parts of his language.
Sept. Your honour's bitter.
Confound me, where I love I cannot ſay it,
But I muſt ſwear't: Yet ſuch is my ill fortune,
Nor vows nor proteſtations win belief;
I think, (and I can find no other reaſon)

[4]. *Enter* Septinius.] The vulgar editions have much oftener wrote it *Septinius* than *Septimius*, and have given him the former name in the perſons of the drama.—The reader will undoubtedly obſerve the fine moral couch'd under this infamous wretch's character, *viz.* 'That 'even among the groſſeſt ſuperſtition of the Heathens, the atheiſtical 'ſcoffer at religion was the moſt pernicious peſt of all ſociety.' The character ſeems drawn with exquiſite art, and our Poets have by it much excelled their maſter Lucan, and their competitor Corneille. In the former there is only a ſketch of a fierce inhuman villain, and in the latter *Septimius* is in the firſt ſcene introduced as a privy-counſellor, makes an harangue to perſuade the death of Pompey, commits the murder, and being blam'd for it by Cæſar, is ſaid to have kill'd himſelf with the ſame ſword with which he ſlew Pompey: But he has abſolutely no character at all, nor is it judicious to make him die the death of Brutus and Caſſius; though a Frenchman may perhaps look upon the puniſhment of Cæſar, in the ſame light with the vile aſſaſſination of Pompey. *Seward.*

Becauſe

Becauſe I am a Roman.

Achor. No, Septimius;
To be a Roman were an honour to you,
Did not your manners and your life take from it,
And cry aloud, that from Rome you bring nothing
But Roman vices, which you would plant here,
But no ſeed of her virtues.

Sept. With your reverence,
I am too old to learn.

Achor. Any thing honeſt;
That I believe without an oath.

Sept. I fear
Your lordſhip has ſlept ill to-night, and that
Invites this ſad diſcourſe; 'twill make you old
Before your time. Oh, theſe virtuous morals,
And old religious principles, that fool us!
I have brought you a new ſong will make you laugh,
Tho' you were at your prayers.

Achor. What is the ſubject?
Be free, Septimius[5].

Sept. 'Tis a catalogue
Of all the gameſters of the court and city,
Which lord lies with that lady, and what gallant
Sports with that merchant's wife; and does relate
Who ſells her honour for a diamond,
Who for a tiſſue robe; whoſe huſband's jealous,
And who ſo kind, that, to ſhare with his wife,
Will make the match himſelf: Harmleſs conceits,
Tho' fools ſay they are dangerous. I ſang it
The laſt night, at my lord Photinus' table.

Achor. How? as a fidler?

Sept. No, Sir, as a gueſt,
A welcome gueſt too; and it was approv'd of
By a dozen of his friends, tho' they were touch'd in't:

[5] Acho. *What is the ſubject?*

Be free, Septimius.] The miſtake of giving this to *Achoreus* makes him ſpeak much out of character. It is perfectly conſonant to that of *Achillas*, to deſire to hear Septimius's ribaldry. *Seward.*

This ſpeech is as proper for *Achoreus* as the two next; and all three imply a contempt for Septimius, not 'a deſire to hear his ribaldry.'

For look you, 'tis a kind of merriment,
When we have laid by fooliſh modeſty
(As not a man of faſhion will wear it)
To talk what we have done, at leaſt to hear it;
If merrily ſet down, it fires the blood,
And heightens creſt-fall'n appetite.

Achor. New doctrine!

Achil. Was't of your own compoſing?

Sept. No, I bought it
Of a ſkulking ſcribbler for two Ptolomies;
But the hints were mine own: The wretch was fearful;
But I have damn'd myſelf, ſhould it be queſtion'd,
That I will own it.

Achor. And be puniſh'd for it?
Take heed, for you may ſo long exerciſe
Your ſcurrilous wit againſt authority,
The kingdom's counſels, and make profane jeſts
(Which to you, being an atheiſt, is nothing)
Againſt religion, that your great maintainers,
Unleſs they would be thought copartners with you,
Will leave you to the law; and then, Septimius,
Remember there are whips.

Sept. For whores, I grant you[6],
When they are out of date; 'till then, they're ſafe too,
Or all the gallants of the court are eunuchs.
And, for mine own defence, I'll only add this;
I'll be admitted for a wanton tale,
To ſome moſt private cabinets, when your prieſthood,
Tho' laden with the myſteries of your goddeſs,
Shall wait without unnoted: So I leave you
To your pious thoughts. [*Exit.*

Achil. 'Tis a ſtrange impudence
This fellow does put on.

Achor. The wonder great,
He is accepted of.

Achil. Vices, for him,

[6] Sep. *For whores, I grant you,*
When *they are out of date, 'till then* are *ſafe too.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

Make

Make as free way as virtues do for others.
'Tis the time's fault; yet great ones ſtill have grac'd,
To make them ſport, or rub them o'er with flattery,
Obſervers of all kinds [7].

Enter Photinus and Septimius.

Achor. No more of him,
He is not worth our thoughts; a fugitive
From Pompey's army, and now in a danger
When he ſhould uſe his ſervice [8].
Achil. See how he hangs
On great Photinus' ear.
Sept. Hell, and the furies,
And all the plagues of darkneſs, light upon me,
You are my god on earth! and let me have
Your favour here, fall what can fall hereafter!
Pho. Thou art believ'd; doſt thou want money?
Sept. No, Sir.
Pho. Or haſt thou any ſuit? Theſe ever follow
Thy vehement proteſtations.
Sept. You much wrong me;
How can I want, when your beams ſhine upon me,
Unleſs employment to expreſs my zeal
To do your greatneſs ſervice. Do but think
A deed, ſo dark the ſun would bluſh to look on,
For which mankind would curſe me, and arm all
The powers above, and thoſe below, againſt me;
Command me, I will on.
Pho. When I have uſe,

7 Obſervers *of all kinds.*] *Obſervers* and *obſervants* are uſed in the old Authors in the ſenſe of *paraſites* and *ſycophants*. So, in King Lear they are ſtiled,

' ——— ducking *obſervants*,
' That ſtretch their duties nicely.'

8 ——— *and now in a danger*
When he ſhould uſe his ſervice.] Mr. Sympſon thinks this dark, it may therefore be proper to explain it, as it ſeems to me a very beautiful ſentiment. ' Septimius was not only a fugitive from Pompey, ' but had deſerted him in the midſt of danger, when he was engaged ' in a war with Cæſar.' One need not add how infamous ſuch a deſertion is held among ſoldiers. *Seward.*

I'll put you to the teſt.

Sept. May it be ſpeedy,
And ſomething worth my danger. You are cold,
And know not your own powers; this brow was faſhion'd
To wear a kingly wreath, and your grave judgment
Giv'n to diſpoſe of monarchies, not to govern
A child's affairs; the people's eye's upon you,
The ſoldier courts you; will you wear a garment
Of ſordid loyalty, when 'tis out of faſhion?

Pho. When Pompey was thy general, Septimius,
Thou ſaidſt as much to him.

Sept. All my love to him,
To Cæſar, Rome, and the whole world, is loſt
In th' ocean of your bounties: I've no friend,
Project, deſign, or country, but your favour,
Which I'll preſerve at any rate.

Pho. No more;
When I call on you, fall not off: Perhaps,
Sooner than you expect, I may employ you;
So, leave me for a while.

Sept. Ever your creature! [*Exit.*

Pho. Good day, Achoreus. My beſt friend, Achillas,
Hath fame deliver'd yet no certain rumour
Of the great Roman action?

Achil. That we are
To enquire and learn of you, Sir, whoſe grave care
For Egypt's happineſs, and great Ptolomy's good,
Hath eyes and ears in all parts.

Enter Ptolomy, Labienus, and guard.

Pho. I'll not boaſt
What my intelligence coſts me; but ere long
You ſhall know more. The king, with him a Roman.

Achor. The ſcarlet livery of unfortunate war
Dy'd deeply on his face[8].

[8] *The ſcarlet livery of unfortunate war*
Dy'd deeply on his face.] If the reader ſuppoſes the hint taken from the bleeding captain at the beginning of Macbeth, who comes to

Achil. 'Tis Labienus,
Cæſar's lieutenant in the wars of Gaul,
And fortunate in all his undertakings:
But, ſince theſe civil jars, he turn'd to Pompey,
And, tho' he followed the better cauſe,
Not with the like ſucceſs.
Pho. Such as are wiſe
Leave falling buildings, fly to thoſe that riſe:
But more of that hereafter.
Lab. In a word, Sir,
Theſe gaping wounds, not taken as a ſlave,
Speak Pompey's loſs. To tell you of the battle,
How many thouſand ſeveral bloody ſhapes
Death wore that day in triumph; how we bore
The ſhock of Cæſar's charge; or with what fury
His ſoldiers came on, as if they had been
So many Cæſars, and like him, ambitious
To tread upon the liberty of Rome;
How fathers kill'd their ſons, or ſons their fathers;
Or how the Roman piles on either ſide
Drew Roman blood, which ſpent, the prince of weapons
(The ſword) ſucceeded[9], which, in civil wars,
Appoints

to relate the fate of the battle between Macbeth and Macdonel, he will, I believe, agree, that our Authors have here not only emulated, but much excelled their maſter. But this cannot be ſaid of their imitation of the following lines of Julius Cæſar, where the common fact of birds of prey following armies is turn'd to a noble omen.

' ——————ravens, crows and kites
' Fly o'er our heads; and downward look on us
' As we were ſickly prey; their ſhadows ſeem
' A canopy moſt fatal, under which
' Our army lies ready to give the ghoſt.'

Though our Authors' lines do not equal this, yet they ſtrongly partake of the ſame ſpirit. *Seward.*

[9] *Or how the Roman piles on either ſide*
Drew Roman blood, which ſpent, the prince of weapons
(The ſword) ſucceeded.] Lucan, ſpeaking in contempt of the Parthian archers, when Pompey had thoughts of taking ſhelter among them ſays,

Appoints the tent on which wing'd victory
Shall make a certain ſtand; then, how the plains
Flow'd o'er with blood, and what a cloud of vultures,
And other birds of prey, hung o'er both armies,
Attending when their ready ſervitors,
The ſoldiers, from whom the angry gods
Had took all ſenſe of reaſon and of pity,
Would ſerve in their own carcaſſes for a feaſt;
How Cæſar with his javelin forc'd them on
That made the leaſt ſtop, when their angry hands
Were lifted up againſt ſome known friend's face [10];
Then coming to the body of the army,
He ſhews the ſacred ſenate, and forbids them
To waſte their force upon the common ſoldier,
(Whom willingly, if e'er he did know pity,

Enſis habet vires, et gens quæcunque virorum eſt,
Bella gerit gladiis. Lib. viii.

The reader will obſerve what a noble flight of poetry our Authors have built on this ſentiment. And if he will pleaſe to look over Lucan's whole deſcription of this battle, in the ſeventh book, I believe he will agree that our Authors have choſe the nobleſt of his ſentiments, and expreſſed them with the higheſt dignity; that they have ſhewed great ſpirit in their additions, and as great judgment in their omiſſions; that they ſeldom fall below, but often riſe above him. Whereas in the Pompey of Corneille (if prejudice does not make me too much depreciate French poetry) almoſt the reverſe of all theſe appears. Lucan charges Cæſar with forbidding the dead bodies to be burned, (a thing indeed neither probable nor confirm'd by hiſtory, nor at all conſonant to Cæſar's temper and good-ſenſe) but on this ſuppoſition he has ſome of the nobleſt lines in his whole poem. *Seward.*

[10] ——— *when their angry hands*
Were lifted up againſt ſome known friend's face.]
Adverſoſque jubet ferro confundere vultus. Lucan.

The famous ſpeech of Cæſar in this battle —— *Miles faciem feri*, is variouſly interpreted, either to hinder them from knowing each other, as fathers fought againſt ſons and ſons againſt fathers, or elſe, that the gay handſome youths of Pompey's army would be more afraid of their faces than any other part of their bodies. This laſt is Florus's reaſon, our Authors prefer the former: But perhaps a better reaſon than either might be the true one. Pompey's army conſiſted chiefly of new-levy'd troops; now to all raw fighters, blows on the face are more dreadful and more confounding than any other; not through fear of ſpoiling their beauty, but that they ſee more of the ſtroke than if 'twere aimed at any other part. *Seward.*

He

He would have ſpar'd)——

Ptol. The reaſon, Labienus?

Lab. Full well he knows, that in their blood he was
To paſs to empire, and that thro' their bowels
He muſt invade the laws of Rome, and give
A period to the liberty o' th' world.
Then fell the Lepidi, and the bold Corvini,
The fam'd Torquati, Scipio's, and Marcelli,
Names, next to Pompey's, moſt renown'd on earth.
The nobles, and the commons lay together,
And Pontick, Punick, and Aſſyrian blood,
Made up one crimſon lake: Which Pompey ſeeing,
And that his, and the fate of Rome had left him,
Standing upon the rampier of his camp,
Tho' ſcorning all that could fall on himſelf,
He pities them whoſe fortunes are embark'd
In his unlucky quarrel; cries aloud too
That they ſhould ſound retreat, and ſave themſelves:
That he deſir'd not, ſo much noble blood
Should be loſt in his ſervice, or attend
On his misfortunes: And then, taking horſe
With ſome few of his friends, he came to Leſbos,
And with Cornelia, his wife, and ſons,
He's touch'd upon your ſhore. The king of Parthia,
Famous in his defeature of the Craſſi,
Offer'd him his protection, but Pompey,
Relying on his benefits, and your faith,
Hath choſen Egypt for his ſanctuary,
'Till he may recollect his ſcatter'd powers,
And try a ſecond day. Now, Ptolomy,
Tho' he appear not like that glorious thing
That three times rode in triumph, and gave laws
To conquer'd nations, and made crowns his gift,
(As this of yours, your noble father took
From his victorious hand, and you ſtill wear it
At his devotion) to do you more honour
In his declin'd eſtate, as the ſtraight'ſt pine
In a full grove of his yet-flouriſhing friends,
He flies to you for ſuccour, and expects

The

The entertainment of your father's friend,
And guardian to yourſelf.

Ptol. To ſay I grieve his fortune,
As much as if the crown I wear (his gift)
Were raviſh'd from me, is a holy truth,
Our gods can witneſs for me: Yet, being young,
And not a free diſpoſer of myſelf,
Let not a few hours, borrow'd for advice,
Beget ſuſpicion of unthankfulneſs,
Which next to hell I hate. Pray you retire,
And take a little reſt; and let his wounds
Be with that care attended, as they were
Carv'd on my fleſh. Good Labienus, think
The little reſpite I deſire ſhall be
Wholly employ'd to find the readieſt way
To do great Pompey ſervice.

Lab. May the gods,
As you intend, protect you! [*Exit.*

Ptol. Sit, ſit all;
It is my pleaſure. Your advice, and freely.

Achor. A ſhort deliberation in this,
May ſerve to give you counſel [11]. To be honeſt,
Religious, and thankful, in themſelves
Are forcible motives, and can need no flouriſh
Or gloſs in the perſuader; your kept faith,
Tho' Pompey never riſe to th' height he's fall'n from,
Cæſar himſelf will love; and my opinion
Is, ſtill committing it to graver cenſure,
You pay the debt you owe him, with the hazard
Of all you can call yours.

Ptol. What's yours, Photinus?

Pho. Achoreus, great Ptolomy, hath counſell'd
Like a religious and honeſt man,
Worthy the honour that he juſtly holds
In being prieſt to Iſis. But, alas,

[11] *May ſerve to give you counſel to be honeſt;*
Religious and thankful, in themſelves
Are forcible motives.] I have ventured to change the pointing here, and propoſe what ſeems a more natural one. *Seward.*

What

What in a man ſequeſter'd from the world,
Or in a private perſon, is prefer'd,
No policy allows of in a king:
To be or juſt, or thankful [12], makes kings guilty;
And faith, tho' prais'd, is puniſh'd, that ſupports
Such as good fate forſakes: Join with the gods,
Obſerve the man they favour, leave the wretched;
The ſtars are not more diſtant from the earth
Than profit is from honeſty; all the power,
Prerogative, and greatneſs of a prince
Are loſt, if he deſcend once but to ſteer
His courſe, as what's right guides him: Let him leave
The ſceptre, that ſtrives only to be good,
Since kingdoms are maintain'd by force and blood.

Achor. Oh, wicked!

Ptol. Peace!—Go on.

Pho. Proud Pompey ſhews how much he ſcorns your youth,
In thinking that you cannot keep your own
From ſuch as are o'ercome. If you are tir'd
With being a king, let not a ſtranger take
What nearer pledges challenge: Reſign rather
The government of Egypt and of Nile
To Cleopatra, that has title to them;
At leaſt, defend them from the Roman gripe:
What was not Pompey's, while the wars endur'd,
The conqueror will not challenge. By all the world
Forſaken and deſpis'd, your gentle guardian,
His hopes and fortunes deſperate, makes choice of
What nation he ſhall fall with; and purſued
By their pale ghoſts ſlain in this civil war,
He flies not Cæſar only, but the ſenate,
Of which the greater part have cloy'd the hunger
Of ſharp Pharſalian fowl; he flies the nations
That he drew to his quarrel, whoſe eſtates

[12] *To be or juſt, or thankful,* &c.] From hence to the end of Photinus's ſpeech is almoſt a literal tranſlation out of Lucan, and Corneille tranſlates nearly in the ſame manner. He has taken great part of Lucan's ſentiments, though he has not rang'd them in the ſame order, and his tranſlation wants much of the ſpirit of his original, which our Poets have extremely well preſerved. *Seward.*

Are

Are ſunk in his; and, in no place receiv'd,
Hath found out Egypt, by him yet not ruin'd.
And Ptolomy, things conſider'd, juſtly may
Complain of Pompey: Wherefore ſhould he ſtain
Our Egypt with the ſpots of civil war,
Or make the peaceable, or quiet Nile,
Doubted of Cæſar? wherefore ſhould he draw
His loſs and overthrow upon our heads,
Or chuſe this place to ſuffer in? Already
We have offended Cæſar, in our wiſhes,
And no way left us to redeem his favour
But by the head of Pompey.
Achor. Great Oſiris,
Defend thy Egypt from ſuch cruelty,
And barbarous ingratitude!
Pho. Holy trifles,
And not to have place in deſigns of ſtate.
This ſword, which fate commands me to unſheath,
I would not draw on Pompey, if not vanquiſh'd;
I grant, it rather ſhould have paſs'd thro' Cæſar;
But we muſt follow where his fortune leads us:
All provident princes meaſure their intents
According to their power, and ſo diſpoſe them.
And think'ſt thou, Ptolomy, that thou canſt prop
His ruins, under whom ſad Rome now ſuffers,
Or tempt the conqueror's force when 'tis confirm'd?
Shall we, that in the battle ſat as neuters,
Serve him that's overcome? No, no, he's loſt.
And tho' 'tis noble [12] to a ſinking friend
To lend a helping hand, while there is hope
He may recover, thy part not engag'd:
Tho' one moſt dear, when all his hopes are dead,
To drown him, ſet thy foot upon his head.
Achor. Moſt execrable counſel!
Achil. To be follow'd;
'Tis for the kingdom's ſafety.
Ptol. We give up

[12] *And tho' 'tis noble*, &c. to the end of the ſpeech.] We apprehend this paſſage has been irreparably injured by corruption or omiſſion, or both.

Our

Our abſolute power to thee: Diſpoſe of it
As reaſon ſhall direct thee.
Pho. Good Achillas,
Seek out Septimius: Do you but ſooth him;
He is already wrought. Leave the diſpatch
To me of Labienus: 'Tis determin'd
Already how you ſhall proceed. Nor fate
Shall alter it, ſince now the dye is caſt,
But that this hour to Pompey is his laſt! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Apollodorus, Eros, and Arſinoe.

Apol. Is the queen ſtirring, Eros?
Eros. Yes; for in truth
She touch'd no bed to-night.
Apol. I'm ſorry for it,
And wiſh it were in me, with any hazard[13],
To give her eaſe.
Arſ. Sir, ſhe accepts your will,
And does acknowledge ſhe hath found you noble,
So far, as if reſtraint of liberty
Could give admiſſion to a thought of mirth,
She is your debtor for it.
Apol. Did you tell her
O' th' ſports I have prepar'd to entertain her?
She was us'd to take delight[14], with her fair hand

[13] *And wiſh it were in me, with* my *hazard.*] The verſe requires that it ſhould be either *my own* or *any hazard.* I prefer the latter, as it ſomewhat heightens the ſentiment. *Seward.*

[14] *She us'd to take delight, with her fair hand*
To angle in the Nile, &c.] This deſcription, particularly that of the ſtag enamour'd with his death, is extremely poetical, and one may ſay of it what I have heard ſaid by connoiſſeurs of the famous picture of Michael and Satan by Guido, it has vaſt beauties and would be a capital piece, did it not put one in mind of one upon the ſame ſubject by Raphael. I freely own, that our Authors are as far ſhort of Shakeſpeare's deſcription of Cleopatra ſailing up the Cydnus. *Seward.*

It may be added, that Shakeſpeare himſelf hath been equalled at leaſt, if not excelled, by Dryden, in his deſcription of Cleopatra's ſailing, in All for Love, or the World Well Loſt. *R.*

To-

To angle in the Nile, where the glad fiſh,
As if they knew who 'twas ſought to deceive 'em,
Contended to be taken: Other times,
To ſtrike the ſtag, who, wounded by her arrows,
Forgot his tears in death, and kneeling thanks her
To his laſt gaſp; then prouder of his fate,
Than if, with garlands crown'd, he had been choſen
To fall a ſacrifice before the altar
Of the virgin huntreſs. The king, nor great Photinus,
Forbid her any pleaſure; and the circuit
In which ſhe is confin'd, gladly affords
Variety of paſtimes, which I would
Encreaſe with my beſt ſervice.

Eros. Oh, but the thought
That ſhe that was born free, and to diſpenſe
Reſtraint or liberty to others, ſhould be
At the devotion of her brother, (whom
She only knows her equal) makes this place
In which ſhe lives, tho' ſtor'd with all delights,
A loathſome dungeon to her.

Apol. Yet, howe'er
She ſhall interpret it, I'll not be wanting
To do my beſt to ſerve her: I've prepar'd
Choice muſick near her cabinet, and compos'd
Some few lines, ſet unto a ſolemn time,
In the praiſe of impriſonment. Begin, boy.

THE SONG.

Look out, bright eyes, and bleſs the air:
Even in ſhadows you are fair.
Shut-up beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer ſtill and higher.
Tho' your body be confin'd,
And ſoft love a pris'ner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind
Neither check nor chain hath found.
Look out nobly then, and dare
Ev'n the fetters that you wear.

Enter

Enter Cleopatra.

Cleo. But that we are aſſur'd this taſtes of duty
And love in you, my guardian, and deſire
In you, my ſiſter, and the reſt, to pleaſe us,
We ſhould receive this as a ſaucy rudeneſs
Offer'd our private thoughts. But your intents
Are to delight us: 'Las, you waſh an Ethiop!
Can Cleopatra, while ſhe does remember
Whoſe daughter ſhe is, and whoſe ſiſter (oh,
I ſuffer in the name!) and that, in juſtice,
There is no place in Egypt where I ſtand,
But that the tributary earth is proud
To kiſs the foot of her that is her queen;
Can ſhe, I ſay, that is all this, e'er reliſh
Of comfort or delight, while baſe Photinus,
Bondman Achillas, and all other monſters
That reign o'er Ptolomy, make that a court
Where they reſide; and this, where I, a priſon?
But there's a Rome, a Senate, and a Cæſar,
Tho' the great Pompey lean to Ptolomy,
May think of Cleopatra.

Apol. Pompey, madam——

Cleo. What of him? Speak! If ill, Apollodorus,
It is my happineſs; and, for thy news,
Receive a favour kings have kneel'd in vain for,
And kiſs my hand.

Apol. He's loſt.

Cleo. Speak it again!

Apol. His army routed, he fled, and purſu'd
By the all-conquering Cæſar.

Cleo. Whither bends he?

Apol. To Egypt.

Cleo. Ha! In perſon?

Apol. 'Tis receiv'd
For an undoubted truth.

Cleo. I live again;
And if aſſurance of my love and beauty
Deceive me not, I now ſhall find a judge

To

To do me right! But how to free myſelf,
And get acceſs? The guards are ſtrong upon me;
This door I muſt paſs thro'.—Apollodorus,
Thou often haſt profeſs'd, to do me ſervice,
Thy life was not thine own.

Apol. I am not alter'd;
And let your excellency propound a means,
In which I may but give the leaſt aſſiſtance
That may reſtore you to that you were born to,
Tho' it call on the anger of the king,
Or, what's more deadly, all his minion
Photinus can do to me, I, unmov'd,
Offer my throat to ſerve you; ever provided,
It bear ſome probable ſhow to be effected:
To loſe myſelf upon no ground were madneſs,
Not loyal duty.

Cleo. Stand off!—To thee alone,
I will diſcover what I dare not truſt
My ſiſter with. Cæſar is amorous,
And taken more wi' th' title of a queen,
Than feature or proportion; he lov'd Eunoe,
A Moor, deform'd too, I have heard, that brought
No other object to inflame his blood,
But that her huſband was a king; on both
He did beſtow rich preſents: Shall I then,
That, with a princely birth, bring beauty with me,
That know to prize myſelf at mine own rate,
Deſpair his favour? Art thou mine?

Apol. I am.

Cleo. I have found out a way ſhall bring me to him,
Spite of Photinus' watches. If I proſper,
As I am confident I ſhall, expect
Things greater than thy wiſhes.—Tho' I purchaſe
His grace with loſs of my virginity,
It ſkills not, if it bring home majeſty. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Septimius, with a head, Achillas, and guard.

Sept. 'TIS here, 'tis done! Behold, you fearful viewers,
Shake, and behold the model of the world here,
The pride, and ſtrength! Look, look again; 'tis finiſh'd!
That that whole armies, nay, whole nations,
Many and mighty kings, have been ſtruck blind at,
And fled before, wing'd with their fears and terrors;
That ſteel War waited on[15], and Fortune courted,
That high-plum'd Honour built up for her own;
Behold that mightineſs, behold that fierceneſs,
Behold that child of war, with all his glories,
By this poor hand made breathleſs! Here, my Achillas;
Egypt, and Cæſar, owe me for this ſervice,
And all the conquer'd nations.

Achil. Peace, Septimius;
Thy words ſound more ungrateful than thy actions.
Tho' ſometimes ſafety ſeek an inſtrument
Of thy unworthy nature, (thou loud boaſter!)
Think not ſhe's bound to love him too that's barbarous.
Why did not I, if this be meritorious,
And binds the king unto me, and his bounties,
Strike this rude ſtroke? I'll tell thee, thou poor Roman;

[15] *That* ſteel *war*——] Both Mr. Sympſon and Mr. Theobald would chuſe to read *ſteel'd*, but the old reading is ſurely preferable. Subſtantives taken adjectively is a great beauty in poetry, and very common in Shakeſpeare and our Authors. *Seward.*

There appears to us an uncouthneſs in the *ſubſtantive* adjective in this place. We really believe, that *ſteel* means his *ſword*, and ſuſpect there is a ſmall corruption in the next line; and that the two ſhould run thus,

That ſteel *War waited on, and Fortune courted,*
That high plume *Honour built up for her own.*

The whole ſpeech abounds with bold figure and metaphor.

It was a ſacred head, I durſt not heave at [16],
Not heave a thought.

Sept. It was?

Achil. I'll tell thee truly,
And, if thou ever yet heardſt tell of honour,
I'll make thee bluſh: It was thy general's!
That man's that fed thee once, that man's that bred thee;
The air thou breath'dſt was his, the fire that warm'd thee
From his care kindled ever! Nay, I'll ſhew thee,
Becauſe I'll make thee ſenſible of thy baſeneſs [17],
And why a noble man durſt not touch at it,
There was no piece of earth thou put'ſt thy foot on,
But was his conqueſt, and he gave thee motion!
He triumph'd three times: Who durſt touch his perſon?
The very walls of Rome bow'd to his preſence;
Dear to the gods he was; to them that fear'd him
A fair and noble enemy. Didſt thou hate him,
And for thy love to Cæſar ſought his ruin?
Arm'd, in the red Pharſalian fields, Septimius,
Where killing was in grace, and wounds were glorious,
Where kings were fair competitors for honour,
Thou ſhouldſt have come up to him, there have fought him,
There, ſword to ſword.

Sept. I kill'd him on commandment,
If kings commands be fair, when you all fainted,

[16] *It was a ſacred head, I durſt not heave at.*] Our Authors have falſified hiſtory in the character of Achillas, in order to draw our whole indignation upon the wretch Septimius. Achillas join'd with him in the murder of Pompey, as did Salvius, another Roman centurion; but Septimius ſtabb'd him firſt in the back, and afterwards the two others in the face. *Seward.*

[17] *Senſible of* the buſineſs.] Though this is ſenſe, yet it is ſo flat and unpoetical, that I hope the reader will pardon me for putting my own reading into the text, it is ſo near the trace of the letters, and is ſo much more in the ſpirit of the reſt of the ſpeech, that I think it but a candid preſumption to ſuppoſe it the Authors. Since I made this, Mr. Sympſon ſent me the very ſame conjecture. *Seward.*

The firſt folio reads THY, and not THE *buſineſs*; Mr. Seward's alteration is therefore merely *buſineſs* to *baſeneſs*, and does not need ſo much apology, nor argue ſo much ingenuity.

When

When none of you durſt look——
Achil. On deeds ſo barbarous.
What haſt thou got?
Sept. The king's love, and his bounty,
The honour of the ſervice; which, tho' you rail at,
Or a thouſand envious ſouls fling their foams on me,
Will dignify the cauſe, and make me glorious;
And I ſhall live——
Achil. A miſerable villain.
What reputation and reward belongs to it,
Thus, with the head, I ſeize on, and make mine:
And be not impudent to aſk me why, ſirrah,
Nor bold to ſtay; read in mine eyes the reaſon!
The ſhame and obloquy I leave thine own;
Inherit thoſe rewards; they're fitter for thee.
Your oil's ſpent, and your ſnuff ſtinks: Go out baſely!
Sept. The king will yet conſider.. [*Exit.*

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, and Photinus.

Achil. Here he comes [18].
Achor. Yet, if it be undone, hear me, great Sir!
If this inhuman ſtroke be yet unſtrucken,
If that adored head be not yet ſever'd
From the moſt noble body, weigh the miſeries,
The deſolations, that this great eclipſe works.
You're young, be provident; fix not your empire
Upon the tomb of him will ſhake all Egypt [19];
Whoſe

[18] *Here he comes*, Sir.] Had Achillas ſpoke to Septimius, it would have been *ſirrah*, as before; but he was gone out, and this *Sir* ſeems only to have ſlipt in from the line below. *Seward.*

[19] ——— *fix not your empire*
Upon the tomb of him will ſhake all Egypt,
Whoſe warlike groans will raiſe ten thouſand ſpirits,
Great as himſelf, in every hand a thunder;
Deſtructions darting from their looks.] Mr. Warburton obſerves on a paſſage in Julius Cæſar, p. 25, that Dionyſius had complained that thoſe great ſtrokes, which he calls the *terrible graces*, which are ſo frequent in Homer, are rarely to be found in the ſubſequent poets; and he adds, that amongſt our countrymen they ſeem as much confin'd to our Britiſh Homer. Before I ſaw this, I had obſerved ſomething like

Whoſe warlike groans will raiſe ten thouſand ſpirits,
Great as himſelf, in every hand a thunder;
Deſtructions darting from their looks, and ſorrows
That eaſy womens' eyes ſhall never empty.

Pho. You have done well; and 'tis done. See Achillas,
And in his hand the head.

Ptol. Stay; come no nearer!
Methinks I feel the very earth ſhake under me!
I do remember him; he was my guardian,
Appointed by the ſenate to preſerve me.
What a full majeſty ſits in his face yet!

Pho. The king is troubled. Be not frighted, Sir;
Be not abus'd with fears: His death was neceſſary;
If you conſider, Sir, moſt neceſſary,
Not to be miſs'd: And humbly thank great Iſis,
He came ſo opportunely to your hands.
Pity muſt now give place to rules of ſafety.
Is not victorious Cæſar new arriv'd,
And enter'd Alexandria, with his friends,
His navy riding by to wait his charges?
Did he not beat this Pompey, and purſued him?
Was not this great man his great enemy?
This godlike virtuous man, as people held him?
But what fool dare be friend to flying virtue?

---

like it in a note in the Maid's Tragedy, ſpeaking of *poetical enthuſiaſm*, only adding, that no followers of Shakeſpeare approach ſo near him in theſe aſtoniſhing graces as Beaumont and Fletcher. The lines here quoted are a ſtrong proof of it, and what was ſaid above of the compariſon between Guido and Raphael is here again applicable; terrible and aſtoniſhing as they are, they bring to one's mind a paſſage ſtill more terribly aſtoniſhing in Julius Cæſar.

'And Cæſar's ſpirit ranging for revenge,
'With Até by his ſide come hot from Hell,
'Shall in theſe confines, with a monarch's voice
'Cry havock, and let ſlip the dogs of war.' *Edward.*

In ſpeaking of this emulation in the *terrible graces*, it is but juſtice to introduce the following lines of Ben Jonſon, Catiline, act v. ſc. v.

'Methinks I ſee death and the furies waiting
'What we will do, and all the Heav'n at leiſure
'For the great ſpectacle. Draw then your ſwords,' &c.

R.

Enter

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Dolabella, and Sceva.

I hear their trumpets; 'tis too late to ſtagger.
Give me the head; and be you confident.
Hail, conqueror, and head of all the world [19],
Now this head's off!

Cæſar. Ha!

Pho. Do not ſhun me, Cæſar.
From kingly Ptolomy I bring this preſent,
The crown and ſweat of thy Pharſalian labour,
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.
Before, thy victory had no name, Cæſar,
Thy travel and thy loſs of blood, no recompence;
Thou dream'dſt of being worthy, and of war,
And all thy furious conflicts were but ſlumbers:
Here they take life; here they inherit honour,
Grow fix'd, and ſhoot up everlaſting triumphs.
Take it, and look upon thy humble ſervant,
With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolomy,
That offers with this head, moſt mighty Cæſar,
What thou wouldſt once have given for't, all Egypt.

Achil. Nor do not queſtion it [20], moſt royal conqueror,

Nor

[19] *Hail, conqueror, and head of all the world,*
Now this head's off!] We cannot forbear obſerving, and regretting, that this line and half is as ridiculous, as ſome other paſſages of this ſcene are ſublime.

[20] Acho. *Nor do not queſtion,* &c.] Mr. Theobald's margin ſays, certé *Achillas.* And there is this proof of it, that in Lucan the whole ſpeech to Cæſar is made by *Achillas,* (though, in reality, Theodotus the rhetorician, who had joined Photinus in perſuading Ptolomy to the murder, was the perſon who preſented the head to Cæſar and harangued on the occaſion, for which he afterwards met his due reward from Brutus and Caſſius, who tortur'd and crucified him. Notwithſtanding this, there is room to doubt whether the Poets deſigned *Achoreus* to ſpeak this, for they have given it a different turn from Lucan.

——*nec vile putâris*
Hoc meritum, nobis facili quod cæde peractum eſt.
Hoſpes avitus erat: Depulſo ſceptra parenti
Reddiderat. Quid plura feram? Tu nomina tanto
Invenies operi, vel famam conſule mundi;
Si ſcelus eſt, plus te nobis debere fateris,
Quod ſcelus hoc non ipſe facis. Lucan. lib. ix.

This is the language of villainy, boaſting of merits from the greatneſs

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Nor diſeſteem the benefit that meets thee,
Becauſe 'tis eaſily got, it comes the ſafer:
Yet, let me tell thee, moſt imperious Cæſar,
Tho' he oppos'd no ſtrength of ſwords to win this,
Nor labour'd thro' no ſhowers of darts and lances,
Yet here he found a fort, that fac'd him ſtrongly,
An inward war: He was his grandſire's gueſt,
Friend to his father, and, when he was expell'd
And beaten from this kingdom by ſtrong hand,
And had none left him to reſtore his honour,
No hope to find a friend in ſuch a miſery,
Then in ſtept Pompey, took his feeble fortune,
Strengthen'd, and cheriſh'd it, and ſet it right again:
This was a love to Cæſar.

Sce. Give me hate, gods!

Pho. This Cæſar may account a little wicked;
But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror,
Had fall'n upon him, what it had been then;
If thine own ſword had touch'd his throat, what that way!
He was thy ſon-in-law; there to be tainted
Had been moſt terrible! Let the worſt be render'd,
We have deſerv'd for keeping thy hands innocent.

Cæſar. Oh, Sceva, Sceva, ſee that head! See, captains,
The head of godlike Pompey!

Sce. He was baſely ruin'd;
But let the gods be griev'd that ſuffer'd it,
And be you Cæſar.

Cæſar. Oh, thou conqueror,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity,
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didſt thou fall thus?
What poor fate follow'd thee, and pluck'd thee on,
To truſt thy ſacred life to an Egyptian?
The life and light of Rome, to a blind ſtranger,
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleneſs,

of it. But the ſpeech in the Falſe One repreſents the reluctance, the pangs and inward war that Ptolomy ſtruggled through to be able to ſerve Cæſar. And this ſpoke by a man who had a real love for virtue, gives a fine contraſt to Photinus's unfeeling and confirm'd villainy. *Seward.*

We heartily join with Theobald—*certè* ACHILLAS.

Nor

Nor worthy circumſtance ſhew'd what a man was?
That never heard thy name ſung, but in banquets,
And looſe laſcivious pleaſures? to a boy,
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatneſs,
No ſtudy of thy life, to know thy goodneſs?
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him diſtruſted, that in tears falls with thee,
In ſoft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pompey,
If thy great ſpirit can hear, I muſt taſk thee[21]!
Th' haſt moſt unnobly robb'd me of my victory,
My love and mercy.

Ant. Oh, how brave theſe tears ſhew!
How excellent is ſorrow in an enemy!

Dol. Glory appears not greater than this goodneſs.

Cæſar. Egyptians, dare ye think your higheſt pyramids,
Built to out-dare the ſun[22], as you ſuppoſe,
Where your unworthy kings lie rak'd in aſhes,
Are monuments fit for him? No, brood of Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame, but Heav'n;
No pyramids ſet off his memories,
But the eternal ſubſtance of his greatneſs;
To which I leave him. Take the head away,
And, with the body, give it noble burial:
Your earth ſhall now be bleſs'd to hold a Roman,
Whoſe braveries all the world's-earth[23] cannot balance.

Sce. If thou be'ſt thus loving, I ſhall honour thee:
But great men may diſſemble, 'tis held poſſible,
And be right glad of what they ſeem to weep for;
There are ſuch kind of philoſophers. Now do I wonder
How he would look if Pompey were alive again;

[21] *I muſt* taſk *thee.*] For *taſk*, Mr. Seward ſubſtitutes *tax.*

[22] ——*your* high *pyramids*, former editions.

Built to out-dare *the ſun, as you ſuppoſe.*] To out-*dare* the ſun by their height is poetical, but, *as you ſuppoſe*, greatly flattens it; for this reaſon both Mr. Sympſon and I change it to out-*dure*, which ſeems to ſuit the context better. *Seward.*

Out-*dare* we ſhall not heſitate to pronounce better than out-*dure*. We do not remember to have ever met with the latter word.

[23] *All the world's earth.*] Mr. Sympſon obſerves the expreſſion of *world's-earth* directly anſwers the Latin *terrarum orbis*. *Seward.*

But how he'd ſet his face.

Cæſar. You look now, king,
And you that have been agents in this glory,
For our eſpecial favour?

Ptol. We deſire it.

Cæſar. And doubtleſs you expect rewards?

Sce. Let me give 'em:
I'll give 'em ſuch as Nature never dream'd of;
I'll beat him and his agents in a mortar,
Into one man, and that one man I'll bake then.

Cæſar. Peace!—I forgive you all; that's recompence.
You're young, and ignorant, that pleads your pardon,
And fear, it may be, more than hate provok'd you.
Your miniſters I muſt think wanted judgment,
And ſo they err'd: I'm bountiful to think this,
Believe me, moſt bountiful: Be you moſt thankful;
That bounty ſhare amongſt ye. If I knew what
To ſend you for a preſent, king of Egypt,
I mean a head of equal reputation,
And that you lov'd, tho' 'twere your brighteſt ſiſter's,
(But her you hate) I would not be behind you.

Ptol. Hear me, great Cæſar!

Cæſar. I have heard too much;
And ſtudy not with ſmooth ſhows to invade
My noble mind, as you have done my conqueſt:
You're poor and open. I muſt tell you roundly,
That man that could not recompence the benefits,
The great and bounteous ſervices, of Pompey,
Can never dote upon the name of Cæſar.
Tho' I had hated Pompey, and allow'd his ruin,
I gave you no commiſſion to perform it:
Haſty to pleaſe in blood are ſeldom truſty;
And, but I ſtand environ'd with my victories,
My fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble ſtrengths, and friends about my perſon,
I durſt not try you, nor expect a courteſy,
Above the pious love you ſhew'd to Pompey.
You've found me merciful in arguing with ye;

Swords,

Swords, hangmen [24], fires, deſtructions of all natures,
Demoliſhments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,
You wretched and poor reeds of ſun-burnt Egypt [25],
And now you've found the nature of a conqueror,
That you cannot decline, with all your flatteries,
That where the day gives light, will be himſelf ſtill;
Know how to meet his worth with humane courteſies!
Go, and embalm thoſe bones of that great ſoldier,
Howl round about his pile, fling on your ſpices,
Make a Sabean bed, and place this phenix
Where the hot ſun may emulate his virtues,
And draw another Pompey from his aſhes,
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongſt the worthies!

Ptol. We will do all.

Cæſar. You've robb'd him of thoſe tears
His kindred and his friends kept ſacred for him,

[24] *Swords*, hangers, *fires.*] As *hangers* give much the ſame idea as ſwords, eſpecially in the mouth of a Roman, I hope the reader will agree to the change of it to *hang-men*, which were proper to be threatned to the murderers of Pompey, and which afterward prov'd the fate of Septimius. There is ſomething extremely noble in this paſſage; it even approaches to thoſe *terrible graces* before ſpoke of. *Seward.*

The Reader will, no doubt, greatly admire the integrity, perſpicacity, and ingenuity of Mr. Seward, when he is informed, that *hangmen* is the reading—not of that gentleman, but—of the ſecond folio.

[25] *You wretched and poor* ſeeds *of ſun-burnt Egypt.*] As the word *ſeeds* is good ſenſe, I fear the reader would think it too great a liberty for an Editor to diſplace it and advance his own conjecture into the text: But where the change of a ſingle letter gives great improvement, I think it a juſtice to the Authors to ſuppoſe it genuine; eſpecially when it ſtrongly partakes of their uſual ſpirit. *Seeds* ſeems rather flat, and *weeds* was the firſt word that occurred as an improvement, becauſe it makes Cæſar ſpeak with more contempt of the Egyptians; but obſerving the great propriety of all our Author's metaphors, which he applies to the Egyptians, as where he calls them *the ſpawn of Egypt*; and again, *theſe beds of ſlimy eels*; and Septimius, *that vermin that's now become a natural crocodile*, a better reading occurr'd, *reeds*, to which Egypt is greatly ſubject from the overflow of the Nile. Thus the ſcriptures ſpeaking of the *behemoth* or *crocodile*. *He lieth under the ſhady trees, in the covert of the reed or fens.* *Seward.*

We think *reeds* is right.

The

The virgins of their funeral lamentations;
And that kind earth that thought to cover him
(His country's earth) will cry out 'gainſt your cruelty,
And weep unto the ocean for revenge,
'Till Nilus raiſe his ſeven heads and devour ye!
My grief has ſtopt the reſt! When Pompey liv'd,
He us'd you nobly; now he's dead, uſe him ſo. [*Exit.*

Ptol. Now where's your confidence[26], your aim, Photinus,
The oracles, and fair favours from the conqueror,
You rung into mine ears? How ſtand I now?
You ſee the tempeſt of his ſtern diſpleaſure;
The death of him, you urg'd a ſacrifice
To ſtop his rage, preſaging a full ruin!
Where are your counſels now?

Achor. I told you, Sir,
And told the truth, what danger would fly after;
And, tho' an enemy, I ſatisfied you
He was a Roman, and the top of honour;
And howſoever this might pleaſe great Cæſar,
I told you, that the foulneſs of his death,
The impious baſeneſs——

Pho. Peace; you are a fool!
Men of deep ends muſt tread as deep ways to 'em;
Cæſar I know is pleas'd, and, for all his ſorrows,
Which are put on for forms, and mere diſſemblings,
I'm confident he's glad: To have told you ſo,
And thank'd you outwardly, had been too open,
And taken from the wiſdom of a conqueror.
Be confident, and proud you've done this ſervice;
You have deſerv'd, and you will find it, highly.
Make bold uſe of this benefit, and be ſure
You keep your ſiſter, the high-ſoul'd Cleopatra,
Both cloſe and ſhort enough, ſhe may not ſee him.

[26] *Now where's your confidence, your aim, Photinus,*
The *oracles*, and *fair favours from the conqueror,*
You rung into mine ears?] Either the ſecond line ſhould be, *the oracles* of *fair favours*, or, what ſeems more probable, the particles *the* and *and* ſhould change places. *Seward.*
The old reading, we think, needs no change.

The

The reſt, if I may counſel, Sir——
Ptol. Do all;
For in thy faithful ſervice reſts my ſafety. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Septimius.

Sept. Here's a ſtrange alteration in the court;
Mens' faces are of other ſets and motions,
Their minds of ſubtler ſtuff. I paſs by now
As tho' I were a raſcal; no man knows me,
No eye looks after; as I were a plague,
Their doors ſhut cloſe againſt me, and I wonder'd at,
Becauſe I've done a meritorious murder:
Becauſe I've pleas'd the time, does the time plague me?
I've known the day they would have hugg'd me for't;
For a leſs ſtroke than this, have done me reverence,
Open'd their hearts, and ſecret cloſets to me,
Their purſes, and their pleaſures, and bid me wallow.
I now perceive the great thieves eat the leſs,
And th' huge [27] leviathans of villainy
Sup up the merits, nay, the men and all,
That do 'em ſervice, and ſpout 'em out again
Into the air, as thin and unregarded,
As drops of water that are loſt i'th' ocean.
I was lov'd once for ſwearing, and for drinking,
And for other principal qualities that became me:
Now a fooliſh unthankful murder has undone me,
If my lord Photinus be not merciful,
That ſet me on. And he comes; now, Fortune!

Enter Photinus.

Pho. Cæſar's unthankfulneſs a little ſtirs me,

[27] *And th' huge leviathans of,* &c.] I ſhould not take the liberty of marking out beautiful paſſages, but that I am very deſirous this play ſhould meet with due regard from every reader; and I therefore beg him not to paſs ſlightly over this paſſage, where a metaphor is carried on with ſuch exquiſite beauty, that it may vie with the fineſt ſtrokes of this ſort even in Shakeſpeare. *Seward.*

A little

A little frets my blood: Take heed, proud Roman,
Provoke me not, ſtir not mine anger further!
I may find out a way unto thy life too,
Tho' arm'd in all thy victories, and ſeize it!
A conqueror has a heart, and I may hit it.
Sept. May't pleaſe your lordſhip——
Pho. Oh, Septimius!
Sept. Your lordſhip knows my wrongs?
Pho. Wrongs?
Sept. Yes, my lord;
How th' captain of the guard, Achillas, ſlights me?
Pho. Think better of him, he has much befriended thee,
Shew'd thee much love, in taking the head from thee.
The times are alter'd, ſoldier; Cæſar's angry,
And our deſign to pleaſe him, loſt and periſh'd:
Be glad thou'rt unnam'd; 'tis not worth the owning,
Yet, that thou mayſt be uſeful——
Sept. Yes, my lord,
I ſhall be ready.
Pho. For I may employ thee
To take a rub or two out of my way,
As time ſhall ſerve; ſay, that it be a brother,
Or a hard father?
Sept. 'Tis moſt neceſſary;
A mother, or a ſiſter, or whom you pleaſe, Sir.
Pho. Or to betray a noble friend?
Sept. 'Tis all one.
Pho. I know thou'lt ſtir for gold.
Sept. 'Tis all my motion.
Pho. There, take that for thy ſervice, and farewell!
I've greater buſineſs now.
Sept. I'm ſtill your own, Sir.
Pho. One thing I charge thee; ſee me no more, Septimius,
Unleſs I ſend. [*Exit.*
Sept. I ſhall obſerve your hour.
So! this brings ſomething in the mouth, ſome favour:
This is the lord I ſerve, the power I worſhip,

My

My friends, allies; and here lies my allegiance.
Let people talk as they pleaſe of my rudeneſs,
And ſhun me for my deed; bring but this to 'em,
Let me be damn'd for blood, yet ſtill I'm honourable:
This god creates new tongues, and new affections;
And, tho' I'd kill'd my father, give me gold,
I'll make men ſwear I've done a pious ſacrifice.
Now I will out-brave all, make all my ſervants,
And my brave deed ſhall be writ in wine for virtuous.
[*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Dolabella, and Sceva.

Cæſar. Keep ſtrong guards, and with wary eyes, my friends;
There is no truſting to theſe baſe Egyptians:
They that are falſe to pious benefits,
And make compell'd neceſſities their faiths,
Are traitors to the gods.

Ant. We'll call aſhore
A legion of the beſt.

Cæſar. Not a man, Antony;
That were to ſhew our fears, and dim our greatneſs:
No; 'tis enough my name's aſhore.

Sce. Too much too;
A ſleeping Cæſar is enough to ſhake them.
There are ſome two or three malicious raſcals,
Train'd up in villainy, beſides that Cerberus,
That Roman dog, that lick'd the blood of Pompey.

Dol. 'Tis ſtrange; a Roman ſoldier?

Sce. You are cozen'd;
There be of us, as be of all other nations,
Villains and knaves: 'Tis not the name contains him,
But the obedience; when that's once forgotten,
And duty flung away, then, welcome devil!
Photinus and Achillas, and this vermin,
That's now become a natural crocodile,
Muſt be with care obſerv'd.

Ant. And 'tis well counſell'd;

No

No confidence, nor truſt——
Sce. I'll truſt the ſea firſt,
When with her hollow murmurs ſhe invites me,
And clutches in her ſtorms, as politick lions
Conceal their claws; I'll truſt the devil firſt;
The rule of ill I'll truſt, before the doer [28].
Cæſar. Go to your reſts, and follow your own wiſdoms,
And leave me to my thoughts; pray no more compliment;
Once more, ſtrong watches.
Dol. All ſhall be obſerv'd, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Cæſar.

Cæſar. I'm dull and heavy, yet I cannot ſleep.
How happy was I [29], in my lawful wars
In Germany, and Gaul, and Britany!
When every night with pleaſure I ſat down
What the day miniſter'd, the ſleep came ſweetly:
But ſince I undertook this home-diviſion,
This civil war, and paſs'd the Rubicon,
What have I done, that ſpeaks an ancient Roman,
A good, great man? I've enter'd Rome by force,
And, on her tender womb that gave me life,
Let my inſulting ſoldiers rudely trample:
The dear veins of my country I have open'd,
And ſail'd upon the torrents that flow'd from her,
The bloody ſtreams, that in their confluence

[28] *The rule of ill I'll truſt, before the doer.*] Mr. Sympſon and I both heſitated on this expreſſion, but I believe it right, as God is the rule of good or virtue, ſo is the Devil of *ill*. *Seward.*

This line does not appear in the ſecond folio; perhaps, becauſe dropped in the repreſentation.

[29] *How happy was I, in my lawful wars,* &c.] This ſoliloquy of Cæſar's is extremely judicious as well as beautiful: it was difficult to conform both to hiſtory and to poetical juſtice. It would be an outrage upon the former to make Cæſar unfortunate, and as great a one to have made him a perfectly virtuous character, as Corneille has endeavoured to do. How then ſhould our Poets, who have drawn Cæſar exactly to the life, fulfil in any degree the juſtice that the audience demand againſt him? This they have finely accompliſh'd, by ſhewing him in his retirement, ſtung and tormented with the horrid maſſacres that he had brought on his country, which are deſcribed with great energy. *Seward.*

Carried

Carried before 'em thouſand deſolations:
I robb'd the treaſury; and at one gripe
Snatch'd all the wealth ſo many worthy triumphs
Plac'd there as ſacred to the peace of Rome:
I raz'd Maſſilia in my wanton anger;
Petreius and Afranius I defeated;
Pompey I overthrew; what did that get me?
The ſlubber'd name of an authoriz'd enemy [30].
[*Noiſe within.*
I hear ſome noiſe; they are the watches, ſure.
What friends have I tied faſt by theſe ambitions?
Cato, the lover of his country's freedom,
Is now paſs'd into Africk to affront me;
Juba, that kill'd my friend, is up in arms too;
The ſons of Pompey are maſters of the ſea,
And, from the relicks of their ſcatter'd faction,
A new head's ſprung: Say, I defeat all theſe too?
I come home crown'd an honourable rebel.
I hear the noiſe ſtill, and it comes ſtill nearer.
Are the guards faſt? Who waits there?

Enter Sceva, with a packet, Cleopatra in it.

Sce. Are you awake, Sir?
Cæſar. I' th' name of wonder——
Sce. Nay, I am a porter,
A ſtrong one too, or elſe my ſides would crack, Sir:
An my ſins were as weighty, I ſhould ſcarce walk with 'em.
Cæſar. What haſt thou there?
Sce. Aſk them which ſtay without,
And brought it hither. Your preſence I denied 'em,

[30] *The ſlubber'd name of an* authoriz'd *enemy.*] By an authoriz'd enemy the Poets ſeem to have meant, an enemy to his country pronounc'd ſo by the authority of the whole ſenate, as Cæſar had been by the ſenate of Rome. If this explanation ſhould not ſatisfy, the verſe will run better thus,

The ſlubber'd name of an unauth'riz'd *enemy.*

i. e. Of an enemy without a legal cauſe or legal authority.

Seward.

Authoriz'd ſeems to mean only *ſucceſsful*. So, he ſays after,

I come home crown'd an honourable rebel.

And

And put 'em by, took up the load myſelf.
They ſay 'tis rich, and valued at the kingdom;
I'm ſure 'tis heavy: If you like to ſee it,
You may; if not, I'll give it back.
Cæſar. Stay, Sceva;
I would fain ſee it.
Sce. I'll begin to work then.
No doubt, to flatter you, they've ſent you ſomething
Of a rich value, jewels, or ſome rich treaſure.
May-be, a rogue within, to do a miſchief:
I pray you ſtand further off; if there be villainy,
Better my danger firſt; he ſhall 'ſcape hard too.
Ha! what art thou?
Cæſar. Stand further off, good Sceva!
What heavenly viſion? Do I wake or ſlumber?
Further off, that hand, friend!
Sce. What apparition,
What ſpirit, have I rais'd? Sure, 'tis a woman;
She looks like one; now ſhe begins to move too:
A tempting devil, o' my life! Go off, Cæſar,
Bleſs thyſelf, off! A bawd grown in mine old days?
Bawdry advanc'd upon my back? 'tis noble!
Sir, if you be a ſoldier, come no nearer;
She's ſent to diſpoſſeſs you of your honour;
A ſponge, a ſponge, to wipe away your victories.
An ſhe'd be cool'd, Sir, let the ſoldiers trim her;
They'll give her that ſhe came for, and diſpatch her:
Be loyal to yourſelf!—Thou damned woman,
Doſt thou come hither with thy flouriſhes,
Thy flaunts, and faces, to abuſe mens' manners?
And am I made the inſtrument of bawdry?
I'll find a lover for you, one that ſhall hug you!
Cæſar. Hold, on thy life, and be more temperate,
Thou beaſt!
Sce. Thou beaſt?
Cæſar. Couldſt thou be ſo inhuman,
So far from noble man, to draw thy weapon
Upon a thing divine?
Sce. Divine, or human,

They're

They're never better pleas'd, nor more at heart's-eaſe,
Than when we draw with full intent upon 'em.
Cæſar. Move this way, lady: 'Pray you let me ſpeak to you.
Sce. And, woman, you had beſt ſtand——
Cæſar. By the gods,
But that I ſee her here, and hope her mortal,
I ſhould imagine ſome celeſtial ſweetneſs,
The treaſure of ſoft love!
Sce. Oh, this ſounds mangily,
Poorly, and ſcurvily, in a ſoldier's mouth!
You'd beſt be troubled with the tooth-ach too,
For lovers ever are, and let your noſe drop,
That your celeſtial beauty may befriend you.
At theſe years, do you learn to be fantaſtical?
After ſo many bloody fields, a fool?
She brings her bed along too, (ſhe'll loſe no time)
Carries her litter to lie ſoft; d'you ſee that?
Invites you like a gameſter; note that impudence.
For ſhame, reflect upon yourſelf, your honour,
Look back into your noble parts, and bluſh!
Let not the dear ſweat of the hot Pharſalia,
Mingle with baſe embraces! Am I he
That have receiv'd ſo many wounds for Cæſar?
Upon my target [31], groves of darts ſtill growing?
Have I endur'd all, hungers, colds, diſtreſſes,

[31] *Upon my target, groves of darts ſtill growing?*] Sceva had been a common ſoldier, but preferr'd for his amazing valour and irreſiſtible ſtrength. When Cæſar beſieg'd Pompey at Dirachium, he ſtood in a breach againſt the whole army. Plutarch tells us that he had a hundred and thirty darts ſtuck in his target; one had pierc'd his ſhoulder, and another his eye, which he drew out and daſh'd, with his eye ball, on the ground: Pompey's ſoldiers on this ſhouted as for victory; and he pretending faintneſs, aſk'd them why they would not come and carry him as a prize to Pompey before he died; two ſoldiers believing him in earneſt, came to him; the firſt he ſlew, and wounded the other, and then withdrew amongſt his own party. The ſtory is told with great ſpirit in the ſixth book of Lucan, who aſcribes to Sceva the preſervation of all Cæſar's army. I need not mention the juſtice with which our Poets have drawn Sceva's character, in a familiar, rough, ſoldier-like honeſty. *Seward.*

And, as I had been bred that iron that arm'd me,
Stood out all weathers, now to curſe my fortune?
To ban the blood I loſt for ſuch a general?
Cæſar. Offend no more; be gone!
Sce. I will, and leave you,
Leave you to womens' wars, that will proclaim you:
You'll conquer Rome now, and the capitol,
With fans and looking-glaſſes. Farewell, Cæſar!
Cleo. Now I am private, Sir, I dare ſpeak to you;
But thus low firſt, for as a god I honour you!
Sce. Lower you'll be anon.
Cæſar. Away!
Sce. And privater;
For that you covet all. [*Exit.*
Cæſar. Tempt me no further!
Cleo. Contemn me not, becauſe I kneel thus, Cæſar:
I am a queen [32], and co-heir to this country,
The ſiſter to the mighty Ptolomy,
Yet one diſtreſs'd, that flies unto thy juſtice,
One that lays ſacred hold on thy protection,
As on a holy altar, to preſerve me.
Cæſar. Speak, queen of beauty, and ſtand up.
Cleo. I dare not;
'Till I have found that favour in thine eyes,
That godlike great humanity, to help me,

[32] *Contemn me not, becauſe I* know *thus, Cæſar,*
I am a queen.] For *know*, I read *kneel*, and Mr. Sympſon *bow*. As ſhe was evidently *kneeling*, I hope it is not prejudice that makes me prefer the former. The corruption, though extremely groſs, had paſs'd through all the former editions, although this play (and this only as far as I have yet examined) ſeems in the ſecond folio to have been corrected by an able hand, but no man is always attentive.
Seward.

After this poſitive aſſertion, the Reader will no doubt be ſurprized at the information, that, ſo far from ALL *the former editions* reading *know*, the very ſecond folio, above mentioned, reads *kneel*.—In the ſame ſtile, Mr. Seward aſſerts, that the former copies ſay, (p. 115, l. 23) *in* THIS *private honour*; that they ſay, (p. 118, l. 36) *Cæſar* LOADS *us*; and, (p. 119, l. 18) *this* RARE *unthankful king*; aſſuming to himſelf the merit of correcting errors, ſome of which only appeared in the octavo of 1711.

Thus,

Thus, to thy knees muſt I grow, ſacred Cæſar.
And if it be not in thy will to right me,
And raiſe me like a queen from my ſad ruins;
If theſe ſoft tears cannot ſink to thy pity,
And waken with their murmurs thy compaſſions;
Yet, for thy nobleneſs, for virtue's ſake,
And, if thou be'ſt a man, for deſpis'd beauty,
For honourable conqueſt, which thou dot'ſt on,
Let not thoſe cankers of this flouriſhing kingdom,
Photinus and Achillas, the one an eunuch,
The other a baſe bondman, thus reign o'er me,
Seize my inheritance, and leave my brother
Nothing of what he ſhould be, but the title!
As thou art wonder of the world——

Cæſar. Stand up then,
And be a queen; this hand ſhall give it to you:
Or, chuſe a greater name, worthy my bounty;
A common love makes queens: Chuſe to be worſhipp'd,
To be divinely great, and I dare promiſe it.
A ſuitor of your ſort, and bleſſed ſweetneſs,
That hath adventur'd thus to ſee great Cæſar,
Muſt never be denied. You've found a patron
That dare not, in his private honour, ſuffer
So great a blemiſh to the Heav'n of beauty:
The god of love would clap his angry wings,
And from his ſinging bow let fly thoſe arrows [33]
Headed with burning griefs and pining ſorrows,
Should I neglect your cauſe, would make me monſtrous;
To whom, and to your ſervice, I devote me!

Enter Sceva.

Cleo. He is my conqueſt now, and ſo I'll work him;
The conqueror of the world will I lead captive.

Sce. Still with this woman? tilting ſtill with babies?
As you are honeſt, think the enemy,
Some valiant foe indeed, now charging on you,
Ready to break your ranks, and fling theſe——

[33] *Let fly* thoſe *arrows.*] This is the reading of the folios, and undoubtedly right. The octavo of 1711 reads THESE, and Mr. Seward HIS *arrows.*

Cæſar. Hear me,
But tell me true; if thou hadſt ſuch a treaſure,
(And, as thou art a ſoldier, do not flatter me)
Such a bright gem, brought to thee, wouldſt thou not
Moſt greedily accept?

Sce. Not as an emperor,
A man that firſt ſhould rule himſelf, then others [34]:
As a poor hungry ſoldier, I might bite, Sir;
Yet that's a weakneſs too. Hear me, thou tempter!
And hear thou, Cæſar, too, for it concerns thee,
And if thy fleſh be deaf, yet let thine honour,
The ſoul of a commander, give ear to me.
Thou wanton bane of war, thou gilded lethargy,
In whoſe embraces, eaſe (the ruſt of arms)
And pleaſure (that makes ſoldiers poor) inhabits!

Cæſar. Fy! thou blaſphem'ſt.

Sce. I do, when ſhe's a goddeſs.
Thou melter of ſtrong minds, dar'ſt thou preſume
To ſmother all his triumphs with thy vanities?
And tie him, like a ſlave, to thy proud beauties,
To thy imperious looks, that kings have follow'd,
Proud of their chains, have waited on? I ſhame, Sir!

Cæſar. Alas, thou'rt rather mad! Take thy reſt, Sceva;
Thy duty makes thee err; but I forgive thee.
Go, go, I ſay! ſhew me no diſobedience! [*Exit Sceva.*
'Tis well; farewell! The day will break, dear lady;
My ſoldiers will come in. Pleaſe you retire,
And think upon your ſervant?

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34. *A man that firſt* would *rule himſelf:*] Mr. Theobald alters *would* to *ſhould*, and puts the initial letters of his name to it, the mark by which he ſeems to have diſtinguiſh'd his favourite emendations. Mr. Sympſon joins him; but I think the change rather prejudicial, for *would*, as it implies a *will* to rule himſelf as well as others, intimates that ſuch a *will* is eſſential to an emperor, and that none are worthy of the title that have it not. Beſide this, it has been ſome doubt with me whether the old Engliſh writers had that clear idea of the difference between *would* and *ſhould* which we have at preſent, but which not one foreigner in ten thouſand can be taught to comprehend, although it is certainly a very great beauty of our language, and, I believe, peculiar to it. I never yet ſaw a grammatical rule for it, and were it not too great a digreſſion I would inſert one. *Seward.*

Should is the reading of the ſecond folio!

Clar.

Cleo. Pray you, Sir, know me,
And what I am.
Cæſar. The greater, I more love you;
And you muſt know me too.
Cleo. So far as modeſty,
And majeſty gives leave, Sir. You're too violent.
Cæſar. You are too cold to my deſires.
Cleo. Swear to me,
And by yourſelf (for I hold that oath ſacred)
You'll right me as a queen——
Cæſar. Theſe lips be witneſs!
And, if I break that oath——
Cleo. You make me bluſh, Sir;
And in that bluſh interpret me.
Cæſar. I will do.
Come, let's go in, and bluſh again. This one word,
You ſhall believe.
Cleo. I muſt; you are a conqueror. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Ptolomy and Photinus.

Pho. GOOD Sir, but hear!
Ptol. No more! you have undone me!
That that I hourly fear'd is fall'n upon me,
And heavily, and deadly.
Pho. Hear a remedy.
Ptol. A remedy, now the diſeaſe is ulcerous,
And has infected all? Your ſecure negligence
Has broke thro' all the hopes I have, and ruin'd me!
My ſiſter is with Cæſar, in his chamber;
All night ſhe has been with him; and, no doubt,
Much to her honour.
Pho. 'Would that were the worſt, Sir!
That will repair itſelf: But I fear mainly,
Sh' has made her peace with Cæſar.
Ptol. 'Tis moſt likely;

And what am I then?

Pho. 'Plague upon that raſcal
Apollodorus, under whoſe command,
Under whoſe eye——

Enter Achillas.

Ptol. Curſe on you all, ye're wretches!

Pho. 'Twas providently done, Achillas.

Achil. Pardon me.

Pho. Your guards were rarely wiſe, and wondrous watchful!

Achil. I could not help it, if my life had lain for't.
Alas, who would ſuſpect a pack of bedding,
Or a ſmall truſs of houſhold furniture,
And, as they ſaid, for Cæſar's uſe? or who durſt,
Being for his private chamber, ſeek to ſtop it?
I was abus'd.

Enter Achoreus.

Achor. 'Tis no hour now for anger,
No wiſdom to debate with fruitleſs choler.
Let us conſider timely what we muſt do,
Since ſhe is flown to his protection,
From whom we have no pow'r to ſever her,
Nor force conditions.

Ptol. Speak, good Achoreus.

Achor. Let indirect and crooked counſels vaniſh,
And ſtraight and fair directions——

Pho. Speak your mind, Sir.

Achor. Let us chuſe Cæſar (and endear him to us)
An arbitrator in all differences
Betwixt you and your ſiſter; this is ſafe now,
And will ſhew off, moſt honourable.

Pho. Baſe,
Moſt baſe and poor; a ſervile, cold ſubmiſſion!
Hear me, and pluck your hearts up, like ſtout counſellors;
Since we are ſenſible this Cæſar loaths us,
And have begun our fortune with great Pompey,
Be of my mind.

Achor. 'Tis moſt uncomely ſpoken,

And

And if I ſay moſt bloodily, I lie not:
The law of hoſpitality it poiſons,
And calls the gods in queſtion that dwell in us,
Be wiſe, oh, king!

Ptol. I will be. Go, my counſellor,
To Cæſar go, and do my humble ſervice;
To my fair ſiſter my commends negotiate;
And here I ratify whate'er thou treat'ſt on.

Achor. Crown'd with fair peace, I go. [*Exit.*

Ptol. My love go with thee;
And from my love go you, you cruel vipers!
You ſhall know now I am no ward, Photinus. [*Exit.*

Pho. This for our ſervice? Princes do their pleaſures,
And they that ſerve obey in all diſgraces.
The loweſt we can fall to, is our graves;
There we ſhall know no difference. Hark, Achillas!
I may do ſomething yet, when times are ripe,
To tell this raw unthankful king——

Achil. Photinus,
Whate'er it be, I ſhall make one, and zealouſly:
For better die attempting ſomething nobly,
Than fall diſgrac'd.

Pho. Thou lov'ſt me, and I thank thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Antony, Dolabella, and Sceva.

Dol. Nay, there's no rouſing him; he is bewitch'd
ſure,
His noble blood curdled, and cold within him;
Grown now a woman's warrior.

Sce. And a tall one;
Studies her fortifications, and her breaches,
And how he may advance his ram to batter
The bulwark of her chaſtity.

Ant. Be not too angry,
For, by this light, the woman's a rare woman;
A lady of that catching youth and beauty,
That unmatch'd ſweetneſs——

Dol. But why ſhould he be fool'd ſo?

Let her be what ſhe will, why ſhould his wiſdom,
His age, and honour——
Ant. Say it were your own caſe,
Or mine, or any man's that has heat in him:
'Tis true, at this time, when he has no promiſe
Of more ſecurity than his ſword can cut thro',
I do not hold it ſo diſcreet: But a good face, gentlemen,
And eyes that are the winning'ſt orators,
A youth that opens like perpetual ſpring,
And, to all theſe, a tongue that can deliver
The oracles of love——
Sce. I would you had her,
With all her oracles, and miracles:
She were fitter for your turn.
Ant. 'Would I had, Sceva,
With all her faults too! let me alone to mend 'em;
O' that condition I made thee mine heir.
Sce. I'd rather have your black horſe than your harlots.
Dol. Cæſar writes ſonnets now; the ſound of war
Is grown too boiſtrous for his mouth; he ſighs too.
Sce. And learns to fiddle moſt melodiouſly,
And ſings—'twould make your ears prick up, to hear him, gentlemen.
Shortly ſhe'll make him ſpin; and 'tis thought he'll prove
An admirable maker of bonelace;
And what a rare gift will that be in a general!
Ant. I would he could abſtain.
Sce. She is a witch ſure,
And works upon him with ſome damn'd enchantment.
Dol. How cunning ſhe will carry her behaviours,
And ſet her countenance in a thouſand poſtures,
To catch her ends!
Sce. She will be ſick, well, ſullen,
Merry, coy [35], over-joy'd, and ſeem to die,
All in one half-an-hour, to make an aſs of him;
I make no doubt ſhe will be drunk too, damnably,

[35] *She will be ſick, well, ſullen,*
Merry, coy, &c.] Here our Poets follow their maſter Shakeſpeare in the character of Cleopatra; we ſhall find in the ſequel, that they have added more of the dignity of the queen to the coquetry of the wanton, than Shakeſpeare has done. Corneille, in order to form an intereſting

And in her drink will fight; then ſhe fits him.
Ant. That thou ſhouldſt bring her in!
Sce. 'Twas my blind fortune.
My ſoldiers told me, by the weight 'twas wicked.
'Would I had carried Milo's bull a furlong,
When I brought in this cow-calf! H'has advanc'd me,
From an old ſoldier, to a bawd of memory:
Oh, that the ſons of Pompey were behind him,
The honour'd Cato and fierce Juba with 'em,
That they might whip him from his whore, and rouſe him;
That their fierce trumpets, from his wanton trances
Might ſhake him, like an earthquake!

Enter Septimius.

Ant. What's this fellow?
Dol. Why, a brave fellow, if we judge men by their cloaths.
Ant. By my faith, he's brave indeed! He's no commander?
Sce. Yes, h'has a Roman face; he has been at fair wars,
And plenteous too, and rich; his trappings ſhew it.
Sept. An they'll not know me now, they'll never know me.
Who dare bluſh now at my acquaintance? Ha?
Am I not totally a ſpan-new gallant,
Fit for the choiceſt eyes? Have I not gold,
The friendſhip of the world? If they ſhun me now,
(Tho' I were the arrant'ſt rogue, as I'm well forward)
Mine own curſe and the devil's are lit on me.
Ant. Is't not Septimius?

---

intereſting amour between Cæſar and Cleopatra, has endeavoured to draw them both unexceptionably virtuous. *Seward.*

It is but juſtice to obſerve, that the intention of Shakeſpeare and of our Authors was not the ſame. The Prologue ſays, the ſpectators will find

Young *Cleopatra here, and her great mind*
Expreſs'd to th' height, with us a maid, and free,
And how he rated her virginity:
We treat not of what boldneſs ſhe did die,
Nor of her fatal love to Antony. *See Prologue.*

Sce.

Sce. Yes.
Dol. He that kill'd Pompey?
Sce. The ſame dog-ſcab[36]; that gilded botch, that raſcal!
Dol. How glorious villainy appears in Egypt!
Sept. Gallants, and ſoldiers; ſure they do admire me.
Sce. Stand further off; thou ſtink'ſt.
Sept. A likely matter:
Theſe cloaths ſmell muſtily, do they not, gallants?
They ſtink, they ſtink, alas, poor things, contemptible!
By all the gods in Egypt, the perfumes
That went to trimming theſe cloaths, coſt me——
Sce. Thou ſtink'ſt ſtill.
Sept. The powdring of this head too——
Sce. If thou haſt it,
I'll tell thee all the gums in ſweet Arabia
Are not ſufficient, were they burnt about thee,
To purge the ſcent of a rank raſcal from thee.
Ant. I ſmell him now: Fy, how the knave perfumes him,
How ſtrong he ſcents of traitor!
Dol. You had an ill milliner,
He laid too much o' th' gum of ingratitude
Upon your coat; you ſhould have waſh'd off that, Sir;
Fy, how it choaks! too little of your loyalty,
Your honeſty, your faith, that are pure ambers.
I ſmell the rotten ſmell of a hir'd coward;
A dead dog's ſweeter.
Sept. Ye are merry gentlemen,
And, by my troth, ſuch harmleſs mirth takes me too;
You ſpeak like good blunt ſoldiers! and 'tis well enough:
But did you live at court, as I do, gallants,
You would refine, and learn an apter language.
I've done ye ſimple ſervice on your Pompey;
You might have look'd him yet this brace of twelve-months,

[36] *The ſame* dog, ſcab.] Whom does he call *ſcab?* we ſhould certainly read *dog ſcab.* In the ſame ſcene Dolabella ſays of Septimius, 'A *dead dog's* ſweeter,' and Sceva almoſt repeats *dog-ſcab*, calling him *mangy mongrel.*

And

And hunted after him, like founder'd beagles,
Had not this fortunate hand——
Ant. He brags on't too,
By the good gods, rejoices in't! Thou wretch,
Thou moſt contemptible ſlave!
Sce. Dog, mangy mongrel,
Thou murd'ring miſchief, in the ſhape of ſoldier,
To make all ſoldiers hateful! thou diſeaſe,
That nothing but the gallows can give eaſe to!
Dol. Thou art ſo impudent, that I admire thee,
And know not what to ſay.
Sept. I know your anger,
And why you prate thus; I've found your melancholy:
Ye all want money, and ye're liberal captains,
And in this want will talk a little deſperately.
Here's gold; come, ſhare; I love a brave commander:
And be not peeviſh; do as Cæſar does;
He's merry with his wench now, be you jovial,
And let's all laugh and drink. Would ye have partners?
I do conſider all your wants, and weigh 'em;
He has the miſtreſs, you ſhall have the maids;
I'll bring 'em to ye, to your arms.
Ant. I bluſh,
All over me I bluſh, and ſweat to hear him!
Upon my conſcience, if my arms were on now,
Thro' them I ſhould bluſh too: Pray ye let's be walking.
Sce. Yes, yes: But, ere we go, I'll leave this leſſon,
And let him ſtudy it: Firſt, rogue! then, pandar!
Next, devil that will be! get thee from mens' preſence,
And, where the name of ſoldier has been heard of,
Be ſure thou live not! To ſome hungry deſart,
Where thou canſt meet with nothing but thy conſcience;
And that in all the ſhapes of all thy villainies
Attend thee ſtill! where brute beaſts will abhor thee,
And e'en the ſun will ſhame to give thee light,
Go, hide thy head! or, if thou think'ſt it fitter,
Go hang thyſelf!
Dol. Hark to that clauſe.
Sce. And that ſpeedily,
That Nature may be eas'd of ſuch a monſter! [*Exe.*

Manet

Manet Septimius.

Sept. Yet all this moves not me, nor reflects on me;
I keep my gold ſtill, and my confidence.
Their want of breeding makes theſe fellows murmur;
Rude valours, ſo I let 'em paſs, rude honours!
There is a wench yet, that I know affects me,
And company for a king; a young plump villain,
That, when ſhe ſees this gold, ſhe'll leap upon me;

Enter Eros[37].

And here ſhe comes: I'm ſure of her at midnight,
My pretty Eros, welcome!

Eros. I have buſineſs.

Sept. Above my love, thou canſt not.

Eros. Yes, indeed, Sir,
Far, far above.

Sept. Why, why ſo coy? Pray you tell me.
We are alone.

Eros. I'm much aſham'd we are ſo.

Sept. You want a new gown now, and a handſome petticoat,
A ſcarf, and ſome odd toys: I've gold here ready;
Thou ſhalt have any thing.

Eros. I want your abſence,
Keep on your way; I care not for your company!

Sept. How? how? you're very ſhort: D'you know me, Eros?
And what I have been to you?

Eros. Yes, I know you,
And I hope I ſhall forget you: Whilſt you were honeſt,
I lov'd you too.

Sept. Honeſt? Come, prithee kiſs me.

[37] *Enter* Eros.] We have not made a variation here, but cannot ſuppoſe the Poets intended *Eros*, *Cleopatra's waiting-woman*, to enter here as the *looſe companion* of Septimius, and to profeſs herſelf *a ſtrumpet*. The error, moſt probably, originated from the players, who making one perſon perform both *Eros* and this *courtezan*, confounded the characters together; as they have partly done with *Cloe* and the *Courtezan* in the Mad Lover, and with *Altea* and the *Fourth Lady* in Rule a Wife and Have a Wife. The Poets moſt probably meant another woman, but they ſeem to have intended (perhaps from inadvertence) to name this character *Eros*.

Eros.

Eros. I kiſs no knaves, no murderers, no beaſts,
No baſe betrayers of thoſe men that fed 'em;
I hate their looks; and tho' I may be wanton,
I ſcorn to nouriſh it with bloody purchaſe [39],
Purchaſe ſo foully got. I pray you, unhand me;
I'd rather touch the plague, than one unworthy!
Go, ſeek ſome miſtreſs that a horſe may marry,
And keep her company; ſhe's too good for you! [*Exit.*

Sept. Marry, this goes near! now I perceive I'm hateful:
When this light ſtuff can diſtinguiſh, it grows dangerous;
For money ſeldom they refuſe a leper;
But ſure I am more odious, more diſeas'd too:

Enter three lame Soldiers.

It ſits cold here. What are theſe? three poor ſoldiers?
Both poor and lame: Their miſery may make 'em
A little look upon me, and adore me.
If theſe will keep me company, I'm made yet.

1 *Sold.* The pleaſure Cæſar ſleeps in, makes us miſerable:
We are forgot, our maims and dangers laugh'd at;
He banquets, and we beg.

2 *Sold.* He was not wont
To let poor ſoldiers, that have ſpent their fortunes,
Their bloods, and limbs, walk up and down like vagabonds.

Sept. Save ye, good ſoldiers! good poor men, Heav'n help ye!
Ye've borne the brunt of war, and ſhew the ſtory.

1 *Sold.* Some new commander ſure.

Sept. You look, my good friends,
By your thin faces, as you would be ſuitors.

2 *Sold.* To Cæſar, for our means, Sir.

Sept. And 'tis fit, Sir,

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[39] *I ſcorn to nouriſh it with* blood purchaſe.] A ſyllable ſeems wanting to the meaſure here, and an hyphen to the ſenſe. *Seward.*

Here Mr. Seward neglects the acknowledged beſt copy (which we have followed) for the purpoſe of making an *ingenious* alteration; *i. e.*

I ſcorn to nouriſh it with THY blood-purchaſe.

3 *Sold.*

3 *Sold.* We are poor men, and long forgot.
Sept. I grieve for't;
Good ſoldiers ſhould have good rewards, and favours.
I'll give up your petitions, for I pity you,
And freely ſpeak to Cæſar.
All. Oh, we honour you!
1 *Sold.* A good man ſure you are; the gods preſerve you!
Sept. And to relieve your wants the while, hold, ſoldiers! [*Gives money.*
Nay, 'tis no dream; 'tis good gold; take it freely;
'Twill keep you in good heart.
2 *Sold.* Now goodneſs quit you!
Sept. I'll be a friend to your afflictions,
And eat, and drink with you too, and we'll be merry;
And ev'ry day I'll ſee you!
1 *Sold.* You're a ſoldier,
And one ſent from the gods, I think.
Sept. I'll cloath ye [40],
Ye are lame, and then provide good lodging for you;
And at my table, where no want ſhall meet you.

Enter Sceva.

All. 'Was never ſuch a man!
1 *Sold.* Dear honour'd Sir,
Let us but know your name, that we may worſhip you.
2 *Sold.* That we may ever thank——
Sept. Why, call me any thing,
No matter for my name—that may betray me.
Sce. A cunning thief! Call him Septimius, ſoldiers,
The villain that kill'd Pompey!
All. How?
Sce. Call him the ſhame of men! [*Exit.*
1 *Sold.* Oh, that this money
Were weight enough to beat thy brains out [41]! Fling all;

[40] *I'll cloath ye,*
* *Ye are* lame.] Theſe ſoldiers are before ſaid to be *lame*; and therefore I don't diſcard the word, but think it more ſuitable to the context in this place to read *bare*. *Seward.*
[41] *Were weight enough to* break *thy brains out.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

And

And fling our curſes next; let them be mortal!
Out, bloody wolf! doſt thou come gilded over,
And painted with thy charity, to poiſon us?
2 *Sold.* I know him now: May never father own thee,
But as a monſtrous birth ſhun thy baſe memory!
And, if thou hadſt a mother, (as I cannot
Believe thou wert a natural burden) let her womb
Be curs'd of women for a bed of vipers!
3 *Sold.* Methinks the ground ſtrakes to devour this raſcal,
And the kind air turns into fogs and vapours,
Infectious miſts[42], to crown his villainies:
Thou mayſt go wander like a thing Heav'n hated!
1 *Sold.* And valiant minds hold poiſonous to remember!
The hangman will not keep thee company;
He has an honourable houſe to thine;
No, not a thief, tho' thou couldſt ſave his life for't,
Will eat thy bread, nor one for thirſt ſtarv'd drink with thee[43]!
2 *Sold.* Thou art no company for an honeſt dog,
And ſo we'll leave thee to a ditch, thy deſtiny. [*Exeunt.*
Sept. Contemn'd of all? and kick'd too? Now I find it!
My valour's fled too, with mine honeſty;
For ſince I would be knave, I muſt be coward.
This 'tis to be a traitor, and betrayer.
What a deformity dwells round about me!
How monſtrous ſhews that man, that is ungrateful!
I am afraid the very beaſts will tear me[44];

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[42] *And the kind air turns into fogs, and vapours*
The infectious miſts.] So firſt folio. The ſecond folio we have followed. Mr. Seward reads,
And the kind air turns into fogs, and vapours
T' infectuous *miſts*, &c.

[43] *Nor one* for thirſt ſtarv'd *drink with thee.*] Mr. Seward chuſes to read,
Nor one thirſt-ſtarv'd *drink with thee.*

[44] *I am afraid the very beaſts will tear me,*
Inſpir'd with what I have done: the winds will blaſt me.] The word *inſpir'd* not only more naturally belongs to the *winds* than to the *beaſts*;

Inſpir'd with what I have done, the winds will blaſt me!
Now I am paid, and my reward dwells in me,
The wages of my fact; my ſoul's oppreſs'd!
Honeſt and noble minds, you find moſt reſt. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, Photinus, and Achillas.

Ptol. I have commanded, and it ſhall be ſo!
A preparation I have ſet o' foot,
Worthy the friendſhip and the fame of Cæſar:
My ſiſter's favours ſhall ſeem poor and wither'd;
Nay, ſhe herſelf, trimm'd up in all her beauties,
Compar'd to what I'll take his eyes withal,
Shall be a dream.

Pho. D'you mean to ſhew the glory,
And wealth of Egypt?

Ptol. Yes; and in that luſtre,
Rome ſhall appear, in all her famous conqueſts,
And all her riches, of no note unto it.

Achor. Now you are reconcil'd to your fair ſiſter,
Take heed, Sir, how you ſtep into a danger,
A danger of this precipice. But note, Sir,
For what Rome ever rais'd her mighty armies;
Firſt for ambition, then for wealth. 'Tis madneſs,
Nay, more, a ſecure impotence, to tempt
An armed gueſt: Feed not an eye that conquers,
Nor teach a fortunate ſword the way to be covetous.

Ptol. Ye judge amiſs, and far too wide to alter me;
Let all be ready[45], as I gave direction:
The ſecret way of all our wealth appearing
Newly, and handſomely; and all about it:
No more diſſuading: 'Tis my will.

Achor. I grieve for't.

---

beaſts; but it is ſtronger, and more poetical, to ſuppoſe the very inanimate elements ſenſible of and abhorring his wickedneſs, than merely the irrational beaſts. *Seward.*

[45] Yet *all be ready.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

Ptol.

Ptol. I'll dazzle Cæſar with exceſs of glory.
Pho. I fear you'll curſe your will; we muſt obey you.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, Dolabella, and Sceva, above.

Cæſar. I wonder at the glory of this kingdom,
And the moſt bounteous preparation,
Still as I paſs, they court me with.
Sce. I'll tell you;
In Gaul and Germany we ſaw ſuch viſions,
And ſtood not to admire 'em, but poſſeſs 'em:
When they are ours, they're worth our admiration.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ant. The young queen comes: Give room!
Cæſar. Welcome, my deareſt!
Come, bleſs my ſide.
Sce. Ay, marry, here's a wonder!
As ſhe appears now, I am no true ſoldier,
If I ben't readieſt to recant.
Cleo. Be merry, Sir;
My brother will be proud to do you honour,
That now appears himſelf.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, Achillas, Photinus, and Apollodorus.

Ptol. Hail to great Cæſar,
My royal gueſt! Firſt I will feaſt thine eyes
With wealthy Egypt's ſtore, and then thy palate,
And wait myſelf upon thee. [*Treaſure brought in.*
Cæſar. What rich ſervice!
What mines of treaſure! richer ſtill?
Cleo. My Cæſar,
What d'you admire? Pray you turn, and let me talk to you.
Have you forgot me, Sir? How, a new object?
Am I grown old o' th' ſudden? Cæſar!

Cæſar. Tell me
From whence comes all this wealth?
Cleo. Is your eye that way,
And all my beauties baniſh'd?
Ptol. I'll tell thee, Cæſar;
We owe for all this wealth to the old Nilus:
We need no dropping rain to cheer the huſbandman,
Nor merchant that ploughs up the ſea to ſeek us;
Within the wealthy womb of reverend Nilus,
All this is nouriſh'd; who, to do thee honour,
Comes to diſcover his ſeven deities,
His conceal'd heads, unto thee: See with pleaſure,
Cæſar. The matchleſs wealth of this land!
Cleo. Come, you ſhall hear me.
Cæſar. Away! Let me imagine.
Cleo. How! frown on me?
The eyes of Cæſar wrapt in ſtorms!
Cæſar. I'm ſorry:
But, let me think——

Muſick. Enter Iſis, and three Labourers.

Iſis. Iſis, the goddeſs of this land,
Bids thee, great Cæſar, underſtand
And mark our cuſtoms, and firſt know,
With greedy eyes theſe watch the flow
Of plenteous Nilus; when he comes,
With ſongs, with dances, timbrels, drums,
They entertain him; cut his way,
And give his proud heads leave to play:
Nilus himſelf ſhall riſe, and ſhew,
His matchleſs wealth in overflow.

Labourers. Come, let us help the reverend Nile;
He's very old; alas the while!
Let us dig him eaſy ways,
And prepare a thouſand plays:
To delight his ſtreams, let's ſing
A loud welcome to our ſpring;

This

This way let his curling heads
Fall into our new-made beds;
This way let his wanton ſpawns
Friſk, and glide it o'er the lawns.
This way profit comes, and gain:
How he tumbles here amain!
How his waters haſte to fall
Into our channels! Labour, all,
And let him in; let Nilus flow,
And perpetual plenty ſhew.
With incenſe let us bleſs the brim,
And as the wanton fiſhes ſwim,
Let us gums and garlands fling,
And loud our timbrels ring.
Come, old father, come away!
Our labour is our holiday.

Enter Nilus.

Iſis. Here comes the aged river now,
With garlands of great pearl his brow
Begirt and rounded: In his flow,
All things take life, and all things grow.
A thouſand wealthy treaſures ſtill,
To do him ſervice at his will,
Follow his riſing flood, and pour
Perpetual bleſſings in our ſtore [46].
Hear him; and next there will advance,
His ſacred heads to tread a dance,
In honour of my royal gueſt:
Mark them too; and you have a feaſt.

Cleo. A little droſs betray me?
Cæſar. I am aſham'd I warr'd at home, my friends,
When ſuch wealth may be got abroad! What honour,
Nay, everlaſting glory, had Rome purchas'd,
Had ſhe a juſt cauſe but to viſit Egypt!

[46] ——— *and pour*
Perpetual bleſſings in *our* ſtore.] Mr. Seward alters the text to, *Perpetual bleſſings* on *our* ſhore.

Nilus. Make room for my rich waters' fall,
And bleſs my flood;
Nilus comes flowing to you all
Encreaſe and good.
Now the plants and flow'rs ſhall ſpring,
And the merry ploughman ſing.
In my hidden waves I bring
Bread, and wine, and ev'ry thing.
Let the damſels ſing me in,
Sing aloud, that I may riſe;
Your holy feaſts and hours begin,
And each hand bring a ſacrifice.
Now my wanton pearls I ſhew,
That to ladies' fair necks grow.
Now my gold
And treaſures that can ne'er be told,
Shall bleſs this land, by my rich flow,
And after this, to crown your eyes,
My hidden holy head ariſe. [*Dance.*

Cæſar. The wonder of this wealth ſo troubles me,
I am not well: Good night!

Sce. I'm glad you have it:
Now we ſhall ſtir again.

Dol. Thou, wealth, ſtill haunt him [47]!

Sce. A greedy ſpirit ſet thee on! We're happy.

Ptol. Lights, lights for Cæſar, and attendance!

Cleo. Well,
I ſhall yet find a time to tell thee, Cæſar,
Th' haſt wrong'd her love—The reſt here [48].

Ptol. Lights along ſtill:
Muſick, and ſacrifice to ſleep, for Cæſar! [*Exeunt.*

ACT

[47] Ptol. *Thou wealth, ſtill haunt him.*] This ſhould ſeem to belong to one of Cæſar's captains, being a continuation of Sceva's wiſh, that the love of wealth might make him ſeize Ptolomy's riches, and ſo occaſion a new war. I have therefore given it to *Dolabella*, as the neareſt in the trace of the letters to *Ptol.* *Seward.*

[48] *Thou'ſt wrong'd her love*; the reſt here.] The meaning of the laſt ſentence may be; *the reſt of what I intend to do and ſay, I keep*

to

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Ptolomy, Photinus, Achillas, and Achoreus.

Achor. I TOLD you carefully, what this would prove to,
What this ineſtimable wealth and glory
Would draw upon you: I adviſ'd your majeſty
Never to tempt a conquering gueſt, nor add
A bait, to catch a mind bent by his trade
To make the whole world his.

Pho. I was not heard, Sir,
Or, what I ſaid, loſt and contemn'd: I dare ſay,
And freſhly now, 'twas a poor weakneſs in you,
A glorious childiſhneſs! I watch'd his eye,
And ſaw how falcon-like it towr'd, and flew
Upon the wealthy quarry; how round it mark'd it:
I obſerv'd his words, and to what it tended;
How greedily he aſk'd from whence it came,
And what commerce we held for ſuch abundance.
The ſhow of Nilus how he labour'd at,
To find the ſecret ways the ſong deliver'd!

Achor. He never ſmil'd, I noted, at the pleaſures,
But fix'd his conſtant eyes upon the treaſure:
I do not think his ears had ſo much leiſure,
After the wealth appear'd, to hear the muſick.

---

to myſelf till a fit opportunity. But Mr. Sympſon conjectures the words to have been a ſtage direction, which I think not improbable; for the meaſure is more perfect without them, and they may ſignify, either, *let the reſt of the attendance be here ready*, or that the *reſt* or pauſe was here, it being the end of the third act. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's firſt explanation we think obviouſly and indubitably right. That the words, *the reſt here*, ſhould mean, 'Let the reſt of the *attendance* be here ready,' at a period when all *attendance* was to be diſpenſed with; or, that 'the *reſt* or pauſe was here,' when the *end of the act* muſt have been marked in the prompt-book; are ſuppoſitions as ſtrange as is the aſſertion, that 'the meaſure is more perfect' without theſe words than with them, when they are indiſpenſably neceſſary to complete it. *J. N.*

Moſt ſure he has not ſlept ſince; his mind's troubles
With objects that would make their own ſtill labour [49].

Pho. Your ſiſter he ne'er gaz'd on; that's a main note:
The prime beauty of the world had no pow'r over him.

Achor. Where was his mind the whilſt?

Pho. Where was your carefulneſs,
To ſhew an armed thief the way to rob you?
Nay, would you give him this, it will excite him
To ſeek the reſt: Ambition feels no gift [50],
Nor knows no bounds; indeed you've done moſt weakly.

Ptol. Can I be too kind to my noble friend?

Pho. To be unkind unto your noble ſelf, but favours
Of indiſcretion; and your friend has found it.
Had you been train'd up in the wants and miſeries
A ſoldier marches thro', and known his temperance
In offer'd courteſies, you would have made
A wiſer maſter of your own, and ſtronger.

Ptol. Why, ſhould I give him all, he would return it:
'Tis more to him to make kings.

Pho. Pray be wiſer,
And truſt not, with your loſt wealth, your lov'd liberty:
To be a king ſtill at your own diſcretion,

---

49 ——— *his mind's troubled*
With objects they *would make their own ſtill labour.*] The relative *they* wants an antecedent here, which I hope I have reſtored, by reading *troubles* inſtead of *troubled.* *Seward.*

In the ſecond folio there is no *relative* THEY, as it reads, *With objects* that *would make*, &c. It is neceſſary, however, to read *troubles*; unleſs we ſuppoſe a line to be loſt, ſignifying that his thoughts were abſorbed by the treaſure, *and ſtill labour*, &c.

50 *Ambition feels no* gift,
Nor knows no bounds.] *i. e.* Ambition does not look on any thing it has power to ſeize, as a gift from the owner; no preſent you can make, Cæſar will affect him with gratitude: His ſword is the arbitrator of right and wrong, and he acknowledges no other law. Cæſar himſelf (as Cicero obſerves in his Offices) ſeems to have acknowledged this, by frequently repeating a ſentence of Euripides, which Cicero thus renders; *Nam ſi violandum eſt jus, regnandi gratiâ violandum eſt: aliis rebus pietatem colas.* Mr. Theobald, either not ſeeing, or diſapproving this interpretation, would read,

——— *ambition feels no* girth. *Seward.*

The preceding line proves proves *gift* to be right. *Nay, would you* give *him this, &c. ambition feels no* gift.——

Is

'Is like a king; to be at his, a vaſſal.
Now take good counſel, or no more take to you
The freedom of a prince.
Achil. 'Twill be too late elſe:
For, ſince the maſque, he ſent three of his captains,
Ambitious as himſelf, to view again
The glory of your wealth.
Pho. The next himſelf comes,
Not ſtaying for your courteſy, and takes it.
Ptol. What counſel, my Achoreus?
Achor. I'll go pray, Sir,
(For that's beſt counſel now) the gods may help you.
[*Exit.*
Pho. I found you out a way, but 'twas not credited,
A moſt ſecure way: Whither will you fly now?
Achil. For when your wealth is gone, your pow'r
muſt follow.
Pho. And that diminiſh'd alſo, what's your life worth?
Who would regard it?
Ptol. You ſay true.
Achil. What eye
Will look upon king Ptolomy? If they do look,
It muſt be in ſcorn; for a poor king's a monſter:
What ear remember ye? 'twill be then a courteſy,
A noble one, to take your life too from you:
But if reſerv'd, you ſtand to fill a victory;
As who knows conquerors' minds, tho' outwardly
They bear fair ſtreams? Oh, Sir, does not this ſhake ye?
If to be honey'd on to theſe afflictions——
Ptol. I never will: I was a fool!
Pho. For then, Sir,
Your country's cauſe falls with you too, and fetter'd:
All Egypt ſhall be plough'd up with diſhonour.
Ptol. No more; I'm ſenſible: And now my ſpirit
Burns hot within me.
Achil. Keep it warm and fiery.
Pho. And laſt, be counſell'd.
Ptol. I will, tho' I periſh.
Pho. Go in: We'll tell you all, and then we'll
execute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Cleopatra, Arſinoe, and Eros.

Arſ. You're ſo impatient!
Cleo. Have I not cauſe?
Women of common beauties, and low births,
When they are ſlighted, are allow'd their angers:
Why ſhould not I, a princeſs, make him know
The baſeneſs of his uſage?
Arſ. Yes, 'tis fit:
But then again you know what man——
Cleo. He's no man!
The ſhadow of a greatneſs hangs upon him,
And not the virtue: He is no conqueror,
Has ſuffer'd under the baſe droſs of nature;
Poorly deliver'd up his pow'r to wealth,
The god of bed-rid men, taught his eyes treaſon;
Againſt the truth of love h' has rais'd rebellion,
Defied his holy flames.
Eros. He will fall back again,
And ſatisfy your grace.
Cleo. Had I been old,
Or blaſted in my bud, he might have ſhew'd
Some ſhadow of diſlike: But, to prefer
The luſtre of a little traſh [51], Arſinoe,
And the poor glow-worm light of ſome faint jewels,
Before the life of love, and ſoul of beauty,
Oh, how it vexes me! He is no ſoldier;
All honourable ſoldiers are love's ſervants;
He is a merchant, a mere wandring merchant,

[51] *The luſtre of a little* art.] *Art* here is certainly ſenſe, as both jewels and gold receive their luſtre from the poliſh and refinement of art; but Mr. Sympſon thinks we ſhould read *dirt*, as they are before called the *baſe droſs of nature*. And again, *I had* traſh *enough*. The conjecture therefore is certainly a happy one, it has more of the poetic ſpirit than the old text. *Seward.*

Traſh is nearer the text than *dirt*, is a better word, and is repeated by Cleopatra ſpeaking of the ſame treaſure.

Servile

Servile to gain: He trades for poor commodities,
And makes his conqueſts, thefts! Some fortunate captains
That quarter with him, and are truly valiant,
Have flung the name of Happy Cæſar on him;
Himſelf ne'er won it: He's ſo baſe and covetous,
He'll ſell his ſword for gold!

Arſ. This is too bitter.

Cleo. Oh, I could curſe myſelf, that was ſo fooliſh,
So fondly childiſh, to believe his tongue,
His promiſing tongue, ere I could catch his temper.
I'd traſh enough to have cloy'd his eyes withal,
(His covetous eyes) ſuch as I ſcorn to tread on;
Richer than e'er he ſaw yet, and more tempting;
Had I known h' had ſtoop'd at that, I'd ſav'd mine honour,
I had been happy ſtill! But let him take it,
And let him brag how poorly I'm rewarded;
Let him go conquer ſtill weak wretched ladies:
Love has his angry quiver too [52], his deadly,
And, when he finds ſcorn, armed at the ſtrongeſt.
I am a fool to fret thus for a fool,
An old blind fool too! I loſe my health; I will not,
I will not cry; I will not honour him
With tears diviner than the gods he worſhips;
I will not take the pains to curſe a poor thing!

Eros. Do not; you ſhall not need.

---

[52] *Love has his angry quiver too, his deadly,*
And when he finds ſcorn, armed *at the ſtrongeſt.*] The ſecond line is undoubtedly hurt both in ſenſe and meaſure: Two ways of curing it hath occurr'd, and I have receiv'd a third from Mr. Sympſon. Either, *arms him at the ſtrongeſt*; or, *aims it at the ſtrongeſt*; or, with Mr. Sympſon, *aims at it the ſtrongeſt.* The two laſt put the *quiver* for the *arrow*, and therefore I have preferr'd the firſt. *Seward.*

We beg Mr. Seward's pardon; they put the *arrow* for the *quiver*.—We perceive no difficulty in this line, either in meaſure or ſenſe. The meaning is, we think clearly, 'When love meets with ſcorn, 'his quiver is *full ſtored* with vengeful weapons.' The meaſure too, pronouncing *armed* as a diſſyllable, is perfect. So Antony ſays afterwards, p. 142,

But ſtraight ſaluted with an armed *dart.*

Cleo.

Cleo. 'Would I were priſoner
To one I hate, that I might anger him!
I will love any man, to break the heart of him!
Any that has the heart and will to kill him!
Arſ. Take ſome fair truce.
Cleo. I will go ſtudy miſchief,
And put a look on, arm'd with all my cunnings,
Shall meet him like a baſiliſk, and ſtrike him!
Love, put deſtroying flames into mine eyes,
Into my ſmiles deceits, that I may torture him,
That I may make him love to death, and laugh at him!

Enter Apollodorus.

Apol. Cæſar commends his ſervice to your grace.
Cleo. His ſervice? what's his ſervice?
Eros. Pray you be patient;
The noble Cæſar loves ſtill.
Cleo. What's his will?
Apol. He craves acceſs unto your highneſs.
Cleo. No;
Say, no; I will have none to trouble me.
Arſ. Good ſiſter!
Cleo. None, I ſay; I will be private.
'Would thou hadſt flung me into Nilus, keeper,
When firſt thou gav'ſt conſent, to bring my body
To this unthankful Cæſar!
Apol. 'Twas your will, madam,
Nay more, your charge upon me, as I honour'd you.
You know what danger I endur'd.
Cleo. Take this, [*Giving a jewel.*
And carry it to that lordly Cæſar ſent thee;
There's a new love, a handſome one, a rich one,
One that will hug his mind[53]: Bid him make love to it;
Tell the ambitious broker, this will ſuffer——

Enter

[53] *One that will hug his mind.*] It might perhaps be clearer if we read, *one that his mind will hug*; but the ſenſe is much the ſame. Here the character of the *majeſtick whore* ſhines forth in full luſtre; and as the Prologue ſays,

——*her*

Enter Cæſar.

Apol. He enters.

Cleo. How!

Cæſar. I do not uſe to wait, lady;
Where I am, all the doors are free and open.

Cleo. I gueſs ſo, by your rudeneſs.

Cæſar. You're not angry?
Things of your tender mould ſhould be moſt gentle.
Why do you frown? Good gods, what a ſet anger
Have you forc'd into your face! Come, I muſt temper you.
What a coy ſmile was there, and a diſdainful!
How like an ominous flaſh it broke out from you!
Defend me, Love! Sweet, who has anger'd you?

Cleo. Shew him a glaſs! That falſe face has betray'd me,
That baſe heart wrong'd me [54]!

Cæſar. Be more ſweetly angry.
I wrong'd you, fair?

Cleo. Away with your foul flatteries;
They are too groſs! But that I dare be angry,
And with as great a god as Cæſar is,
To ſhew how poorly I reſpect his memory,
I would not ſpeak to you.

Cæſar. Pray you undo this riddle,
And tell me how I've vex'd you?

Cleo. Let me think firſt,

——— *her great mind is*
Expreſs'd to th' height.

There is, as was obſerv'd, more of the dignity of the queen than Shakeſpeare has given to any part of his Cleopatra; but the working up of her paſſions, the ſtrength and vigour of the ſentiments, and the noble ſtrain of metaphors that every where enrich the ſtile, have all ſo much of Shakeſpeare's genius, that were it a fragment, I verily believe the beſt critics might be puzzled to diſtinguiſh it from his hand, and even from his beſt manner. If the reader does not agree with me, I beg the favour of his giving it a ſecond reading, and if not then, a third and fourth. *Seward.*

[54] *That baſe heart* wrought *me.*] The variation is Mr. Seward's, and, as he obſerves, is confirm'd by Cæſar's anſwer,

I wrong'd *you, fair?*

Whether

Whether I may put on a patience
That will with honour ſuffer me. Know, I hate you!
Let that begin the ſtory: Now, I'll tell you.
Cæſar. But do it milder: In a noble lady,
Softneſs of ſpirit, and a ſober nature,
That moves like ſummer winds, cool, and blows ſweetneſs,
Shews bleſſed, like herſelf.
Cleo. And that great bleſſedneſs
You firſt reap'd of me: 'Till you taught my nature,
Like a rude ſtorm, to talk aloud, and thunder,
Sleep was not gentler than my ſoul, and ſtiller.
You had the ſpring of my affections,
And my fair fruits I gave you leave to taſte of;
You muſt expect the winter of mine anger.
You flung me off, before the court diſgrac'd me;
When in the pride I appear'd of all my beauty,
Appear'd your miſtreſs; took into your eyes
The common ſtrumpet, love of hated lucre,
Courted with covetous heart the ſlave of nature,
Gave all your thoughts to gold, that men of glory;
And minds adorn'd with noble love, would kick at!
Soldiers of royal mark ſcorn ſuch baſe purchaſe;
Beauty and honour are the marks they ſhoot at.
I ſpake to you then, I courted you, and woo'd you,
Call'd you 'dear Cæſar,' hung about you tenderly,
Was proud t' appear your friend——
Cæſar. You have miſtaken me.
Cleo. But neither eye, nor favour, not a ſmile,
Was I bleſs'd back withal[55], but ſhook off rudely;
And, as you had been ſold to ſordid infamy,
You fell before the images of treaſure,
And in your ſoul you worſhipp'd: I ſtood ſlighted;
Forgotten, and contemn'd; my ſoft embraces,
And thoſe ſweet kiſſes you call'd Elyſium,
As letters writ in ſand, no more remember'd;

[55] ——— *not a ſmile*
Was I bleſſed back with; *but ſhook*, &c.] The variation by Mr. Seward.

The

The name and glory of your Cleopatra
Laugh'd at, and made a ſtory to your captains!
Shall I endure?

Cæſar. You are deceiv'd in all this;
Upon my life you are; 'tis your much tenderneſs.

Cleo. No, no; I love not that way; you are cozen'd;
I love with as much ambition as a conqueror,
And where I love will triumph!

Cæſar. So you ſhall;
My heart ſhall be the chariot that ſhall bear you;
All I have won ſhall wait upon you.—By the gods,
The bravery of this woman's mind has fir'd me!—
Dear miſtreſs, ſhall I but this night——

Cleo. How, Cæſar?
Have I let ſlip a ſecond vanity
That gives thee hope?

Cæſar. You ſhall be abſolute,
And reign alone as queen; you ſhall be any thing!

Cleo. Make me a maid again, and then I'll hear thee;
Examine all thy art of war to do that,
And, if thou find'ſt it poſſible, I'll love thee:
'Till when, farewell, unthankful!

Cæſar. Stay!

Cleo. I will not.

Cæſar. I command!

Cleo. Command, and go without, Sir.
I do command thee be my ſlave for ever,
And vex while I laugh at thee.

Cæſar. Thus low, beauty——

Cleo. It is too late; when I have found thee abſolute,
The man that fame reports thee, and to me,
May-be I ſhall think better. Farewell, conqueror!
[*Exit.*

Cæſar. She mocks me too! I will enjoy her beauty;
I will not be denied; I'll force my longing!
Love is beſt pleas'd, when roundly we compel him;
And, as he is imperious, ſo will I be.
Stay, fool, and be advis'd; that dulls the appetite,
Takes off the ſtrength and ſweetneſs of delight.
By Heaven ſhe is a miracle! I muſt uſe
A handſome

A handſome way to win——How now? What fear
Dwells in your faces? you look all diſtracted.

Enter Sceva, Antony, and Dolabella.

Sce. If it be fear, 'tis fear of your undoing,
Not of ourſelves; fear of your poor declining;
Our lives and deaths are equal benefits,
And we make louder prayers to die nobly,
Than to live high and wantonly. Whilſt you're ſecure here,
And offer hecatombs of lazy kiſſes
To the lewd god of love and cowardice,
And moſt laſciviouſly die in delights,
You are begirt with the fierce Alexandrians,
Dol. The ſpawn of Egypt flow about your palace,
Arm'd all, and ready to aſſault,
Ant. Led on
By the falſe and baſe Photinus, and his miniſters.
No ſtirring out, no peeping thro' a loop-hole,
But ſtraight ſaluted with an armed dart.
Sce. No parley; they are deaf to all but danger[56],
They ſwear they'll flay us, and then dry our quarters;
A raſher of a ſalt lover is ſuch a ſhoeing-horn!
Can you kiſs away this conſpiracy, and ſet us free?
Or will the giant god of love fight for you?
Will his fierce warlike bow kill a cock-ſparrow?
Bring out the lady! ſhe can quell this mutiny,
And with her powerful looks ſtrike awe into them;
She can deſtroy and build again the city;
Your goddeſſes have mighty gifts! Shew 'em her fair breaſts,
Th' impregnable bulwarks of proud love, and let 'em
Begin their battery there; ſhe will laugh at 'em!
They're not above a hundred thouſand, Sir;
A miſt, a miſt! that, when her eyes break out,
Her powerful radiant eyes, and ſhake their flaſhes,
Will fly before her heats!
Cæſar. Begirt with villains?

[56] *They are deaf to all but* danger.] Mr. Seward chuſes to read *anger* for *danger*; but *danger* is good ſenſe, and in the old ſtile.

Sce.

Sce. They come to play you and your love a hunts-up.
You were told what this ſame whoreſon wenching long ago would come to:
You are taken napping now! Has not a ſoldier
A time to kiſs his friend, and a time to conſider,
But he muſt lie ſtill digging like a pioneer,
Making of mines, and burying of his honour there?
'Twere good you'd think——

Dol. And time too; or you'll find elſe
A harder taſk than courting a coy beauty.

Ant. Look out, and then believe.

Sce. No, no, hang danger;
Take me provoking broth, and then go to her,
Go to your love, and let her feel your valour;
Charge her whole body!—When the ſword's in your throat, Sir,
You may cry, 'Cæſar!' and ſee if that will help you.

Cæſar. I'll be myſelf again, and meet their furies,
Meet, and conſume their miſchiefs. Make ſome ſhift, Sceva,
To recover the fleet, and bring me up two legions,
And you ſhall ſee me, how I'll break like thunder
Amongſt theſe beds of ſlimy eels, and ſcatter 'em.

Sce. Now you ſpeak ſenſe, I'll put my life to th' hazard.
Before I go, no more of this warm lady!
She'll ſpoil your ſword-hand.

Cæſar. Go. Come, let's to counſel,
How to prevent, and then to execute. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Soldiers.

1 *Sold.* Did you ſee this penitence?

2 *Sold.* Yes, I ſaw, and heard it.

3 *Sold.* And I too, look'd upon him, and obſerv'd it;
He's the ſtrangeſt Septimius now——

1 *Sold.* I heard he was alter'd,

And

And had giv'n away his gold to honeſt uſes,
Cried monſtrouſly.
2 *Sold.* He cries abundantly;
He's blind almoſt with weeping.
3 *Sold.* 'Tis moſt wonderful,
That a hard-hearted man, and an old ſoldier,
Should have ſo much kind moiſture. When his mother died,
He laugh'd aloud, and made the wicked'ſt ballads!
1 *Sold.* 'Tis like enough; he never lov'd his parents;
Nor can I blame him, for they ne'er lov'd him.
His mother dream'd, before ſhe was deliver'd,
That ſhe was brought abed with a buzzard, and ever after
She whiſtled him up to th' world. His brave cloaths too
H' has flung away, and goes like one of us now;
Walks with his hands in's pockets, poor and ſorrowful,
And gives the beſt inſtructions!
2 *Sold.* And tells ſtories
Of honeſt and good people that were honour'd,
And how they were remember'd; and runs mad,
If he but hear of an ungrateful perſon,
A bloody or betraying man.
3 *Sold.* If it be poſſible
That an arch-villain may e'er be recover'd,
This penitent raſcal will put hard. 'Twere worth our labour
To ſee him once again.

Enter Septimius.

1 *Sold.* He ſpares us that labour,
For here he comes.
Sept. Bleſs ye, my honeſt friends,
Bleſs ye from baſe unworthy men! Come not near me,
For I am yet too taking.[57] for your company.
1 *Sold.* Did I not tell ye?

2 *Sold.*

57 *Taking.*] *i. e.* Too *infecting*. So in the Merry Wives of Windſor, act iv. ſcene iv. Mrs. Page, ſpeaking of Herne the Hunter, ſays, 'There

2 *Sold.* What book's that?

1 *Sold.* No doubt,
Some excellent ſalve for a ſore heart. Are you
Septimius, that baſe knave that betray'd Pompey?

Sept. I was, and am; unleſs your honeſt thoughts
Will look upon my penitence, and ſave me,
I muſt be ever villain. Oh, good ſoldiers,
You that have Roman hearts, take heed of falſhood;
Take heed of blood; take heed of foul ingratitude!
The gods have ſcarce a mercy for thoſe miſchiefs.
Take heed of pride; 'twas that that brought me to it.

2 *Sold.* This fellow would make a rare ſpeech at the gallows.

3 *Sold.* 'Tis very fit he were hang'd to edify us.

Sept. Let all your thoughts be humble and obedient,
Love your commanders, honour them that feed ye;
Pray that ye may be ſtrong in honeſty,
As in the uſe of arms; labour, and diligently,
To keep your hearts from eaſe, and her baſe iſſues,
Pride and ambitious wantonneſs; thoſe ſpoil'd me:
Rather loſe all your limbs, than the leaſt honeſty;
You're never lame indeed, 'till loſs of credit
Benumb ye thro'; ſcars, and thoſe maims of honour,
Are memorable crutches, that ſhall bear,
When you are dead, your noble names to eternity!

1 *Sold.* I cry.

2 *Sold.* And ſo do I.

3 *Sold.* An excellent villain!

1 *Sold.* A more ſweet pious knave, I never heard yet.

2 *Sold.* He was happy he was raſcal, to come to this.

Enter Achoreus.

Who's this? a prieſt?

Sept. Oh, ſtay, moſt holy Sir!

'There he blaſts the trees, and *takes* the cattle.'

And in King Lear, act ii. ſcene ii. Lear thus execrates his unnatural daughter:

'——ſtrike her young bones,
'You *taking* airs, with lameneſs!'

See Warner's Letter to Garrick, p. 39. *R.*

And, by the gods of Egypt I conjure ye,
Iſis, and great Oſiris, pity me,
Pity a loaden man! and tell me truly
With what moſt humble ſacrifice I may
Waſh off my ſin, and appeaſe the powers that hate me?
Take from my heart thoſe thouſand thouſand furies,
That reſtleſs gnaw upon my life, and ſave me!
Oreſtes' bloody hands fell on his mother,
Yet at the holy altar he was pardon'd.

Achor. Oreſtes out of madneſs did his murder,
And therefore he found grace: Thou, worſt of all men,
Out of cold blood, and hope of gain, baſe lucre,
Slew'ſt thine own feeder! Come not near the altar,
Nor with thy reeking hands pollute the ſacrifice;
Thou'rt mark'd for ſhame eternal! [*Exit.*

Sept. Look all on me,
And let me be a ſtory left to time
Of blood and infamy! How baſe and ugly
Ingratitude appears, with all her profits!
How monſtrous my hop'd grace at court! Good ſoldiers,
Let neither flattery, nor the witching ſound
Of high and ſoft preferment, touch your goodneſs:
To be valiant, old, and honeſt, oh, what bleſſedneſs!

1 *Sold.* Doſt thou want any thing?

Sept. Nothing but your prayers.

2 *Sold.* Be thus, and let the blind prieſt do his worſt;
We've gods as well as they, and they will hear us.

3 *Sold.* Come, cry no more: Th' haſt wept out twenty Pompeys.

Enter Photinus and Achillas.

Pho. So penitent?

Achil. It ſeems ſo.

Pho. Yet for all this
We muſt employ him.

1 *Sold.* Theſe are the armed ſoldier-leaders:
Away; and let's to th' fort, we ſhall be ſnapt elſe.
[*Exeunt.*

Pho.

Pho. How now? Why thus? What cauſe of this dejection?
Achil. Why doſt thou weep?
Sept. Pray leave me; you have ruin'd me,
You've made me a famous villain!
Pho. Does that touch thee?
Achil. He will be hard to win; he feels his lewdneſs.
Pho. He muſt be won, or we ſhall want our right-hand.
This fellow dares, and knows, and muſt be hearten'd.
Art thou ſo poor to blench at what thou haſt done?
Is conſcience a comrade for an old ſoldier?
Achil. It is not that; it may be ſome diſgrace
That he takes heavily, and would be cheriſh'd.
Septimius ever ſcorn'd to ſhew ſuch weakneſs.
Sept. Let me alone; I am not for your purpoſe;
I'm now a new man.
Pho. We have new affairs for thee,
Thoſe that will raiſe thy head.
Sept. I would 'twere off,
And in your bellies, for the love you bear me!
I'll be no more knave; I have ſtings enough
Already in my breaſt.
Pho. Thou ſhalt be noble;
And who dares think then that thou art not honeſt?
Achil. Thou ſhalt command in chief all our ſtrong forces;
And if thou ſerv'ſt an uſe, muſt not all juſtify it?
Sept. I'm rogue enough.
Pho. Thou wilt be more and baſer;
A poor rogue's all rogues, open to all ſhames;
Nothing to ſhadow him. Doſt thou think crying
Can keep thee from the cenſure of the multitude?
Or to be kneeling at the altar, ſave thee?
'Tis poor and ſervile! Wert thou thine own ſacrifice,
'Twould ſeem ſo low, people would ſpit the fire out.
Achil. Keep thyſelf glorious ſtill, tho' ne'er ſo ſtain'd,
And that will leſſen it, if not work it out.
To go complaining thus, and thus repenting,

Like a poor girl that had betray'd her maidenhead—
Sept. I'll ſtop mine ears.
Achil. Will ſhew ſo in a ſoldier,
So ſimply and ſo ridiculouſly, ſo tamely——.
Pho. If people would believe thee, 'twere ſome honeſty;
And for thy penitence would not laugh at thee,
(As ſure they will) and beat thee, for thy poverty;
If they'd allow thy foolery, there were ſome hope.
Sept. My foolery?
Pho. Nay, more than that, thy miſery,
Thy monſtrous miſery.
Achil. He begins to hearken.—
Thy miſery ſo great, men will not bury thee.
Sept. That this were true!
Pho. Why does this conquering Cæſar
Labour thro' the world's deep ſeas of toils and troubles,
Dangers, and deſperate hopes? to repent afterwards?
Why does he ſlaughter thouſands in a battle,
And whip his country with the ſword? to cry for't?
Thou kill'dſt great Pompey: He'll kill all his kindred,
And juſtify it; nay, raiſe up trophies to it.
When thou hear'ſt him repent, (he's held moſt holy too)
And cry for doing daily bloody murders,
Take thou example, and go aſk forgiveneſs;
Call up the thing thou nam'ſt thy conſcience,
And let it work; then 'twill ſeem well, Septimius.
Sept. He does all this.
Achil. Yes, and is honour'd for it;
Nay, call'd the honour'd Cæſar: So mayſt thou be;
Thou wert born as near a crown as he.
Sept. He was poor.
Pho. And deſperate bloody tricks got him this credit.
Sept. I am afraid you will once more——
Pho. Help to raiſe thee.
Off with thy pining black; it dulls a ſoldier,
And put on reſolution like a man,
A noble fate waits on thee.
Sept. I now feel

Myſelf

Myſelf returning raſcal ſpeedily.
Oh, that I had the power——.
Achil. Thou ſhalt have all;
And do all thro' thy power. Men ſhall admire thee,
And the vices of Septimius ſhall turn virtues.
Sept. Off, off; thou muſt off [58]; off, my cowardice!
Puling repentance, off!
Pho. Now thou ſpeak'ſt nobly.
Sept. Off, my dejected looks, and welcome, impudence!
My daring ſhall be deity, to ſave me.
Give me inſtructions, and put action on me,
A glorious cauſe upon my ſword's point, gentlemen,
And let my wit and valour work. You'll raiſe me,
And make me out-dare all my miſeries?
Pho. All this, and all thy wiſhes.
Sept. Uſe me then.
Womaniſh fear, farewell! I'll never melt more.
Lead on, to ſome great thing, to wake my ſpirit [59]!

[58] *Off, off,* thou muſt off; *off my cowardice.*] Mr. Seward, ingeniouſly, and not unpoetically, reads,

Off, off, thou Muſt; *off, off, my cowardice!*

but as the old reading is neither void of ſenſe nor ſpirit, and ſuits peculiarly well the ſituation of the ſpeaker, we did not think ourſelves authorized to reject it.

[59] *Lead on, to ſome great thing, to* weal *my ſpirit:*
I cut the cedar Pompey, and I'll fell
This huge oak Cæſar too.] To *weal* ſignifies to render well or healthy, and therefore ſeems a ſtronger word than *heal*, which both Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympſon would ſubſtitute inſtead of it: As *weal* is not very common in this ſenſe, I at firſt reading heſitated upon it, and thought that *ſteel my ſpirit* might be the true reading, as it is a more metaphorical phraſe, and common to our Authors. Thus, in the ſecond ſcene of the next act, the ſame Septimius ſays;

——— *Cæſar, Ptolomy,*
Now I am ſteel'd, *are to me empty names.*

But upon the whole, I ſee no reaſon for any change. The two metaphors in the next line may vie with the very nobleſt of all that have been ever ſtruck out by either Greek, Latin, or Engliſh Poet. The majeſty, dignity and magnificence of Pompey by the cedar, and the ſtrength, vigour, and warlike robuſtneſs of Cæſar, are as nobly expreſs'd by the oak; nor is the choice of the verbs that accompany them leſs admirable. *Seward.*

Though Mr. Seward frequently ſpeaks of the ſecond folio as his

I cut the cedar Pompey, and I'll fell
This huge oak Cæſar too.
Pho. Now thou ſing'ſt ſweetly,
And Ptolomy ſhall crown thee for thy ſervice.
Achil. He's well wrought; put him on apace 'fore cooling[60]. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cæſar, Antony, and Dolabella.

Ant. THE tumult ſtill encreaſes.
Cæſar. Oh, my fortune!
My luſtful folly rather! But 'tis well,
And worthily I'm made a bondman's prey,
That (after all my glorious victories,
In which I paſs'd ſo many ſeas of dangers,
When all the elements conſpir'd againſt me)
Would yield up the dominion of this head
To any mortal power; ſo blind and ſtupid,
To truſt theſe baſe Egyptians, that proclaim'd
Their perjuries in noble Pompey's death,
And yet that could not warn me!
Dol. Be ſtill Cæſar,
Who ever lov'd to exerciſe his fate
Where danger look'd moſt dreadful.
Ant. If you fall,
Fall not alone; let the king and his ſiſter
Be buried in your ruins: On my life,
They both are guilty! Reaſon may aſſure you,
Photinus nor Achillas durſt attempt you,
Or ſhake one dart, or ſword, aim'd at your ſafety,

favourite edition of this play, he oftener neglects it, than corrects from it. That copy ſays, WAKE *my ſpirit*; an excellent reading. *Weal* is at beſt uncouth.

[60] *Put him on apace* for cooling.] *For cooling* muſt mean *for fear of cooling*, or elſe it is not ſenſe here: But as this ſeems ſtiff, I prefer *'fore cooling* as the natural expreſſion. *Seward.*

Without

Without their warrant.

Cæſar. For the young king, I know not
How he may be miſled; but for his ſiſter,
Unequal'd Cleopatra, 'twere a kind
Of blaſphemy to doubt her: Ugly treaſon
Durſt never dwell in ſuch a glorious building;
Nor can ſo clear and great a ſpirit as hers is
Admit of falſhood.

Ant. Let us ſeize on him then;
And leave her to her fortune.

Dol. If he have power,
Uſe it to your ſecurity, and let
His honeſty acquit him; if he be falſe,
It is too great an honour he ſhould die
By your victorious hand.

Cæſar. He comes, and I
Shall do as I find cauſe.

Enter Ptolomy, Achoreus, and Apollodorus.

Ptol. Let not great Cæſar
Impute the breach of hoſpitality
To you, my gueſt, to me! I am contemn'd,
And my rebellious ſubjects lift their hands
Againſt my head; and 'would they aim'd no further,
Provided that I fell a ſacrifice
To gain you ſafety! That this is not feign'd,
The boldneſs of my innocence may confirm you:
Had I been privy to their bloody plot,
I now had led them on, and given fair gloſs
To their bad cauſe, by being preſent with them;
But I, that yet taſte of the puniſhment
In being falſe to Pompey, will not make
A ſecond fault to Cæſar uncompell'd:
With ſuch as have not yet ſhook off obedience,
I yield myſelf to you, and will take part
In all your dangers.

Cæſar. This pleads your excuſe,
And I receive it.

Achor. If they have any touch

Of juſtice, or religion, I will uſe
Th' authority of our gods, to call them back
From their bad purpoſe.

Apol. This part of the palace
Is yet defenſible; we may make it good
'Till your pow'rs reſcue us.

Cæſar. Cæſar beſieg'd?
Oh, ſtain to my great actions! 'Twas my cuſtom,
An army routed, as my feet had wings,
To be firſt in the chaſe; nor walls, nor bulwarks
Could guard thoſe that eſcap'd the battle's fury
From this ſtrong arm; and I to be enclos'd!
My heart! my heart! But 'tis neceſſity,
To which the gods muſt yield, and I obey,
'Till I redeem it, by ſome glorious way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Photinus, Achillas, Septimius, and Soldiers.

Pho. There's no retiring now; we are broke in;
The deed paſt hope of pardon. If we proſper,
'Twill be ſtil'd lawful, and we ſhall give laws
To thoſe that now command us: Stop not at
Or loyalty, or duty; bold ambition
To dare, and power to do, gave the firſt difference
Between the king and ſubject. Cæſar's motto,
Aut Cæſar aut nihil, each of us muſt claim,
And uſe it as our own.

Achil. The deed is bloody,
If we conclude in Ptolomy's death.

Pho. The better;
The globe of empire muſt be ſo manur'd.

Sept. Rome, that from Romulus firſt took her name,
Had her walls water'd with a crimſon ſhower
Drain'd from a brother's heart; nor was ſhe rais'd
To this prodigious height, that overlooks
Three full parts of the earth that pay her tribute,
But by enlarging of her narrow bounds

By

By th' ſack of neighbour cities, not made hers
'Till they were cemented with the blood of thoſe
That did poſſeſs 'em: Cæſar, Ptolomy,
Now I am ſteel'd, to me are empty names,
Eſteem'd as Pompey's was.
Pho. Well ſaid, Septimius!
Thou now art right again.
Achil. But what courſe take we
For the princeſs Cleopatra?
Pho. Let her live
A while, to make us ſport; ſhe ſhall authorize
Our undertakings to the ignorant people,
As if what we do were by her command:
But, our triumvirate government once confirm'd,
She bears her brother company: That's my province;
Leave me to work her.
Achil. I will undertake
For Ptolomy.
Sept. Cæſar ſhall be my taſk;
And as in Pompey I began a name,
I'll perfect it in Cæſar!

Enter above, Cæſar, Ptolomy, Achoreus, Apollodorus, Antony, and Dolabella.

Pho. 'Tis reſolv'd then;
We'll force our paſſage.
Achil. See, they do appear,
As they deſir'd a parley.
Pho. I am proud yet
I've brought them to capitulate.
Ptol. Now, Photinus?
Pho. Now, Ptolomy!
Ptol. No addition?
Pho. We are equal,
Tho' Cæſar's name were put into the ſcale,
In which our worth is weigh'd.
Cæſar. Preſumptuous villain,
Upon what grounds haſt thou preſum'd to raiſe
Thy ſervile hand againſt the king? or me,

That

That have a greater name?
Pho. On thoſe by which
Thou didſt preſume to paſs the Rubicon,
Againſt the laws of Rome; and at the name
Of traitor ſmile; as thou didſt when Marcellus,
The conſul, with the ſenate's full conſent,
Pronounc'd thee for an enemy to thy country:
Yet thou went'ſt on, and thy rebellious cauſe
Was crown'd with fair ſucceſs. Why ſhould we fear then?
Think on that, Cæſar!
Cæſar. Oh, the gods! be brav'd thus?
And be compell'd to bear this from a ſlave,
That would not brook great Pompey his ſuperior?
Achil. Thy glories now have touch'd the higheſt point,
And muſt deſcend.
Pho. Deſpair, and think we ſtand
The champions of Rome, to wreak her wrongs,
Upon whoſe liberty thou haſt ſet thy foot.
Sept. And that the ghoſts of all thoſe noble Romans
That by thy ſword fell in this civil war,
Expect revenge.
Ant. Dar'ſt thou ſpeak, and remember
There was a Pompey?
Pho. There's no hope to 'ſcape us:
If that, againſt the odds we have upon you,
You dare come forth and fight, receive the honour
To die like Romans; if ye faint, reſolve
To ſtarve like wretches! I diſdain to change
Another ſyllable with you.
Ant. Let us die nobly; [*Exeunt Pho. Achil. Sept.*
And rather fall upon each other's ſword,
Than come into theſe villains' hands.
Cæſar. That fortune,
Which to this hour hath been a friend to Cæſar,
Tho' for a while ſhe cloath her brow with frowns,
Will ſmile again upon me: Who will pay her
Or ſacrifice, or vows, if ſhe forſake

Her

Her beſt of works in me? or ſuffer him,
Whom with a ſtrong hand ſhe hath led triumphant
Thro' the whole weſtern world, and Rome acknowledg'd
Her ſovereign lord, to end inglorioufly
A life admir'd by all? The threaten'd danger
Muſt, by a way more horrid, be avoided,
And I will run the hazard. Fire the palace,
And the rich magazines that neighbour it,
In which the wealth of Egypt is contain'd!
Start not; it ſhall be ſo; that while the people
Labour in quenching the enſuing flames [61],
Like Cæſar, with this handful of my friends,
Thro' fire, and ſwords, I force a paſſage to
My conquering legions. King, if thou dar'ſt, follow
Where Cæſar leads; or live, or die a freeman!
If not, ſtay here a bondman to thy ſlave,
And, dead, be thought unworthy of a grave! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Septimius.

Sept. I feel my reſolution melts again,
And that I am not knave alone, but fool,
In all my purpoſes. This devil Photinus
Employs me as a property, and, grown uſeleſs,
Will ſhake me off again: He told me ſo
When I kill'd Pompey; nor can I hope better,
When Cæſar is diſpatch'd. Services done
For ſuch as only ſtudy their own ends,
Too great to be rewarded, are return'd

61 *The* enſuing *flames.*] Mr. Sympſon would read *conſuming flames*, but I ſee no ſort of reaſon for a change, *enſuing flames* means the flames which would enſue from their firing the palace. Plutarch and Lucan ſay, that it was the enemies ſhips in the harbour that Cæſar fir'd, as they were attempting from them to ſcale the palace in which Cæſar was beſieg'd, and that the flames were by that means communicated to the palace, by which the famous Alexandrian library, the great treaſure of Egyptian, Grecian, and Eaſtern learning, was totally deſtroyed. Our Poets have given it a turn that much heightens Cæſar's heroiſm. *Seward.*

With

With deadly hate: I learn'd this principle
In his own ſchool. Yet ſtill he fools me; well;
And yet he truſts me: Since I in my nature
Was faſhion'd to be falſe, wherefore ſhould I,
That kill'd my general, and a Roman, one
To whom I ow'd all nouriſhments of life,
Be true to an Egyptian? To ſave Cæſar,
And turn Photinus' plots on his own head,
(As it is in my power) redeem my credit,
And live, to lie, and ſwear again in faſhion,
Oh, 'twere a maſter-piece! Ha! Curſe me[62]! Cæſar?
How's he got off?

Enter Cæſar, Ptolomy, Antony, Dolabella, Achoreus, Apollodorus, and Soldiers.

Cæſar. The fire has took,
And ſhews the city like a ſecond Troy;
The navy too is ſcorch'd; the people greedy
To ſave their wealth and houſes, while their ſoldiers
Make ſpoil of all: Only Achillas' troops
Make good their guard; break thro' them, we are ſafe.
I'll lead you like a thunder-bolt!

Sept. Stay, Cæſar.

Cæſar. Who's this? the dog Septimius?

Ant. Cut his throat.

Dol. You bark'd but now; fawn you ſo ſoon?

Sept. Oh, hear me!
What I'll deliver is for Cæſar's ſafety,
For all your good.

Ant. Good from a mouth like thine,
That never belch'd but blaſphemy and treaſon,
On feſtival days!

Sept. I am an alter'd man,
Alter'd indeed; and I will give you cauſe
To ſay I am a Roman.

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[62] *Ha? —— me, Cæſar.*] Former editions. *Curſe*, or *blaſt*, or ſome monoſyllable of the like import, is, we apprehend, the word omitted here; as *pox* in ſome other paſſages of theſe plays, from the occaſional delicacy of the tranſcribers and printers.

Dol.

Dol. Rogue, I grant thee.

Sept. Truſt me, I'll make the paſſage ſmooth and eaſy,
For your eſcape.

Ant. I'll truſt the devil ſooner,
And make a ſafer bargain.

Sept. I am truſted
With all Photinus' ſecrets.

Ant. There's no doubt then,
Thou wilt be falſe.

Sept. Still to be true to you.

Dol. And very likely [63].

Cæſar. Be brief; the means?

Sept. Thus, Cæſar:
To me alone, but bound by terrible oaths
Not to diſcover it, he hath reveal'd
A diſmal vault, whoſe dreadful mouth does open
A mile beyond the city: In this cave
Lie but two hours conceal'd.

Ant. If you believe him,
He'll bury us alive.

Dol. I'll fly in the air firſt.

Sept. Then in the dead of night, I'll bring you back
Into a private room, where you ſhall find
Photinus, and Achillas, and the reſt
Of their commanders, cloſe at counſel.

Cæſar. Good;
What follows?

Sept. Fall me fairly on their throats:
Their heads cut off and ſhorn, the multitude
Will eaſily diſperſe.

Cæſar. Oh, devil! away with him!
Nor true to friend nor enemy? Cæſar ſcorns
To find his ſafety, or revenge his wrongs,
So baſe a way; or owe the means of life
To ſuch a leprous traitor! I have tower'd
For victory like a falcon in the clouds,
Not dig'd for't like a mole. Our ſwords, and cauſe,

[63] And *very likely.*] Mr. Seward prints, *Ay*, very likely?

Make

Make way for us: And that it may appear
We took a noble courſe, and hate baſe treaſon,
Some ſoldiers, that would merit Cæſar's favour,
Hang him on yonder turret, and then follow
The lane this ſword makes for you. [*Exit.*

1 *Sold.* Here's a belt;
Tho' I die for't, I'll uſe it.

2 *Sold.* 'Tis too good
To truſs a cur in.

Sept. Save me! here's gold.

1 *Sold.* If Rome
Were offer'd for thy ranſom, it could not help thee.

2 *Sold.* Hang not an arſe.

1 *Sold.* Goad him on with thy ſword!
Thou doſt deſerve a worſer end; and may
All ſuch conclude ſo, that their friends betray! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter ſeverally, Arſinoe, Eros, and Cleopatra.

Arſ. We are loſt!

Eros. Undone!

Arſ. Confuſion, fire and ſwords,
And fury in the ſoldier's face more horrid,
Circle us round!

Eros. The king's command they laugh at,
And jeer at Cæſar's threats.

Arſ. My brother ſeiz'd on
By th' Roman, as thought guilty of the tumult,
And forc'd to bear him company, as mark'd out
For his protection, or revenge.

Eros. They have broke
Into my cabinet; my trunks are ranſack'd.

Arſ. I've loſt my jewels too; but that's the leaſt:
The barbarous raſcals, againſt all humanity
Or ſenſe of pity, have kill'd my little dog,
And broke my monkey's chain.

Eros. They rifled me:
But that I could endure, and tire 'em too,

Would

Would they proceed no further.
Arſ. Oh, my ſiſter!
Eros. My queen, my miſtreſs!
Arſ. Can you ſtand unmov'd, when
The earthquake of rebellion ſhakes the city?
And the court trembles?
Cleo. Yes, Arſinoe,
And with a maſculine conſtancy deride
Fortune's worſt malice, as a ſervant to
My virtues, not a miſtreſs: Then we forſake
The ſtrong fort of ourſelves, when we once yield,
Or ſhrink at her aſſaults; I'm ſtill myſelf,
And tho' diſrob'd of ſovereignty [64], and raviſh'd
Of ceremonious duty that attends it:
Nay, grant they'd ſlav'd my body, my free mind,
Like to the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile [65],
Shall grow up ſtraighter, and enlarge itſelf,
Spite of the envious weight That loads it with [66].
Think of thy birth, Arſinoe; common burdens

[64] And though *diſrob'd.*] If this be the true reading, the ſentence muſt be an imperfect one, and be cloſed with a daſh—; but as I don't approve of making imperfect ſentences without apparent cauſe, I think the ſlight change made in the text is a much better ſalve. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, ALTHO' *diſrob'd*; but there is no occaſion for any change; the old reading conveying the ſame ſenſe: 'I am ſtill myſelf, and *remain ſo* tho' diſrob'd, &c.'

[65] *Like to the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile.*] The reader will undoubtedly have obſerved the art and merit of our Poets, in ſo often taking their images and ſimiles from the country where the ſcene is laid. This is a beauty that there is not the leaſt trace of in Corneille's Pompey; all his characters, ſentiments, and language, are entirely French. *Seward.*

[66] *Spight of the envious weight* that loads it with.] *With*, here, being neceſſary to the verſe, but not to the ſenſe, Mr. Sympſon concurr'd with me in changing the expreſſion. *Seward.*

Edit. 1750 reads—*Spite of the envious weight* it's loaded with.

Mr. Seward has here given us a moſt ſtrange note: He talks of the word *with*, as not being neceſſary to the ſenſe, and yet it is the only word *out of four* he has left in the paſſage. In my opinion, he has miſſed entirely the beautiful imagery of the Poets: 'My mind, like 'the palm-tree walling fruitful Nile, ſhall grow up ſtraighter, ſpite 'of the envious weight *That (fruitful Nile)* loads it with, *or diſpenſes* 'on it.' *J. N.*

Fit

Fit common ſhoulders: Teach the multitude,
By ſuffering nobly what they fear to touch at,
The greatneſs of thy mind does ſoar a pitch
Their dim eyes, darken'd by their narrow ſouls,
Cannot arrive at.
Arſ. I am new created,
And owe this ſecond being to you, beſt ſiſter,
For now I feel you have infus'd into me
Part of your fortitude.
Eros. I ſtill am fearful:
I dare not tell a lie: You that were born
Daughters and ſiſters unto kings, may nouriſh
Great thoughts, which I, that am your humble hand-maid,
Muſt not preſume to rival.
Cleo. Yet, my Eros,
Tho' thou haſt profited nothing by obſerving
The whole courſe of my life, learn in my death,
Tho' not to equal, yet to imitate,
Thy fearleſs miſtreſs.

Enter Photinus.

Eros. Oh, a man in arms!
His weapon drawn too!
Cleo. Tho' upon the point
Death ſat, I'll meet it, and out-dare the danger.
Pho. Keep the watch ſtrong; and guard the paſſage ſure
That leads unto the ſea.
Cleo. What ſea of rudeneſs
Breaks in upon us? or what ſubject's breath
Dare raiſe a ſtorm, when we command a calm?
Are duty and obedience fled to Heav'n,
And, in their room, ambition and pride
Sent into Egypt? That face ſpeaks thee Photinus,
A thing thy mother brought into the world,
My brother's and my ſlave! But thy behaviour,
Oppos'd to that, an inſolent intruder
Upon that ſovereignty thou ſhouldſt bow to!

If

If in the gulph of baſe ingratitude,
All loyalty to Ptolomy the king
Be ſwallow'd up, remember who I am,
Whoſe daughter, and whoſe ſiſter; or, ſuppoſe
That is forgot too, let the name of Cæſar
(Which nations quake at) ſtop thy deſperate madneſs
From running headlong on to thy confuſion.
Throw from thee quickly thoſe rebellious arms,
And let me read ſubmiſſion in thine eyes;
Thy wrongs to us we will not only pardon,
But be a ready advocate to plead for thee
To Cæſar and my brother.

Pho. Plead my pardon?
To you I bow; but ſcorn as much to ſtoop thus
To Ptolomy, to Cæſar, nay the gods,
As to put off the figure of a man,
And change my eſſence with a ſenſual beaſt:
All my deſigns, my counſels, and dark ends,
Were aim'd to purchaſe you.

Cleo. How durſt thou [67], being
The ſcorn of Baſeneſs, nouriſh ſuch a thought!

Pho. They that have power are royal; and thoſe baſe
That live at the devotion of another.
What birth gave Ptolomy, or fortune Cæſar,
By engines faſhion'd in this Protean anvil,
I have made mine; and only ſtoop at you,
Whom I would ſtill preſerve free, to command me.
For Cæſar's frowns, they are below my thoughts;
And, but in theſe fair eyes I ſtill have read
The ſtory of a ſupreme monarchy,

[67] *How durſt thou, being*
The ſcorn *of baſeneſs.*] Mr. Sympſon propoſes a conjecture here, inſtead of the *ſcorn of baſeneſs*, he thinks it might have been the *ſcum* of baſeneſs, *i. e.* The baſeſt part of baſeneſs itſelf. The thought is certainly nervous and juſt; but the old reading fully equals it: 'Thou 'whom as an eunuch the baſeſt of women would deſpiſe, how durſt 'thou think of me?' This is finely expreſſed by *the ſcorn of baſeneſs.* *Seward.*

The anſwer of Photinus proves, that he applied *the ſcorn of baſeneſs* to himſelf, not, as Mr. Seward explains it, to *the baſeſt of women*; and that we muſt here underſtand Baſeneſs to be perſonified.

To which all hearts, with mine, gladly pay tribute,
Photinus' name had long ſince been as great
As Ptolomy's e'er was, or Cæſar's is.
This made me, as a weaker tie, to unlooſe
The knot of loyalty, that chain'd my freedom,
And ſlight the fear that Cæſar's threats might cauſe;
That I and they might ſee no ſun appear,
But Cleopatra, in th' Egyptian ſphere.

Cleo. Oh, giant-like ambition, married to
Cymerian darkneſs[68]! Inconſiderate fool!
Tho' flatter'd with ſelf-love, couldſt thou believe,
Were all crowns on the earth made into one,
And that, by kings, ſet on thy head; all ſceptres
Within thy graſp, and laid down at my feet,
I would vouchſafe a kiſs to a no-man?
A gelded eunuch?

Pho. Faireſt, that makes for me,
And ſhews it is no ſenſual appetite,
But true love to the greatneſs of thy ſpirit,
That, when that you are mine, ſhall yield me pleaſures
Hymen, tho' bleſſing a new-married pair,
Shall bluſh to think on, and our certain iſſue,
The glorious ſplendor of dread majeſty;
Whoſe beams ſhall dazzle Rome, and awe the world.
My wants in that kind others ſhall ſupply,
And I give way to't.

Cleo. Baſer than thy birth!
Can there be gods, and hear this, and no thunder
Ram thee into the earth?

Pho. They are aſleep,

[68] Cymerian *darkneſs.*] This is a Latin phraſe taken from the name of the inhabitants round the lake Avernus, where the ſuppoſed *Cumæan Sibyl's* Cave is ſhewed at this day. This vale was called the mouth of Hell, from the quantity of ſulphureous and peſtilential vapours aſcending from all ſides of it. See Virgil's deſcription in the ſixth Æneid. It retains nothing of this at preſent, as the country round it changes its properties and countenance from age to age. But the vale round the *Lago del Cane,* which is very near it, has both the ſulphureous and peſtilential vapours deſcrib'd by Virgil. Milton, in his *L'Allegro,* has followed Fletcher in the uſe of this expreſſion.

Seward.

And

And cannot hear thee: Or, with open eyes
Did' Jove look on us, I would laugh and ſwear
That his artillery is cloy'd by me:
Or if that they have power to hurt, his bolts
Are in my hand.

Cleo. Moſt impious!

Pho. They are dreams,
Religious fools ſhake at. Yet to aſſure thee,
If Nemeſis, that ſcourges pride and ſcorn,
Be any thing but a name, ſhe lives in me;
For, by myſelf (an oath to me more dreadful
Than Styx is to your gods) weak Ptolomy dead,
And Cæſar, both being in my toil, remov'd,
The pooreſt raſcals that are in my camp
Shall, in my preſence, quench their luſtful heat
In thee, and young Arſinoe, while I laugh
To hear you howl in vain. I deride thoſe gods,
That you think can protect you!

Cleo. To prevent thee,
In that I am the miſtreſs of my fate:
So hope I of my ſiſter: To confirm it,
I ſpit at thee, and ſcorn thee!

Pho. I will tame
That haughty courage, and make it ſtoop too.

Cleo. Never!
I was born to command, and I will die ſo.

Enter Achillas, and Soldiers, with the body of Ptolomy.

Pho. The king dead? This is a fair entrance to
Our future happineſs.

Arſ. Oh, my dear brother!

Cleo. Weep not, Arſinoe, (common women do ſo)
Nor loſe a tear for him; it cannot help him;
But ſtudy to die nobly.

Pho. Cæſar fled?
'Tis deadly acorite to my cold heart;
It choaks my vital ſpirits! Where was your care?
Did the guards ſleep?

Achil. He rous'd them with his ſword;

(We talk of Mars, but I am ſure his courage
Admits of no compariſon but itſelf[69] !)
And, as inſpir'd by him, his following friends,
With ſuch a confidence as young eaglets prey
Under the large wing of their fiercer dam,
Brake thro' our troops, and ſcatter'd 'em. He went on,
But ſtill purſu'd by us: When on the ſudden
He turn'd his head, and from his eyes flew terror,
Which ſtruck in us no leſs fear and amazement
Than if we had encounter'd with the lightning
Hurl'd from Jove's cloudy brow.

Cleo. 'Twas like my Cæſar!

Achil. We fall'n back, he made on; and, as our fear
Had parted from us with his dreadful looks,
Again we follow'd: But, got near the ſea,
On which his navy anchor'd, in one hand
Holding a ſcroll he had above the waves,
And in the other graſping faſt his ſword,
As it had been a trident forg'd by Vulcan
To calm the raging ocean, he made away[70],
As if he had been Neptune; his friends, like
So many Tritons follow'd, their bold ſhouts
Yielding a chearful muſick. We ſhower'd darts
Upon them, but in vain; they reach'd their ſhips:
And in their ſafety we are ſunk; for Cæſar
Prepares for war.

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69 *Admits of no compariſon but itſelf.*] Mr. Theobald has wrote *parallel* againſt this line, and ſeems to have deſign'd a note in defence of the line, which Mr. Pope and his aſſiſtants in the Bathos ſo ingeniouſly banter'd him upon,

'*None but himſelf can be his* parallel.'

He had certainly authorities ſufficient, both in Shakeſpeare as well as Fletcher; but as the ſentiment is in itſelf ſomewhat abſurd, and the three greateſt wits in Europe joined in expoſing it, the laugh will always be againſt him.

The following deſcription of one of the moſt illuſtrious incidents of Cæſar's life is worthy our Authors, and worthy of Cæſar. Lucan ſeems to have either exerted, or deſign'd to have exerted, all the vigour of his genius in this deſcription; but the Pharſalia unhappily juſt there breaks off unfiniſh'd. *Seward.*

70 *He made* away.] We have not altered the text, but ſtrongly ſuſpect the Author wrote, *he made* A WAY.

Pho.

Pho. How fell the king?
Achil. Unable
To follow Cæſar, he was trod to death
By the purſuers, and with him the prieſt
Of Iſis, good Achoreus.
Arſ. May the earth
Lie gently on their aſhes!
Pho. I feel now,
That there are powers above us; and that 'tis not
Within the ſearching policies of man,
To alter their decrees.
Cleo. I laugh at thee!
Where are thy threats now, fool? thy ſcoffs, and ſcorns
Againſt the gods? I ſee calamity
Is the beſt miſtreſs of religion,
And can convert an atheiſt. [*Shout within.*
Pho. Oh, they come!
Mountains fall on me! Oh, for him to die
That plac'd his Heav'n on earth, is an aſſurance
Of his deſcent to hell! Where ſhall I hide me?
The greateſt daring to a man diſhoneſt,
Is but a baſtard courage, ever fainting. [*Exit.*

Enter Cæſar, Sceva, Antony, and Dolabella.

Cæſar. Look on your Cæſar! baniſh fear, my faireſt;
You now are ſafe!
Sce. By Venus, not a kiſs
'Till our work be done! The traitors once diſpatch'd,
To it, and we'll cry aim[71].

[71] *To it, and we'll* cry aim.] *Ay-me* is a favourite cant term of our Authors to expreſs the whining of lovers: I believe, therefore, there can be no doubt of that being the true word in this place. *Seward.*

In Mr. Seward's firſt note on this play, he called Dr. Warburton 'the greateſt Critic of our nation,' and ſaid, that he paid 'ſuch 'deference to his judgment, as not to differ from it without much 'diffidence.' After this declaration, we are ſurprized to obſerve this alteration, directly againſt the explanation of that Author. To *cry aim* ſignifies to *conſent to* or *approve of* any thing. The expreſſion occurs in the Merry Wives of Windſor, act ii. ſcene iii. 'Thou ſhalt woo her; 'cry aim, ſaid I well?' Upon which paſſage the following is part of the biſhop's note. 'So again in this play (the Merry Wives) *And to*

Cæſar. I will be ſpeedy. [*Exeunt Cæſar and train.*

Cleo. Farewell again!—Arſinoe! How now, Eros? Ever faint-hearted?

Eros. But that I am aſſur'd
Your excellency can command the general,
I fear the ſoldiers, for they look as if
They would be nibbling too.

Cleo. He is all honour;
Nor do I now repent me of my favours,
Nor can I think Nature e'er made a woman,
That in her prime deſerv'd him.

Enter Cæſar, Sceva, Antony, Dolabella, and Soldiers, with the heads.

Arſ. He's come back [72].

'*theſe violent proceedings all my neighbours ſhall* cry aim, *i. e.* approve 'them. And again in King John, act ii. ſcene ii.

"It ill becomes this preſence to *cry aim*
"To theſe ill tuned repetitions.'

'*i. e.* to approve of, or encourage them. The phraſe was taken, 'originall, from archery. When any one had challenged another 'to ſhoot at the butts (the perpetual diverſion, as well as exerciſe, of 'that time) the ſtanders-by uſed to ſay one to the other, *cry aim, i. e.* 'accept the challenge. Thus Beaumont and Fletcher, in the Fair 'Maid of the Inn, act v. make the Duke ſay,

"————muſt I *cry aime*
"To this unheard-of inſolence?'

'*i. e.* encourage it, and agree to the requeſt of the duel, which one 'of his ſubjects had inſolently demanded againſt the other. But here 'it is remarkable, that the ſenſeleſs editors, (thoſe of 1711) not 'knowing what to make of the phraſe *cry aim*, read it thus:

"————muſt I cry AI-ME,'

'as if it was a note of interjection. So again Maſſinger, in his 'Guardian:

"I will *cry aim*, and in another room
"Determine of my vengeance.'

'And again, in his Renegado:

"————to play the pandar
"To the viceroy's looſe embraces, and *cry aim*,
"While he by force or flattery——" R.

[72] Arſ. *He's come back,*
Purſue no further; curb the ſoldiers fury.] This groſs miſtake of giving part of *Cæſar's* ſpeech to *Arſinoe*, ran through all the editions till 1750, when Mr. Seward corrected it.

Cæſar.

Cæſar. Purſue no further; curb the ſoldiers' fury!
See, beauteous miſtreſs, their accurſed heads,
That did conſpire againſt us.
Sce. Furies plague 'em!
They had too fair an end, to die like ſoldiers:
Pompey fell by the ſword; the croſs or halter
Should have diſpatch'd them.
Cæſar. All's but death, good Sceva;
Be therefore ſatisfied. And now, my deareſt,
Look upon Cæſar, as he ſtill appear'd,
A conqueror! And, this unfortunate king
Entomb'd with honour, we'll to Rome, where Cæſar
Will ſhew he can give kingdoms; for the ſenate,
Thy brother dead, ſhall willingly decree,
The crown of Egypt, that was his, to thee.

[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

I NOW ſhould wiſh another had my place,
But that I hope to come off, and with grace:
And, but expreſs ſome ſign that you are pleas'd,
We of our doubts, they of their fears, are eas'd.
I would beg further, gentlemen, and much ſay
I'th' favour of ourſelves, them, and the play,
Did I not reſt aſſur'd, the moſt I ſee
Hate impudence, and cheriſh modeſty.

THE LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.
Stand further off yet, and stand quietly;
And look another way, or I'll be with you!
Is this all? I'll undertake within these two days,
To furnish any Cutler in this kingdom. — Act II.

THE

LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER,

A COMEDY.

Gardiner, Lovelace, and Hills, in their Commendatory Verſes, aſcribe this Comedy to Fletcher; but more credible witneſſes, the Prologue and Epilogue, mention it as a joint production. Its firſt publication was in the folio of 1647. *The greateſt applauſe was always beſtowed on this play, and it uſed to be frequently performed, till modern refinement baniſhed it from the Theatres. In* 1749, *ſome of the ſcenes were ſelected for a farce, and acted under the title of this Comedy.*

PROLOGUE.

PROLOGUE.

TO promiſe much before a play begin,
And when 'tis done aſk pardon, were a ſin
We'll not be guilty of; and to excuſe
Before we know a fault, were to abuſe
The writers and ourſelves: For I dare ſay
We all are fool'd if this be not a play,
And ſuch a play as ſhall (ſo ſhould plays do)
Imp time's dull wings, and make you merry too.
'Twas to that purpoſe writ, ſo we intend it;
And we have our wiſh'd ends, if you commend it.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Dinant, *a gentleman that formerly lov'd, and ſtill pretends to love Lamira.*
Cleremont, *a merry gentleman, his friend.*
Champernel, *a lame old gentleman, huſband to Lamira.*
Vertaign, *a nobleman, and a judge.*
Beaupre, *ſon to Vertaign.*
Verdone, *nephew to Champernel.*
La Writ, *a wrangling advocate, or the* Little Lawyer.
Sampſon, *a fooliſh advocate, kinſman to Vertaign.*
Provoſt.
Gentlemen.
Clients.
Servants.

WOMEN.

Lamira, *wife to Champernel, and daughter to Vertaign.*
Anabell, *neice to Champernel.*
Nurſe *to Lamira.*
Charlotte, *waiting-gentlewoman to Lamira.*

SCENE, FRANCE.

THE

THE

LITTLE FRENCH LAWYER.

ACT I.

Enter Dinant and Cleremont.

Dinant. DISSUADE me not.
Cler. 'Twill breed a brawl!
Din. I care not;
I wear a ſword!
Cler. And wear diſcretion with it,
Or caſt it off; let that direct your arm;
'Tis madneſs elſe, not valour, and more baſe
Than to receive a wrong.
Din. Why, would you have me
Sit down with a diſgrace, and thank the doer?
We are not ſtoicks, and that paſſive courage
Is only now commendable in lacquies,
Peaſants, and tradeſmen, not in men of rank
And quality, as I am.
Cler. Do not cheriſh
That daring vice, for which the whole age ſuffers.
The blood of our bold youth, that heretofore
Was ſpent in honourable action,
Or to defend or to enlarge the kingdom,
For th' honour of our country, and our prince,
Pours itſelf out with prodigal expence
Upon our mother's lap, the earth that bred us,
For every trifle. And theſe private duels,

Which

Which had their firſt original from the French,
And for which, to this day, we're juſtly cenſur'd,
Are baniſh'd from all civil governments:
Scarce three in Venice, in as many years;
In Florence they are rarer; and in all
The fair dominions of the Spaniſh king,
They are ne'er heard of. Nay, thoſe neighbour countries,
Which gladly imitate our other follies,
And come at a dear rate to buy them of us,
Begin now to deteſt them.

Din. Will you end yet?

Cler. And I have heard that ſome of our late kings,
For the lie, wearing of a miſtreſs' favour,
A cheat at cards or dice, and ſuch-like cauſes,
Have loſt as many gallant gentlemen
As might have met the Great Turk in the field,
With confidence of a glorious victory:
And ſhall we then——

Din. No more, for ſhame, no more!
Are you become a patron[1] too? 'Tis a new one,
No more on't, burn it, give it to ſome orator,
To help him to enlarge his exerciſe:
With ſuch a one it might do well, and profit
The curate of the pariſh; but for Cleremont,
The bold and undertaking Cleremont,
To talk thus to his friend, his friend that knows him,
Dinant that knows his Cleremont, is abſurd,
And mere apocrypha.

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[1] *Are you become a* patron *too? 'Tis a new one,*
No more on't, burn it, give it to ſome orator.] *Patron*, here, has its Latin meaning, *i. e.* a pleader, or advocate; but the word *ſpeech, declamation, harangue*, or ſomething to that effect, muſt be underſtood to make the following line ſenſe; and it is highly probable that a whole line is loſt, which might have been ſomething like the following.

Are you become a patron *too?* How long
Have you been conning this ſpeech? *'Tis a new one;*
No more on't, &c. *Seward.*

Are you become a patron *too? 'Tis a new one.*] We ſuſpect *patron* to be a corruption of *pattern*, a word which would give good ſenſe to the paſſage, and comes very near that admitted into the text.

Cler.

Cler. Why, what know you of me?
Din. Why, if thou haſt forgot thyſelf, I'll tell thee,
And not look back, to ſpeak of what thou wert
At fifteen, for at thoſe years I have heard
Thou waſt fleſh'd, and enter'd bravely.
Cler. Well, Sir, well!
Din. But yeſterday thou waſt the common ſecond
Of all that only knew thee; thou hadſt bills
Set up on every poſt, to give thee notice
Where any difference was, and who were parties.
And as, to ſave the charges of the law,
Poor men ſeek arbitrators, thou wert choſen
By ſuch as knew thee not, to compound quarrels:
But thou wert ſo delighted with the ſport,
That if there were no juſt cauſe, thou wouldſt make one,
Or be engag'd thyſelf. This goodly calling
Th'haſt follow'd five-and-twenty years, and ſtudied
The criticiſms of contentions; and art thou
In ſo few hours transform'd? Certain, this night
Th'haſt had ſtrange dreams, or rather viſions.
Cler. Yes, Sir,
I have ſeen fools and fighters chain'd together,
And the fighters had the upper-hand, and whip'd firſt,
The poor ſots laughing at 'em. What I have been
It ſkills not; what I will be is reſolv'd on.
Din. Why, then you'll fight no more?
Cler. Such is my purpoſe.
Din. On no occaſion?
Cler. There you ſtagger me.
Some kind of wrongs there are, which fleſh and blood
Cannot endure.
Din. Thou wouldſt not willingly
Live a proteſted coward, or be call'd one?
Cler. Words are but words[2].

Din.

[2] *Words are but words.*] After Cleremont has ſaid this, which ſeems to aſſert that he would not mind being called a coward, nor make

Din. Nor wouldſt thou take a blow?
Cler. Not from my friend, tho' drunk; and from an enemy,
I think much leſs.
Din. There's ſome hope of thee left then.
Wouldſt thou hear me behind my back diſgrac'd?
Cler. D' you think I am a rogue? They that ſhould do it
Had better been born dumb.
Din. Or in thy preſence,
See me o'er-charg'd with odds?
Cler. I'd fall myſelf firſt.
Din. Wouldſt thou endure thy miſtreſs be ta'en from thee,
And thou ſit quiet?
Cler. There you touch my honour;
No Frenchman can endure that.
Din. Plague upon thee!
Why doſt thou talk of peace then, that dar'ſt ſuffer
Nothing, or in thyſelf, or in thy friend,
That is unmanly?
Cler. That I grant, I cannot:
But I'll not quarrel with this gentleman
For wearing ſtammel breeches [3]; or this gameſter
For

---

make that a cauſe of fighting, Dinant goes on as if he had ſaid directly the contrary; and perhaps a line may here be loſt again to the following import.

Words are but words, but coward *is a name*
I could not brook.

With this addition the whole context ſeems conſonant to itſelf.
Seward.

[3] Stammel *breeches.*] *i. e.* Red breeches. Mr. Sympſon has given an explanation of the word from Ben Jonſon, more clear than what we have in dictionaries. Octavo edition, page 288.

'Red-hood the firſt that does appear
'In *ſtammel*; ſcarlet is too dear.'

It is highly probable that *red breeches* were in our Authors time wore only by *ſmarts*, and were eſteemed coxcomical. In that age of dueling therefore, a ſneer upon this topic might have produc'd bloodſhed.
Seward.

Mr. Steevens hath collected the following examples of the uſe of this

For playing a thouſand pounds, that owes me nothing;
For this man's taking up a common wench
In rags, and louſy, then maintaining her
Caroch'd [4], in cloth of tiſſue; nor five hundred
Of ſuch-like toys, that at no part concern me.
Marry, where my honour, or my friend's is queſtion'd,
I have a ſword, and I think I may uſe it
To th' cutting of a raſcal's throat, or ſo,
Like a good Chriſtian.

Din. Thou'rt of a fine religion;
And, rather than we'll make a ſchiſm in friendſhip,
I will be of it. But, to be ſerious,
Thou art acquainted with my tedious love-ſuit
To fair Lamira?

Cler. Too well, Sir, and remember
Your preſents, courtſhip—that's too good a name—
Your ſlave-like ſervices; your morning muſick,
Your walking three hours in the rain at midnight
To ſee her at her window, ſometimes laugh'd at,
Sometimes admitted, and vouchſaf'd to kiſs
Her glove, her ſkirt, nay, I have heard, her ſlippers;
How then you triumph'd! Here was love forſooth.

Din. Theſe follies I deny not;
Such a contemptible thing my dotage made me:
But my reward for this——

Cler. As you deſerv'd;

---

this word, in a note at the latter end of the ſecond act of the Tempeſt.
' In Fletcher's Woman-Hater:
" Humble herſelf in an old *ſtamel* petticoat.'
' So, in Middleton's Maſque of the World Toſs'd at Tennis:
" They wear *ſtammel* cloaks inſtead of ſcarlet.'
' So, in the Return from Parnaſſus, 1606,
" Some *ſtamel* weaver, or ſome butcher's ſon.'
' Again, in the Turk turn'd Chriſtian, 1612,
" That fellow in the *ſtammel* hoſe is one of them."
And Mr. Tollet obſerves, that *ſtammel* colour is a light-red colour.
' The light-pale *ſtammel* is mentioned in Ph. Holland's Tranſlation
' of Pliny's Nat. Hiſt. and is alſo there ſtiled the *light-red* and *freſh*
' *luſty gallant*,' p. 260 & 261. See alſo *ſtammel*, in Ainſworth's
' Dictionary.' *R.*

[4] *Caroch'd.*] This word is deriv'd from the French *caroſſe*, a *coach*. In the Cuſtom of the Country, Hypolita ſays, *Make ready my* caroch.

For he that makes a goddeſs of a puppet,
Merits no other recompenſe.
Din. This day, friend,
For thou art ſo——
Cler. I am no flatterer.
Din. This proud ingrateful ſhe is married to
Lame Champernel.
Cler. I know him; he has been
As tall a ſeaman, and has thriv'd as well by't,
(The loſs of a leg and an arm deducted) as any
That ever put from Marſeilles. You are tame;
Plague on't, it mads me! If it were my caſe,
I ſhould kill all the family.
Din. Yet, but now
You did preach patience.
Cler. I then came from confeſſion;
And 'twas enjoin'd me three hours, for a penance,
To be a peaceable man, and to talk like one;
But now, all elſe being pardon'd, I begin
On a new tally. 'Foot, do any thing,
I'll ſecond you.
Din. I would not willingly
Make red my yet-white conſcience; yet I purpoſe,
In th' open ſtreet, as they come from the temple,
(For this way they muſt paſs) to ſpeak my wrongs,
And do it boldly. [*Muſick plays.*
Cler. Were thy tongue a cannon,
I would ſtand by thee, boy. They come; upon 'em!
Din. Obſerve a little firſt.
Cler. This is fine fidling.

Enter Vertaign, Champernel, Lamira, Nurſe, Beaupre, and Verdone.

AN EPITHALAMION SONG AT THE WEDDING.

Come away; bring on the bride,
And place her by her lover's ſide.
You fair troop of maids attend her,
Pure and holy thoughts befriend her.
Bluſh, and wiſh, you virgins all,
Many ſuch fair nights may fall.

Chorus.

Chorus. Hymen, fill the houſe with joy,
All thy ſacred fires employ:
Bleſs the bed with holy love,
Now, fair orb of beauty, move.

Din. Stand by, for I'll be heard.
Vert. This is ſtrange rudeneſs!
Din. 'Tis courtſhip, balanced with injuries!
You all look pale with guilt, but I will dye
Your cheeks with bluſhes, if in your fear'd veins
There yet remain ſo much of honeſt blood
To make the colour. Firſt, to you, my lord,
The father of this bride, whom you have ſent
Alive into her grave.
Champ. How! to her grave?
Din. Be patient, Sir; I'll ſpeak of you anon.—
You that allow'd me liberal acceſs,
To make my way with ſervice, and approv'd of
My birth, my perſon, years, and no-baſe fortune;
You that are rich, and, but in this, held wiſe too;
That as a father ſhould have look'd upon
Your daughter in a huſband, and aim'd more
At what her youth and heat of blood requir'd
In lawful pleaſures, than the parting from
Your crowns to pay her dower; you that already
Have one foot in the grave, yet ſtudy profit,
As if you were aſſur'd to live here ever;
What poor end had you in this choice? In what
Deſerve I your contempt? My houſe, and honours,
At all parts equal yours, my fame as fair,
And, not to praiſe myſelf, the city ranks me
In the firſt file of her moſt hopeful gentry.
But Champernel is rich, and needs a nurſe,
And not your gold; and, add to that, he's old too,
His whole eſtate in likelihood to deſcend
Upon your family: Here was providence,
I grant, but in a nobleman baſe thrift.
No merchants, nay, no pirates, ſell for bondmen
Their countrymen; but you, a gentleman,

To ſave a little gold, have ſold your daughter
To worſe than ſlavery.
Cler. This was ſpoke home indeed.
Beau. Sir, I ſhall take ſome other time to tell you,
That this harſh language was deliver'd to
An old man, but my father.
Din. At your pleaſure.
Cler. Proceed in your deſign; let me alone
To anſwer him, or any man.
Verdone. You preſume
Too much upon your name, but may be cozen'd.
Din. But for you, moſt unmindful of my ſervice,
(For now I may upbraid you, and with honour,
Since all is loſt; and yet I am a gainer,
In being deliver'd from a torment in you,
For ſuch you muſt have been) you, to whom nature
Gave with a liberal hand moſt excellent form;
Your education, language, and diſcourſe,
And judgment to diſtinguiſh; when you ſhall
With feeling ſorrow underſtand how wretched
And miſerable you have made yourſelf,
And but yourſelf have nothing to accuſe,
Can you with hope from any beg compaſſion?
But you will ſay, you ſerv'd your father's pleaſure,
Forgetting that unjuſt commands of parents
Are not to be obey'd; or, that you're rich,
And that to wealth all pleaſures elſe are ſervants:
Yet, but conſider how this wealth was purchas'd,
'Twill trouble the poſſeſſion.
Champ. You, Sir, know
I got it, and with honour.
Din. But from whom?
Remember that, and how! You'll come indeed
To houſes bravely furniſh'd, but demanding
Where it was bought, this ſoldier will not lie,
But anſwer truly, 'This rich cloth of arras
'I made my prize in ſuch a ſhip; this plate
'Was my ſhare in another; theſe fair jewels,
'Coming aſhore, I got in ſuch a village,

'The

'The maid, or matron kill'd, from whom they were raviſh'd.'
The wines you drink are guilty too; for this,
This Candy wine, three merchants were undone;
Theſe ſuckets[5] break as many more: In brief,
All you ſhall wear, or touch, or ſee, is purchas'd
By lawleſs force, and you but revel in
The tears and groans of ſuch as were the owners.
Champ. 'Tis falſe, moſt baſely falſe!
Vert. Let loſers talk.
Din. Laſtly, thoſe joys, thoſe beſt of joys, which Hymen
Freely beſtows on ſuch that come to tie
The ſacred knot he bleſſes, won unto it
By equal love, and mutual affection,
Not blindly led with the deſire of riches,
Moſt miſerable you ſhall never taſte of!
This marriage-night you'll meet a widow's bed,
Or, failing of thoſe pleaſures all brides look for,
Sin in your wiſh it were ſo!
Champ. Thou'rt a villain,
A baſe, malicious ſlanderer!
Cler. Strike him.
Din. No, he's not worth a blow.
Champ. Oh, that I had thee
In ſome cloſe vault, that only would yield room
To me to uſe my ſword, to thee no hope
To run away, I'd make thee on thy knees
Bite out the tongue that wrong'd me!
Vert. Pray you have patience.
Lam. This day I am to be your ſovereign;
Let me command you.
Champ. I am loſt with rage,
And know not what I am myſelf, nor you.
Away! dare ſuch as you, that love the ſmoke
Of peace, more than the fire of glorious war,
And, like unprofitable drones, feed on

[5] *Suckets.*] *i. e.* Banqueting diſhes. *Seward.*

Your grandſires' labours, (that, as I am now,
Were gathering-bees, and fill'd their hive, this country,
With brave triumphant ſpoils) cenſure our actions?
You object my prizes to me: Had you ſeen
The horror of a ſea-fight, with what danger
I made them mine; the fire I fearleſs fought in,
And quench'd it in mine enemies' blood, which ſtraight
Like oil pour'd out on't[5], made it burn anew;
My deck blown up, with noiſe enough to mock
The loudeſt thunder, and the deſperate fools
That boarded me, ſent, to defy the tempeſts
That were againſt me, to the angry ſea,
Frighted with men thrown o'er; no victory,
But in deſpite of the four elements,
The fire, the air, the ſea, and ſands hid in it,
To be atchiev'd; you would confeſs, poor men,
(Tho' hopeleſs ſuch an honourable way
To get or wealth, or honour in yourſelves)
He that thro' all theſe dreadful paſſages
Purſu'd and overtook them, unaffrighted,
Deſerves reward, and not to have it ſtil'd
By the baſe name of theft.

Din. This is the courtſhip
That you muſt look for, madam.

Cler. 'Twill do well,
When nothing can be done, to ſpend the night with.
Your tongue is ſound, good lord; and I could wiſh,
For this young lady's ſake, this leg, this arm,
And there is ſomething elſe, I will not name,
(Tho' 'tis the only thing that muſt content her)
Had the ſame vigour.

Champ. You ſhall buy theſe ſcoffs
With your beſt blood! Help me once, noble anger!
Nay, ſtir not; I alone muſt right myſelf,

[5] *Like oil pour'd out on't, made it burn anew.*] I would chooſe to read, *like oil pour'd on it*; but I believe the old reading may give the ſame idea. The metaphor is a little difficult here; *the blood both quenches and makes the fire burn anew*; but *quenches*, here, muſt only ſignify *to abate the fire for a moment*, and then the whole is clear. *Seward.*

And

And with one leg tranſport me, to correct
Theſe ſcandalous praters! Oh, that noble wounds [*Falls.*
Should hinder juſt revenge! D'ye jeer me too?
I got theſe, not as you do your diſeaſes,
In brothels, or with riotous abuſe
Of wine in taverns; I have one leg ſhot,
One arm diſabled, and am honour'd more
By loſing them, as I did, in the face
Of a brave enemy, than if they were
As when I put to ſea. You are Frenchmen only,
In that you have been laid, and cur'd. Go to!
You mock my leg, but every bone about you
Makes you good almanack-makers, to foretell
What weather we ſhall have.

Din. Put up your ſword.

Cler. Or turn it to a crutch; there't may be uſeful;
And live on the relation to your wife
Of what a brave man you were once.

Din. And tell her,
What a fine virtue 'tis in a young lady
To give an old man pap.

Cler. Or hire a ſurgeon
To teach her to roll up your broken limbs.

Din. To make a poultice, and endure the ſcent
Of oils, and naſty plaiſters.

Vert. Fy, Sir, fy!
You that have ſtood all dangers, of all kinds, to
Yield to a rival's ſcoff?

Lam. Shed tears upon
Your wedding-day? This is unmanly, gentlemen.

Champ. They're tears of anger. Oh, that I ſhould live
To play the woman thus! All-pow'rful Heav'n,
Reſtore me, but one hour, that ſtrength again
That I had once, to chaſtiſe in theſe men
Their follies and ill manners; and that done,
When you pleaſe, I'll yield up the fort of life,
And do it gladly.

Cler. We ha' the better of him,
We ha' made him cry.

Verdone. You ſhall have ſatisfaction:
And I will do it nobly, or diſclaim me.
Beaup. I ſay no more; you have a brother, ſiſter:
This is your wedding-day, we're in the ſtreet,
And howſoever they forget their honour,
'Tis fit I loſe not mine, by their example.
Vert. If there be laws in Paris, look to anſwer
This inſolent affront.
Cler. You that live by them,
Study 'em, for Heav'n's ſake! For my part, I know not,
Nor care not, what they are. Is there aught elſe
That you would ſay?
Din. Nothing; I have my ends.
Lamira weeps; I've ſaid too much I fear!
So dearly once I lov'd her, that I cannot
Endure to ſee her tears. [*Exe. Din. and Cler.*
Champ. See you perform it,
And do it like my nephew.
Verdone. If I fail in't,
Ne'er know me more. Couſin Beaupre!
Champ. Repent not
What thou haſt done, my life; thou ſhalt not find
I am decrepid; in my love and ſervice,
I will be young, and conſtant; and believe me,
(For thou ſhalt find it true, in ſcorn of all
The ſcandals theſe rude men have thrown upon me)
I'll meet thy pleaſures with a young man's ardour,
And in all circumſtances of a huſband
Perform my parts.
Lam. Good Sir, I am your ſervant;
And 'tis too late now, if I did repent,
(Which, as I am a virgin yet, I do not)
To undo the knot, that by the church is tied.
Only I would beſeech you, as you have
A good opinion of me, and my virtues,
For ſo you've pleas'd to ſtile my innocent weakneſs,
That what hath paſs'd between Dinant and me,
Or what now in your hearing he hath ſpoken,
Beget not doubts or fears.

Champ.

Champ. I apprehend you;
You think I will be jealous: As I live,
Thou art miſtaken, ſweet! and, to confirm it,
Diſcourſe with whom thou wilt, ride where thou wilt,
Feaſt whom thou wilt, as often as thou wilt;
For I will have no other guards upon thee
Than thine own thoughts.

Lam. I'll uſe this liberty
With moderation, Sir.

Beaup. I am reſolv'd.
Steal off; I'll follow you.

Champ. Come, Sir, you droop:
'Till you find cauſe, which I ſhall never give,
Diſlike not of your ſon-in-law.

Vert. Sir, you teach me
The language I ſhould uſe: I am moſt happy
In being ſo near you. [*Exit. Verdone and Beau.*

Lam. Oh, my fears! Good Nurſe,
Follow my brother unobſerv'd, and learn
Which way he takes.

Nurſe. I will be careful, madam. [*Exit.*

Champ. Between us compliments are ſuperfluous.
On, gentlemen! Th' affront we have met here
We'll think upon hereafter; 'twere unfit
To cheriſh any thought to breed unreſt,
Or to ourſelves, or to our nuptial feaſt. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Dinant and Cleremont.

Cler. We ſhall have ſport, ne'er fear't.

Din. What ſport, I prithee?

Cler. Why, we muſt fight; I know it, and I long for't;
It was apparent in the fiery eye
Of young Verdone; Beaupre look'd pale and ſhook too,
Familiar ſigns of anger. They're both brave fellows,
Tried and approv'd, and I am proud to encounter
With men, from whom no honour can be loſt;
They will play up to a man, and ſet him off.
Whene'er I go to th' field, Heav'n keep me from
The meeting of an unfleſh'd youth or coward!

The

The firſt, to get a name, comes on too hot;
The coward is ſo ſwift in giving ground,
There is no overtaking him without
A hunting nag, well breath'd too.
Din. All this while,
You ne'er think on the danger.
Cler. Why, 'tis no more
Than meeting of a dozen friends at ſupper,
And drinking hard; miſchief comes there unlook'd for,
I'm ſure as ſudden, and ſtrikes home as often;
For this we are prepar'd.
Din. Lamira loves
Her brother Beaupre dearly.
Cler. What of that?
Din. And ſhould he call me to account for what
But now I ſpake, (nor can I with mine honour
Recant my words) that little hope is left me,
E'er to enjoy what (next to Heav'n) I long for,
Is taken from me.
Cler. Why, what can you hope for,
She being now married?
Din. Oh, my Cleremont!
To you all ſecrets of my heart lie open,
And I reſt moſt ſecure that whatſoe'er
I lock up there, is as a private thought,
And will no further wrong me. I am a Frenchman,
And for the greater part we are born courtiers;
She is a woman, and however yet
No heat of ſervice had the power to melt
Her frozen chaſtity, time and opportunity
May work her to my ends; I confeſs ill ones,
And yet I muſt purſue 'em. Now her marriage,
In probability, will no way hurt,
But rather help me.
Cler. Sits the wind there? Pray you tell me
How far off dwells your love from luſt?
Din. Too near;
But prithee chide me not.
Cler. Not I; go on, boy!

I've

I've faults myſelf, and will not reprehend
A crime I am not free from. For her marriage,
I do eſteem it (and moſt batchelors are
Of my opinion) as a fair protection,
To play the wanton without loſs of honour.

Din. Would ſhe make uſe of't ſo, I were moſt happy.

Cler. No more of this. Judge now, whether I have
The gift of propheſy.

Enter Beaupre and Verdone.

Beau. Monſieur Dinant,
I'm glad to find you, Sir.

Din. I'm at your ſervice.

Verdone. Good monſieur Cleremont, I have long wiſh'd
To be known better to you.

Cler. My deſires
Embrace your wiſhes, Sir.

Beau. Sir, I have ever
Eſteem'd you truly noble, and profeſs
I ſhould have been moſt proud to've had the honour
To call you brother, but my father's pleaſure
Denied that happineſs. I know, no man lives
That can command his paſſions; and therefore
Dare not condemn the late intemperate language
Ye were pleas'd to uſe to my father and my ſiſter:
He's old, and ſhe a woman; I moſt ſorry
My honour does compel me to entreat you
To do me the favour, with your ſword, to meet me,
A mile without the city.

Din. You much honour me
In the demand; I'll gladly wait upon you.

Beau. Oh, Sir, you teach me what to ſay. The time?

Din. With the next ſun, if you think fit.

Beau. The place?

Din. Near to the vineyard, eaſtward from the city.

Beau. I like it well. This gentleman, if you pleaſe,
Will keep me company.

Cler. That is agreed on;

And

And in my friend's behalf I will attend him.

Verdone. You ſhall not miſs my ſervice.

Beau. Good day, gentlemen!

Din. At your commandment,

Cler. Proud to be your ſervants.

[*Exeunt Beaupre and Verdone.*

I think there is no nation under Heaven
That cut their enemies' throats with compliment [6],
And ſuch fine tricks, as we do. If you have
Any few prayers to ſay, this night you may
Call 'em to mind, and uſe 'em; for myſelf,
As I have little to loſe, my care is leſs;
So, 'till to-morrow morning I bequeath you
To your devotions, and thoſe paid, but uſe
That noble courage I have ſeen, and we
Shall fight, as in a caſtle.

Din. Thou'rt all honour;
Thy reſolution would ſteel a coward,
And I moſt fortunate in ſuch a friend.
All tenderneſs and nice reſpect of woman
Be now far from me! Reputation, take
A full poſſeſſion of my heart, and prove
Honour the firſt place holds, the ſecond love! [*Exeunt.*

[6] *I think there is no nation under Heav'n,*
That cut their enemies throats with compliment,
And ſuch fine tricks as we do.] Moliere has a ſcene built upon the politeneſs of the French duellers, which is extremely like this. I mention it not as ſuppoſing that excellent writer to have copied from our Authors; but to ſhew how admirably the latter drew their characters; ſince in the portraits of Frenchmen, they hit the very ſame maſterly ſtrokes with the greateſt maſter of French Comedy. *Seward.*

ACT II.

Enter Lamira and Charlotte[7].

Lam. SLEEPS my lord ſtill, Charlotte?
Char. Not to be wak'd.
By your ladyſhip's cheerful looks, I well perceive
That this night the good lord hath been
At an unuſual ſervice; and no wonder
If he reſts after it.
Lam. You're very bold.
Char. Your creature, madam, and, when you are pleas'd,
Sadneſs to me's a ſtranger. Your good pardon
If I ſpeak like a fool; I could have wiſh'd
To have ta'en your place to-night, had bold Dinant,
Your firſt and moſt obſequious ſervant, taſted
Thoſe delicates, which, by his lethargy,
As it appears, have cloy'd my lord.
Lam. No more!
Char. I'm ſilenc'd, madam.
Lam. Saw you my Nurſe this morning?
Char. No, madam.
Lam. I am full of fears. Who's that? [*Knock within.*
Char. She you enquir'd for.
Lam. Bring her in, and leave me. [*Exit Charlotte.*
Now, Nurſe, what news?

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Oh, lady, dreadful ones!

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[7] *Enter Lamira, and Charlotte.*] I think it very clear, that this is the beginning of the ſecond act; for a whole night is paſt ſince the laſt ſcene and the players ſeem to have divided the acts at the end of the next ſcene, only to make them of a more equal length.
Seward.

Though there is reaſon in what Mr. Seward ſays, and propriety in his variation (wherefore we have adopted it), we are far from being clear that the old diviſion was not Fletcher's.

They

They are to fight this morning; there's no remedy.
I saw my lord your brother, and Verdone,
Take horse as I came by.

Lam. Where's Clerèmont?

Nurse. I met him too, and mounted.

Lam. Where's Dinant?

Nurse. There's all the hope; I've staid him with a trick,
If I have done well, so.

Lam. What trick?

Nurse. I told him,
Your ladyship laid your command upon him
To attend you presently; and, to confirm it,
Gave him the ring he oft hath seen you wear,
That you bestow'd on me. He waits without
Disguis'd; and if you have that power in him
As I presume you have, it is in you
To stay or alter him.

Lam. Have you learnt the place
Where they are to encounter?

Nurse. Yes, 'tis where
The duke of Burgundy met Lewis th' eleventh.

Lam. Enough; I will reward thee liberally. [*Ex. Nurse.*
Go, bring him in.—Full dear I lov'd Dinant,
While it was lawful, but those fires are quench'd,
I being now another's. Truth, forgive me,
And let dissimulation be no crime,
Tho' most unwillingly I put it on,
To guard a brother's safety!

Enter Dinant.

Din. Now, your pleasure.
Tho' ill you have deserv'd it, you perceive
I'm still your fool, and cannot but obey
Whatever you command.

Lam. You speak as if
You did repent it; and 'tis not worth my thanks then:
But there has been a time, in which you would
Receive this as a favour.

Din. Hope was left then

Of

Of recompenſe.

Lam. Why, I am ſtill Lamira,
And you Dinant, and 'tis yet in my power
(I dare not ſay I'll put it into act)
To reward your love and ſervice.

Din. There's ſome comfort.

Lam. But think not that ſo low I prize my fame,
To give it up to any man that refuſes
To buy it; or with danger of performance
Of what I ſhall enjoin him——

Din. Name that danger
(Be't of what horrid ſhape ſoever, lady)
Which I will ſhrink at; only, at this inſtant,
Be ſpeedy in't.

Lam. I'll put you to the trial:
You ſhall not fight to-day, (d' you ſtart at that?)
Not with my brother. I have heard your difference;
Mine is no Helen's beauty, to be purchas'd
With blood, and ſo defended: If you look for
Favours from me, deſerve them with obedience;
There's no way elſe to gain 'em.

Din. You command
What with mine honour I cannot obey,
Which lies at pawn againſt it, and a friend
Equally dear as that, or life, engag'd,
Not for himſelf, but me.

Lam. Why, fooliſh man,
Dare you ſolicit me to ſerve your luſt,
In which not only I abuſe my lord,
My father, and my family, but write whore,
Tho' not upon my forehead, in my conſcience,
To be read hourly, and yet name your honour?
Yours ſuffers but in circumſtance; mine in ſubſtance.
If you obey me, you part with ſome credit;
From whom? the giddy multitude: But mankind
Will cenſure me, and juſtly.

Din. I will loſe
What moſt I do deſire, rather than hazard
So dear a friend, or write myſelf a coward:

'Tis

'Tis better be no man.

Lam. This will not do.— [*Aſide.*

Why, I deſire not you ſhould be a coward,
Nor do I weigh my brother's life with yours;
Meet him, fight with him, do, and kill him fairly:
Let me not ſuffer for you, I am careleſs.

Din. Suffer for me?

Lam. For you; my kindneſs to you
Already brands me with a ſtrumpet's name.

Din. Oh, that I knew the wretch!

Lam. I will not name him,
Nor give you any character to know him;
But if you dare, and inſtantly, ride forth
At the Weſt port o' th' city, and defend there
My reputation againſt all you meet,
For two hours only, I'll not ſwear, Dinant,
To ſatisfy, tho' ſure I think I ſhall,
Whatever you deſire. If you deny this,
Be deſperate; for willingly, by this light,
I'll never ſee thee more.

Din. Two hours, d' you ſay?

Lam. Only two hours.

Din. I were no gentleman;
Should I make ſcruple of it. This favour arms me,
And boldly I'll perform it. [*Exit.*

Lam. I am glad on't.
This will prevent their meeting yet, and keep
My brother ſafe, which was the mark I ſhot at. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Cleremont, as in the field.

Cler. I'm firſt i' th' field, that honour's gain'd of our ſide;
Pray Heav'n, I may get off as honourably!
The hour is paſt; I wonder Dinant comes not:
This is the place; I cannot ſee him yet:
It is his quarrel too that brought me hither,

And

And I ne'er knew him yet but to his honour
A firm and worthy friend; yet I ſee nothing,
Nor horſe, nor man: 'Twould vex me to be left here,
To th' mercy of two ſwords, and two approv'd ones.
I never knew him laſt.

Enter Beaupre and Verdone.

Beau. You're well met, Cleremont.
Verdone. You're a fair gentleman, and love your friend, Sir.
What, are you ready? The time has overta'en us.
Beau. And this, you know, the place.
Cler. No Dinant yet!
Beau. We come not now to argue, but to do:
We wait you, Sir.
Cler. There's no time paſt yet, gentlemen;
We've day enough.—Is't poſſible he comes not?—
You ſee I'm ready here, and do but ſtay
'Till my friend come: Walk but a turn or two;
'Twill not be long.
Verdone. We came to fight.
Cler. Ye ſhall fight, gentlemen,
And fight enough: But a ſhort turn or two!
I think I ſee him; ſet up your watch, we'll fight by it.
Beau. That is not he; we will not be deluded.
Cler. Am I bob'd thus?—Pray take a pipe of tobacco,
Or ſing but ſome new air; by that time, gentlemen——
Verdone. Come, draw your ſword; you know the cuſtom here, Sir,
Firſt come, firſt ſerv'd.
Cler. Tho' it be held a cuſtom,
And practis'd ſo, I do not hold it honeſt.
What honour can you both win on me ſingle?
Beau. Yield up your ſword then.
Cler. Yield my ſword? that's Hebrew;
I'll be firſt cut a pieces. Hold but a while,

Enter an Old Gentleman.

I'll take the next that comes. You're an old gentleman?

Gent. Yes, indeed am I, Sir.
Cler. And wear no ſword?
Gent. I need none, Sir.
Cler. I would you did, and had one;
I want now ſuch a fooliſh courteſy.
You ſee theſe gentlemen?
Gent. You want a ſecond?
In good faith, Sir, I was ne'er handſome at it.
I would you had my ſon; but he's in Italy.
A proper gentleman. You may do well, gallants,
If your quarrel be not capital, to have more mercy;
The gentleman may do his country——
Cler. Now I beſeech you, Sir,
If you dare not fight, don't ſtay to beg my pardon.
There lies your way.
Gent. Good-morrow, gentlemen. [*Exit.*
Verdone. You ſee your fortune;
You'd better yield your ſword.
Cler. Pray ye ſtay a little;

Enter two Gentlemen.

Upon mine honeſty, you ſhall be fought with.—
Well, Dinant, well!—Theſe wear ſwords, and ſeem brave fellows.
As you are gentlemen, one of you ſupply me:
I want a ſecond now, to meet theſe gallants;
You know what honour is.
1 *Gent.* Sir, you muſt pardon us;
We go about the ſame work you are ready for,
And muſt fight preſently; elſe we were your ſervants.
2 *Gent.* God ſpeed you, and good day!
Cler. Am I thus colted[8]? [*Exeunt Gentlemen.*
Beau. Come, either yield——
Cler. As you are honeſt gentlemen,
Stay but the next, and then I'll take my fortune;
And if I fight not like a man——Fy, Dinant!
Cold now and treacherous?

[8] *Colted.*] See note 31 on Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.

La-Writ

La-Writ [*within*]. I underſtand your cauſes;
Yours about corn, yours about pins and glaſſes—
Will ye make me mad? have I not all the parcels[9]?—
And his petition too, about bell-founding;
Send in your witneſſes.—What will ye have me do?
Will you have me break my heart? my brains are melted!—
And tell your maſter, as I am a gentleman,
His cauſe ſhall be the firſt. Commend me to your miſtreſs,
And tell her, if there be an extraordinary feather,
And tall enough for her——I ſhall diſpatch you too,
I know your cauſe, for tranſporting of farthingales:
Trouble me no more, I ſay again to you,
No more vexation! Bid my wife ſend me ſome puddings;
I have a cauſe to run thro' requires puddings;
Puddings enough. Farewell!

Enter La-Writ.

Cler. God ſpeed you, Sir!
Beau. 'Would he would take this fellow!
Verdone. A rare youth.
Cler. If you ben't haſty, Sir——
La-Writ. Yes, I am haſty,
Exceeding haſty, Sir; I am going to the parliament;
You underſtand this bag: If you have any buſineſs
Depending there, be ſhort, and let me hear it,
And pay your fees.
Cler. 'Faith, Sir, I have a buſineſs,
But it depends upon no parliament.
La-Writ. I have no ſkill in't then.
Cler. I muſt deſire you;
'Tis a ſword matter, Sir.
La-Writ. I am no cutler,
I am an advocate, Sir.
Beau. How the thing looks!
Verdone. When he brings him to fight——

9 *Parcels.*] This is a law-term, and means that part of a deed in which land, or other things, to be conveyed, are deſcribed. *R.*

Cler. Be not ſo haſty;
You wear a good ſword.
La-Writ. I know not that,
I never drew it yet, or whether it be a ſword——
Cler. I muſt entreat you try, Sir, and bear a part.
Againſt theſe gentlemen; I want a ſecond:
You ſeem a man, and 'tis a noble office.
La-Writ. I am a Lawyer, Sir, I am no fighter.
Cler. You that breed quarrels, Sir, know beſt to ſatisfy.
Beau. This is ſome ſport yet.
Verdone. If this fellow ſhould fight?
La-Writ. And, for any thing I know, I am an arrant coward;
Do not truſt me; I think I am a coward.
Cler. Try, try; you are miſtaken.—Walk on, gentlemen,
The man ſhall follow preſently.
La-Writ. Are ye mad, gentleman?
My buſineſs is within this half-hour.
Cler. That's all one;
We'll diſpatch within this quarter.—There in that bottom;
'Tis moſt convenient, gentlemen.
Beau. Well, we'll wait, Sir.
Verdone. Why, this will be a comick fight. You'll follow?
La-Writ. As I'm a true man, I can't fight.
Cler. Away, away.— [*Exeunt Beaupre and Verdone.*
I know you can: I like your modeſty;
I know you will fight, and ſo fight, with ſuch metal,
And with ſuch judgment meet your enemy's fury—
I ſee it in your eye, Sir.
La-Writ. I'll be hang'd then;
And I charge you, in the king's name, name no more fighting.
Cler. I charge you, in the king's name, play the man;
Which, if you do not quickly, I begin with you;
I'll make you dance. Do you ſee your fiddleſtick?

Sweet

Sweet advocate, thou ſhalt fight.
La-Writ. Stand further, gentleman,
Or I'll give you ſuch a duſt o' th' chaps——
Cler. Spoke bravely,
And like thyſelf, a noble advocate!
Come, to thy tools.
La-Writ. I do not ſay I'll fight.
Cler. I ſay thou ſhalt, and bravely.
La-Writ. If I do fight—
I ſay, *if* I do, but don't depend upon't—
(And yet I have a fooliſh itch upon me)—
What ſhall become of my writings?
Cler. Let 'em lie by;
They will not run away, man.
La-Writ. I may be kill'd too,
And where are all my cauſes then my buſineſs?
I will not fight; I cannot fight. My cauſes——
Cler. Thou ſhalt fight, if thou hadſt a thouſand cauſes;
Thou art a man to fight for any cauſe,
And carry it with honour.
La-Writ. Hum! ſay you ſo? If I ſhould
Be ſuch a coxcomb to prove valiant now!
Cler. I know thou art moſt valiant.
La-Writ. Do you think ſo?
I am undone for ever, if it prove ſo,
I tell you that, my honeſt friend, for ever;
For I ſhall ne'er leave quarrelling.
How long muſt we fight? for I cannot ſtay,
Nor will not ſtay; I've buſineſs.
Cler. We'll do it in a minute, in a moment.
La-Writ. Here will I hang my bag then; it may ſave my belly;
I never lov'd cold iron there.
Cler. You do wiſely.
La-Writ. Help me to pluck my ſword out then; quickly, quickly!
'T has not ſeen ſun theſe ten years.
Cler. How it grumbles?
This ſword is vengeance angry,

La-Writ. Now I'll put my hat up,
And ſay my prayers as I go. Away, boy!
If I be kill'd, remember the Little Lawyer! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Beaupre.

Beau. They're both come on; that may be a ſtub-born raſcal.

Enter La-Writ.

Take you that ground; I'll ſtay here. Fight bravely!
La-Writ. To't chearfully, my boys! You'll let's have fair play;
None of your foining tricks.
Beau. Come forward, monſieur!
What haſt thou there? a pudding in thy belly?
I ſhall ſee what it holds.
La-Writ. Put your ſpoon home then! [*Fight.*
Nay, ſince I muſt fight, have at you without wit, Sir!
God-a-mercy, bag!
Beau. Nothing but bombaſt in you?
The rogue winks and fights.
[*Beau. loſes his ſword*; *La-Writ treads on it.*
La-Writ. Now your fine fencing, Sir!
Stand off; thou dieſt on point elſe! I have it, I have it!
Yet further off!—I have his ſword.
Cler. [*within.*] Then keep it;
Be ſure you keep it!
La-Writ. I'll put it in my mouth elſe.
Stand further off yet, and ſtand quietly,
And look another way, or I'll be with you!
Is this all? I'll undertake within theſe two days
To furniſh any cutler in this kingdom.
Beau. Pox, what fortune's this! Diſarmed by a puppy?
A ſnail? a dog?
La-Writ. No more o' theſe words, gentleman!
Sweet gentleman, no more! Do not provoke me!
Go walk i' th' Horſe-fair; whiſtle, gentleman.—
What muſt I do now?

Enter

Enter Cleremont, purſued by Verdone.

Cler. Help me; I'm almoſt breathleſs.

La-Writ. With all my heart. There's a cold pie for you, Sir! [*Strikes Cleremont.*

Cler. Thou ſtrik'ſt me, fool!

La-Writ. Thou fool, ſtand further off then.—
Deliver, deliver!

[*Strikes up Verdone's heels, and takes his ſword too.*

Cler. Hold faſt.

La-Writ. I ne'er fail in't.
There's twelve-pence; go, buy you two leaden daggers!
Have I done well?

Cler. Moſt like a gentleman.

Beau. And we two baſely loſt!

Verdone. 'Tis but a fortune.
We ſhall yet find an hour. [*Exe. Beau. and Verd. ſad.*

Cler. I ſhall be glad on't.

La-Writ. Where's my cloak, and my trinkets? Or, will you
Fight any longer, for a craſh or two?

Cler. I am your noble friend, Sir.

La-Writ. It may be ſo.

Cler. What honour ſhall I do you, for this great courteſy?

La-Writ. All I deſire of you, is to take
The quarrel to yourſelf, and let me hear no more on't;
(I have no liking to't; it is a fooliſh matter)
And help me to put up my ſword.

Cler. Moſt willingly.
But I am bound to gratify you, and I muſt
Not leave you.

La Writ. I tell you, I'll not be gratified;
Nor I will hear no more on't. Take the ſwords too,
And do not anger me, but leave me quietly.
For the matter of honour, 'tis at your own diſpoſure;
And ſo, and ſo—— [*Exit La-Writ.*

Cler. This is a moſt rare Lawyer;
I'm ſure, moſt valiant. Well, Dinant, as you ſatisfy me—
I ſay no more. I'm loaden like an armorer. [*Exit.*

Enter Dinant.

Din. To be diſpatch'd upon a ſleeveleſs errand!
To leave my friend engag'd, mine honour tainted!
Theſe are trim things. I am ſet here like a perdue,
To watch a fellow that has wrong'd my miſtreſs,
A ſcurvy fellow that muſt paſs this way;
But what this ſcurvy fellow is, or whence,
Or whether his name be William, or John,
Or Antony, or Dick, or any thing, I know not;
A ſcurvy raſcally fellow I muſt aim at;
And there's the office of an ass flung on me.
Sure Cleremont has fought, but how come off,
And what the world ſhall think of me hereafter!
Well, woman, woman, I muſt look your raſcals,
And loſe my reputation! You've a fine power over us.
Theſe two long hours I've trotted here, and curiouſly
Survey'd all goers-by, yet find no raſcal,

La-Writ ſings within, then enters.

Nor any face to quarrel with. What's that?
This is a raſcally voice; ſure it comes this way.

La-Writ. 'He ſtrook ſo hard [10], the baſon broke,
'And Tarquin heard the ſound.'

Din. What miſter-thing is this [11]? let me ſurvey it.

La-Writ. 'And then he ſtruck his neck in two.'

Din. This may be a raſcal, but 'tis a mad raſcal.

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[10] *He ſtruck ſo hard, &c.*] The lines La-Writ here ſings are taken from an old ballad, called 'The Noble Acts of Arthur and the Knights 'of the Round Table.' *R.*

[11] *What* maſter-thing *is this?*] The idea this gave was, *what maſter-piece of oddity have we here?* But Mr. Sympſon has hit on a more humourous reading; *what* miſter-*thing is this? Miſter wight* being common to Spenſer and Chaucer. I am far from approving the inſertion of obſolete words in general; but here, where La-Writ is talking and ſinging Knight Errantry, a word common in the tales of Knight-Errant, is certainly natural and obvious. In the excellent Gloſſary to Urry's Chaucer, *miſter*, from the French *meſtier*, a *profeſſion* or *trade*. Hence it is us'd for any *ſort*, *kind*, or *condition*; as *miſter folk* kind of men, &c. *Seward.*

MISTER-*thing* is the reading of the ſecond folio; not a variation *hit on* by Mr. Sympſon!

What

What an alphabet of faces he puts on!
Hey, how it fences! If this ſhould be the rogue—
As 'tis the likelieſt rogue I ſee this day——

La-Writ. 'Was ever man for lady's ſake? Down, down!'

Din. And what are you, good Sir? Down, down, down, down!

La-Writ. What's that to you, good Sir? Down, down!

Din. A pox on you, good Sir! Down, down, down!
You with your buckram bag, what make you here?
And from whence come you?—I could fight with my ſhadow now.

La-Writ. Thou fierce man, that like Sir Lancelot doſt appear,
I need not tell thee what I am, nor eke what I make here [12].

Din. This is a precious knave.—Stay, ſtay, good Triſtram,
And let me aſk thy mightineſs a queſtion;
Did you ne'er abuſe a lady?

La-Writ. Not; to abuſe a lady's very hard, Sir.

Din. Say you ſo, Sir?
Didſt thou never abuſe her honour?

La-Writ. Not; to abuſe her honour is impoſſible.

Din Certain, this is the raſcal. What's thy name?

La-Writ. My name is Cock o' two; uſe me reſpectively [13],
I will be cock of three elſe.

Din. What's all this?
You ſay, you did abuſe a lady.

La-Writ. You lie.

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[12] *Thou fierce man*, &c.] Theſe two lines alſo we apprehend to be quoted from ſome old romance, play, or ballad.

[13] *Uſe me* reſpectively.] Here *reſpectively* is ſynonymous to *reſpectfully*. We never, I believe, now uſe it in that ſenſe. *Seward.*

In the Laws of Candy, Annophel ſays, the Princeſs *ever for your ſake moſt* reſpectively *loved me*. The word frequently occurs in the ſame ſenſe, in the old writers.

Din.

Din. And that you wrong'd her honour.

La-Writ. That's two lies.
Speak ſuddenly, for I am full of buſineſs.

Din. What art thou, or what canſt thou be, thou peagooſe,
That durſt give me the lie thus? thou mak'ſt me wonder.

La-Writ. And wonder on, till time makes all this plain.

Din. You muſt not part ſo, Sir. Art thou a gentleman?

La-Writ. Aſk thoſe upon whoſe ruins I am mounted.

Din. This is ſome Cavalero knight o' th' ſun.

La-Writ. I tell thee I'm as good a gentleman as the duke.
I have atchiev'd——Go, follow thy buſineſs!

Din. But for this lady, Sir——

La-Writ. Why, hang this lady, Sir!
And the lady-mother too, Sir! What have I to do with ladies?

Enter Cleremont.

Cler. 'Tis the Little Lawyer's voice: Has he got my way?
It ſhould be hereabouts.

Din. You dry biſcuit rogue,
I will ſo ſwinge you for this blaſphemy!
Ha' I found you out?

Cler. That ſhould be Dinant's tongue too.

La-Writ. And I defy thee; do thy worſt! 'Oh, ho, quoth Lancelot tho'!'
And, that thou ſhalt know I'm a true gentleman,
And ſpeak according to the phraſe triumphant,
Thy lady is a ſcurvy lady, and a ſhitten lady,
And, tho' I never heard of her, a deboſhed lady [14],
And thou a ſquire of low degree! Will that content thee?
Doſt thou way-lay me with ladies?—A pretty ſword, Sir, A very

[14] *Deboſhed.*] In the Tempeſt, act. iii. ſcene ii. Trinculo uſes this word, ſpeaking to Caliban, upon which Mr. Steevens remarks, 'I meet with

A very pretty ſword! I have a great mind to't.
Din. You ſhall not loſe your longing, rogue!
Cler. Hold, hold!
Hold, Dinant, as thou art a gentleman!
La-Writ. As much as you will; my hand is in now.
Cler. I am your friend, Sir.—Dinant, you draw your ſword
Upon the gentleman preſerv'd your honour:
This was my ſecond, and did back me nobly.
For ſhame, forbear.
Din. I aſk your mercy, Sir,
And am your ſervant now.
La-Writ. May we not fight then?
Cler. I'm ſure you ſhall not now.
La-Writ. I'm ſorry for't;
I'm ſure I'll ſtay no longer then, not a jot longer.
Are there any more on ye afore? I will ſing ſtill, Sir.
[*Exit La-Writ, ſinging.*
Din. I look now you ſhould chide me, and 'tis fit,
And with much bitterneſs expreſs your anger,
I have deſerv'd: Yet, when you know——
Cler. I thank you!
Do you think that the wrong you have offer'd me,
The moſt unmanly wrong, unfriendly wrong——
Din. I do confeſs——
Cler. That boyiſh ſleight——
Din. Not ſo, Sir.
Cler. That poor and baſe renouncing of your honour,
Can be allay'd with words?
Din. I give you way ſtill.
Cler. Colour'd with ſmooth excuſes? Was it a friend's part,

' with this word, which I ſuppoſe to be the ſame as *debauch'd*, in ' Randolph's Jealous Lovers, 1634,

" See your houſe be ſtor'd
" With the *deboiſheſt* roarers in this city.'

' When this word was firſt adopted from the French language, it ap- ' pears to have been ſpelt according to the pronunciation, and there- ' fore wrongly; but ever ſince it has been ſpelt right, it has been ut- ' tered with equal impropriety.' *R.*

A gentle-

A gentleman's, a man's that wears a ſword,
And ſtands upon the point of reputation,
To hide his head then, when his honour call'd him;
Call'd him aloud, and led him to his fortune?
To halt, and ſlip the collar? By my life,
I would have giv'n my life I'd never known thee!
Th' haſt eaten canker-like into my judgment
With this diſgrace, thy whole life cannot heal again.

Din. This I can ſuffer too; I find it honeſt.

Cler. Can you pretend an excuſe[14] now may abſolve you,
Or any thing like honeſt, to bring you off?
Engage me, like an aſs?

Din. Will you but hear me?

Cler. Expoſe me like a jade to tug, and hale thro',
Laugh'd at, and almoſt hooted? Your diſgraces
Invite mens' ſwords and angers to diſpatch me?

Din. If you will be patient——

Cler. And be abus'd ſtill? But that I've call'd thee friend,
And to that name allow a ſanctuary,
You ſhould hear further from me; I'd not talk thus:
But henceforth ſtand upon your own bottom, Sir,
And bear your own abuſes; I ſcorn my ſword
Should travel in ſo poor and empty quarrels.

Din. Ha' you done yet? take your whole ſwing of anger;
I'll bear all with content.

Cler. Why were you abſent?

Din. You know I am no coward, you have ſeen that,
And therefore, out of fear forſook you not:
You know I am not falſe, of a treacherous nature,
Apt to betray my friend; I have fought for you too;
You know no buſineſs, that concern'd my ſtate,
My kindred, or my life——

Cler. Where was the fault then?

Din. The honour of that lady I adore,

[14] *Can you pretend* an excuſe.] Mr. Seward's paſſion for *exact meaſure* induces him to read, *Can you pretend* a 'ſcuſe.

Her

Her credit, and her name: You know ſhe ſent for me,
And with what haſte.

Cler. What was he that traduc'd?

Din. The man i' th' moon, I think; hither I was ſent,
But to what end——

Enter Nurſe.

Cler. This is a pretty flim-flam!

Nurſe. I'm glad I've met you, Sir; I have been ſeeking,
And ſeeking ev'ry where.

Cler. And, now you've found him,
Declare what buſineſs, our ambaſſador [15].

Nurſe. What's that to you, goodman Flouter?—Oh, Sir, my lady——

Din. Prithee, no more of thy lady; I have too much on't.

Cler. Let me have a little; ſpeak to me.

Nurſe. To you, Sir?
'Tis more than time!—All occaſions ſet aſide, Sir,
Or whatſoever may be thought a buſineſs——

Din. What then?

Nurſe. Repair to me within this hour.

Cler. Where?

Nurſe. What is that to you? come you, Sir,
When you're ſent for.

Cler. God-a-mercy, Mumpſimus!
You may go, Dinant, and follow this old fairy,
'Till you have loſt yourſelf, your friends, your credit,
And honey out your youth in rare adventures:
I can but grieve I've known you.

Nurſe. Will you go, Sir?
I come not often to you with theſe bleſſings:

[15] Our *ambaſſador.*] Mr. Sympſon thinks this might probably be OLD *ambaſſador*, and then there's a ſtrong reaſon for her calling him *flouter*. It is certainly an improvement, and bids fair for having been the original. *Seward.*

OUR *ambaſſador* is *flouting*; and the old reading ſhould not be altered without authority, while it is intelligible; though we think the emendation a good one.

You

You may believe that thing there, and repent it,
That dogged thing!

Cler. Peace, Touchwood!

Din. I will not go.
Go, bid your lady ſeek ſome fool to fawn on her,
Some unexperienc'd puppy to make ſport with;
I've been her mirth too long! Thus I ſhake from me
The fetters ſhe put on, thus her enchantments
I blow away like wind: No more her beauty——

Nurſe. Take heed, Sir, what you ſay.

Cler. Go forward, Dinant.

Din. The charms ſhot from her eyes——

Nurſe. Be wiſe.

Cler. Be valiant.

Din. That tongue, that tells fair tales to mens' deſtructions
Shall never rack me more [16].

Nurſe. Stay there.

Cler. Go forward.

Din. I will now hear her, ſee her, as a woman,
Survey her, and the power man has allow'd her [17],
As I would do the courſe of common things,
Unmov'd, unſtruck.

Cler. Hold there, and I forgive thee.

Din. She is not fair, and that that makes her proud
Is not her own, our eyes beſtow it on her;
To touch and kiſs her is no bleſſedneſs,
A ſun-burnt Ethiop's lip's as ſoft as hers.
Go, bid her ſtick ſome other triumph up,

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[16] *Shall never* rack *me more.*] *Rack*, i. e. *Torment*, is certainly good ſenſe here, and I therefore don't change it, though *wrack*, the old way of ſpelling *wreck*, i. e. *Ship-wreck*, ſeems much more poetical: For his honour, by her devices, had juſt before been *wrack'd*, which Dinant a little lower expreſſes by the ſame metaphor.

——*like a bold merchant,*
——*I've ventur'd all theſe.*

i. e. Time, friends, honour and life.

And ſplit my bottom.

This confirmation occurr'd after the conjecture itſelf. *Seward.*

[17] *And the power man has allow'd,* Sir.] Former edit. *Seward.*

And

And take into her favour ſome dull fool,
That has no precious time to loſe, no friends,
No honour, nor no life: Like a bold merchant,
A bold and bankrupt man, I've ventur'd all theſe,
And ſplit my bottom. Return this anſwer to her;
I am awake again, and ſee her miſchiefs,
And am not now, on every idle errand,
And new-coin'd anger, to be hurried [18],
And then deſpis'd again; I have forgot her.

Cler. If this be true——

Nurſe. I'm ſorry I have troubled you;
More ſorry, that my lady has adventur'd
So great a favour in ſo weak a mind.
This hour you have refus'd That, when you come to know it,
Will run you mad, and make you curſe that fellow!
She is not fair, nor handſome! ſo I leave you.

Cler. Stay, lady, ſtay; but is there ſuch a buſineſs?

Nurſe. You'd break your neck, 'twere yours.

Cler. My back, you would ſay.

Nurſe. But play the friend's part ſtill, Sir, and undo him;
'Tis a fair office.

Din. I've ſpoke too liberally.

Nurſe. I ſhall deliver what you ſay.

Cler. You ſhall be hang'd firſt;
You'd fain be prating now! Take the man with you.

Nurſe. Not I; I have no power.

Cler. You may go, Dinant.

Nurſe. 'Tis in's own will; I had no further charge, Sir,

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[18] *And am not now on every idle errand,*
And new-coin'd anger, to be hurried,
And then deſpis'd again.] Mr. Sympſon ſuſpects the word *hurried*, as making no antitheſis to *deſpis'd*, and therefore propoſes to read *honeyed*, a word common to our Authors. But as Dinant had juſt before been *hurried on an idle errand, and a new-coin'd anger*, I ſee no ſort of reaſon for the change: Perhaps, indeed, *anger* might have been *danger*, becauſe it was the pretence of that which had induced him to go upon her former errand; but neither is this change neceſſary. *Seward.*

Than

Than to tell him what I did; which, if I'd thought
It ſhould have been receiv'd ſo——

Cler. 'Faith, you may;
You do not know how far it may concern you.
If I perceived any trick in't——

Din. 'Twill end there.

Cler. 'Tis my fault then. There is an hour in fortune[19],
That muſt be ſtill obſerv'd: You think I'll chide you,
When things muſt be. Nay, ſee, an he will hold his head up!
Would ſuch a lady ſend with ſuch a charge too?
Say ſhe has play'd the fool, play the fool with her again,
The great fool, the greater ſtill the better.
He ſhall go with you, woman.

Nurſe. As it pleaſe him;
I know the way alone elſe.

Din. Where's your lady?

Nurſe. I ſhall direct you quickly.

Din. Well, I'll go;
But what her wrongs will give me leave to ſay——

Cler. We'll leave that to yourſelves. I ſhall hear from you?

Din. As ſoon as I come off.

Cler. Come on then bravely.
Farewell 'till then, and play the man!

Din. You're merry;
All I expect is ſcorn. I'll lead you, lady.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

[19] *There is an hour in fortune,*
That muſt be ſtill obſerv'd.] We meet with this ſentiment in Shakeſpeare's Julius Cæſar. The paſſage is quoted vol. ii. p. 36. of theſe Works.

ACT III.

Enter Champernel, Lamira, Beaupre, Verdone, and Charlotte.

Beau. WE'LL venture on him.

Champ. Out of my doors! I charge thee,
See me no more!

Lam. Your nephew?

Champ. I diſclaim him;
He has no part in me, nor in my blood.
My brother, that kept fortune bound, and left
Conqueſt hereditary to his iſſue,
Could not beget a coward.

Verd. I fought, Sir,
Like a good fellow, and a ſoldier too;
But men are men, and cannot make their fates:
Aſcribe you to my father what you pleaſe,
I'm born to ſuffer.

Champ. All diſgraces, wretch!

Lam. Good Sir, be patient.

Champ. Was there no tree,
(For to fall by a noble enemy's ſword
A coward is unworthy) nor no river [20],
To force thy life out backward, and to drown it,
But that thou muſt ſurvive thy infamy,
And kill me with the ſight of one I hate,
And gladly would forget?

Beau. Sir, his misfortune
Deſerves not this reproof.

Champ. In your opinion:
'Tis fit you two ſhould be of one belief.
You are indeed fine gallants, and fight bravely

[20] ——— *no river,*
To force thy life out backward, or to drown it.] The diſjunctive *or* is ſurely improper here; for *forcing life out backward* is only an exceedingly droll deſcription of *drowning*. *Seward.*

I'th' city with your tongues, but in the field
Have neither ſpirit to dare, nor power to do;
Your ſwords are all lead there.

Beau. I know no duty
(However you may wreak your ſpleen on him)
That binds me to endure this.

Champ. From Dinant
You'll ſuffer more! That ever curſed I
Should give my honour up, to the defence
Of ſuch a thing as he is! or my lady,
That is all innocent[21], for whom a dove would
Aſſume the courage of a daring eagle,
Repoſe her confidence in one that can
No better guard her! In contempt of you,
I love Dinant, mine enemy, nay, admire him;
His valour claims it from me, and with juſtice.
He that could fight thus, in a cauſe not honeſt,
His ſword edg'd with defence of right and honour,
Would pierce as deep as lightning, with that ſpeed too,
And kill as deadly.

Verd. You're as far from juſtice,
In him you praiſe, as equity in the cenſure
You load me with.

Beau. Dinant? he durſt not meet us.

Lam. How! durſt not, brother?

Beau. Durſt not; I repeat it.

Verd. Nor was it Cleremont's valour that diſarm'd us;
I had the better of him. For Dinant,
If that might make my peace with you, I dare
Write him a coward upon ev'ry poſt,
And with the hazard of my life defend it.

Lam. If 'twere laid at the ſtake you'd loſe it, nephew.

Champ. Came he not, ſay you?

Verd. No; but in his room

[21] *That is* all innocent.] *All-innocent* is poetical, but from no hyphen being added in the former editions, and *innocent* being wrote with a great letter, perhaps the true reading may be, *all innocence.* *Seward.*

Surely, there is no need of a *hyphen*; the expreſſion is equally poetical, and the ſenſe the ſame, without it.

There

There was a devil, hir'd from ſome magician,
I'th' ſhape of an attorney.
Beau. 'Twas he did it.
Verd. And his the honour.
Beau. I could wiſh Dinant——
But what talk I of one that ſtepp'd aſide,
And durſt not come!
Lam. I'm ſuch a friend to truth,
I cannot hear this. Why do you detract
Thus poorly (I ſhould ſay to others, baſely)
From one of ſuch approv'd worth?
Champ. Ha! how's this?
Lam. From one ſo excellent in all that's noble,
Whoſe only weakneſs is exceſs of courage?
That knows no enemies, that he cannot maſter,
But his affections; and in them, the worſt,
His love to me?
Champ. To you?
Lam. Yes, Sir, to me:
I dare (for what is that which innocence dares not)
To you profeſs it: And he ſhun'd not the combat
For fear or doubt of theſe. Bluſh, and repent,
That you in thought e'er did that wrong to valour!
Beau. Why, this is rare.
Champ. 'Fore Heav'n, exceeding rare!
Why, modeſt lady, you that ſing ſuch encomiums
Of your firſt ſuitor——
Verd. How can you convince us
In our reports[22]?
Lam. With what you cannot anſwer:
'Twas my command that ſtaid him.
Champ. Your command?
Lam. Mine, Sir; and, had my will rank'd with my power
And his obedience, I could have ſent him,
With more eaſe, weaponleſs to you, and bound,

[22] *In* our *reports.*] All editions, but the firſt, read YOUR *reports*: We think the old reading beſt; *convince* ſignifies *confute*, or *convict* us of *falſehood*.

Than have kept him back; ſo well he loves his honour
Beyond his life:
Champ. Better and better ſtill!
Lam. I wrought with him in private, to divert him
From your aſſur'd deſtruction, had he met you.
Champ. In private?
Lam. Yes, and us'd all arts, all charms,
Of one that knew herſelf the abſolute miſtreſs
Of all his faculties.
Champ. Gave all rewards too
His ſervice could deſerve? Did not he take
The meaſure of my ſheets?
Lam. Do not look yellow;
I've cauſe to ſpeak; frowns cannot fright me, Sir.
By all my hopes, as I am ſpotleſs to you,
If I reſt once aſſur'd you do but doubt me,
Or curb me of that freedom you once gave me——
Champ. What then?
Lam. I'll not alone abuſe your bed, (that's nothing!)
But, to your more vexation, 'tis reſolv'd on,
I'll run away, and then try if Dinant
Have courage to defend me.
Champ. Impudent!
Verd. And on the ſudden——
Beau. How are you transform'd
From what you were!
Lam. I was an innocent virgin,
And I can truly ſwear, a wife as pure
As ever lay by huſband, and will die ſo,
Let me live unſuſpected: I'm no ſervant,
Nor will be us'd like one! If you deſire
To keep me conſtant, as I would be, let
Truſt and belief in you beget and nurſe it:
Unneceſſary jealouſies make more whores,
Than all baits elſe laid to entrap our frailties.
Beau. There's no conteſting with her: From a child,
Once mov'd, ſhe hardly was to be appeas'd;
Yet I dare ſwear her honeſt.
Champ. So I think too,

On

On better judgment. I am no Italian,
To lock her up; nor would I be a Dutchman,
To have my wife my ſovereign, to command me:
I'll try the gentler way; but, if that fail,
Believe it, Sir, there's nothing but extremes
Which ſhe muſt feel from me.

Beau. That as you pleaſe, Sir.

Char. You've won the breeches, madam! Look up ſweetly;
My lord limps tow'rd you.

Lam. You will learn more manners! [*Strikes her.*

Char. This is a fee, for counſel that's unaſk'd for!

Champ. Come, I miſtook thee, ſweet; prithee, forgive me!
I never will be jealous: Ere I cheriſh
Such a mechanic humour, I'll be nothing.
I'll ſay, Dinant is all that thou wouldſt have him;
Will that ſuffice?

Lam. 'Tis well, Sir!

Champ. Uſe thy freedom
Uncheck'd, and unobſerv'd: If thou wilt have it,
Theſe ſhall forget their honour, I my wrongs;
We'll all dote on him. Hell be my reward,
If I diſſemble!

Lam. And that hell take me,
If I affect him! He's a luſtful villain,
(But yet no coward) and ſolicits me
To my diſhonour; that's indeed a quarrel,
And truly mine, which I will ſo revenge,
As it ſhall fright ſuch as dare only think
To be adulterers.

Champ. Uſe thine own ways;
I give up all to thee.

Beau. Oh, women, women!
When you are pleas'd you are the leaſt of evils.

Verd. I'll rhime to't—But provok'd, the worſt of devils! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sampſon and three Clients.

Samp. I know monſieur La-Writ.

1 *Client.* 'Would he knew himſelf, Sir!
Samp. He was a pretty lawyer, a kind of pretty lawyer,
Of a kind of unable thing.
2 *Client.* A fine lawyer, Sir,
And would have firk'd you up a buſineſs!
And out of this court into that!
Samp. You are too forward;
Not ſo fine, my friends; ſomething he could have done,
But ſhort, ſhort!
1 *Client.* I know your worſhip's favour;
You're nephew to the judge, Sir.
Samp. It may be ſo,
And ſomething may be done, without trotting i' th' dirt, friends:
It may be I can take him in his chamber,
And have an hour's talk; it may be ſo;
And tell him that in's ear—there are ſuch courteſies;
I will not ſay, I can.
3 *Client.* We know you can, Sir.
Samp. Peradventure ay, peradventure no.——But where's La-Writ?
Where's your ſufficient lawyer?
1 *Client.* He's blown up, Sir.
2 *Client.* Run mad, and quarrels with the dog he meets:
He is no Lawyer of this world now.
Samp. Your reaſon?
Is he defunct? is he dead?
2 *Client.* No, he's not dead yet, Sir;
But I would be loth to take a leaſe on's life for two hours:
Alas, he is poſſeſs'd, Sir, with the ſpirit of fighting,
And quarrels with all people; but how he came to it—
Samp. If he fight well, and like a gentleman,
The man may fight; for 'tis a lawful calling.
Look you, my friends, I am a civil gentleman,
And my lord my uncle loves me.
3 *Client.* We all know it, Sir.

Samp.

Samp. I think he does, Sir; I have buſineſs too, much buſineſs,
Turn you ſome forty or fifty cauſes in a week:
Yet, when I get an hour of vacancy,
I can fight too, my friends; a little does well;
I would be loath to learn to fight.

1 *Client.* But, an't pleaſe you, Sir,
His fighting has neglected all our buſineſs:
We are undone, our cauſes caſt away, Sir;
His not appearance——

Samp. There he fought too long;
A little, and fight well; he fought too long, indeed, friends:
But, ne'ertheleſs, things muſt be as they may,
And there be ways——

1 *Client.* We know, Sir, if you pleaſe——

Samp. Something I'll do. Go, rally up your cauſes.

Enter La-Writ, and a Gentleman, at the door.

2 *Client.* Now you may behold, Sir,
And be a witneſs, whether we lie or no.

La-Writ. I'll meet you at the ordinary, ſweet gentlemen,
And if there be a wench or two——

Gent. We'll have 'em.

La-Writ. No handling any duels before I come;
We'll have no going leſs[23]; I hate a coward!

Gent. There ſhall be nothing done.

La-Writ. Make all the quarrels
You can deviſe before I come, and let's all fight;
There's no ſport elſe.

Gent. We'll ſee what may be done, Sir.

1 *Client.* Ha! monſieur La-Writ!

La-Writ. Baffled in way of buſineſs,
My cauſes caſt away, judgment againſt us!

[23] *We'll have no going* leſs.] So firſt folio; but the other editions read, *we'll have no going* ELSE. We think the old reading is the beſt ſenſe, and much more characteriſtick. *To go leſs* too, is a phraſe often uſed by our Authors.

Why, there it goes.

2 *Client.* What ſhall we do the whilſt, Sir?

La-Writ. Breed new diſſentions; go hang yourſelves! 'Tis all one to me; I have a new trade of living.

1 *Client.* Do you hear what he ſays, Sir?

Samp. The gentleman ſpeaks finely.

La-Writ. Will any of you fight? Fighting's my occupation,
If you find yourſelves aggriev'd.

Samp. A complete gentleman!

La-Writ. Avant, thou buckram budget of petitions! Thou ſpital of lame cauſes[24]! I lament for thee; And, till revenge be taken——

Samp. 'Tis moſt excellent.

La-Writ. There, every man chuſe his paper, and his place:
I'll anſwer ye all; I'll neglect no man's buſineſs, But he ſhall have ſatisfaction like a gentleman. The judge may do and not do; he's but a monſieur.

Samp. You have nothing of mine in your bag, Sir.

La-Writ. I know not, Sir;
But you may put any thing in, any fighting thing.

Samp. It is ſufficient; you may hear hereafter.

La-Writ. I reſt your ſervant, Sir!

Samp. No more words, gentlemen,
But follow me; no more words, as you love me. The gentleman's a noble gentleman!
I ſhall do what I can, and then——

Clients. We thank you, Sir.

Samp. Not a word to diſturb him; he's a gentleman.

[*Exeunt Sampſon and Clients.*

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[24] *Thou* ſpittle *of lame cauſes.*] To call a *pettyfogger* a perſon ſpit out of lame cauſes ſeems very ſtiff, and the common cant term *ſplitter* is ſo near the trace of the letters, that there can be little doubt of its being the original. There are few characters, either in Shakeſpeare, Jonſon, or Moliere, that ſurpaſs La-writ in comic humour. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward totally miſapprehends this. SPITTLE [or HOSPITAL] *of lame cauſes*, is moſt ridiculouſly interpreted *a perſon ſpit out of lame cauſes.* It means *an hoſpital of lame cauſes*; a figurative expreſſion, quite agreeable to the uſual ſtile of our Authors.

La-Writ.

La-Writ. No cauſe go o' my ſide? the judge caſt all?
And, becauſe I was honourably employ'd in action,
And not appear'd, pronounce? 'Tis very well,
'Tis well, faith! 'tis well, judge!

Enter Cleremont.

Cler. Who have we here?
My Little furious Lawyer?
La-Writ. I ſay, 'tis well!
But mark the end!
Cler. How he is metamorphos'd!
Nothing of Lawyer left, not a bit of buckram,
No ſoliciting face now: This is no ſimple converſion.
Your ſervant, Sir, and friend!
La-Writ. You come in time, Sir.
Cler. The happier man, to be at your command then.
La-Writ. You may wonder to ſee me thus; but that's all one;
Time ſhall declare. 'Tis true, I was a Lawyer,
But I have mew'd that coat; I hate a Lawyer;
I talk'd much in the court; now I hate talking.
I did you the office of a man?
Cler. I muſt confeſs it.
La-Writ. And budg'd not; no, I budg'd not?
Cler. No, you did not.
La-Writ. There's it then; one good turn requires another.
Cler. Moſt willing, Sir; I'm ready at your ſervice.
La-Writ. There, read, and underſtand, and then deliver it.
Cler. This is a challenge, Sir.
La-Writ. 'Tis very like, Sir;
I ſeldom now write ſonnets.
Cler. O, *admirantis*[25]!

'To

[25] O admirantis.] An ingenious friend ſuſpects this Latin word to have been a marginal note crept into the text. That Cleremont ſaying only O, ſomebody wrote againſt it *admirantis*, to ſhew that a note of admiration was omitted; and that this was the expreſſion of one under a very

'To Monſieur Vertaign, the Preſident.'

La-Writ. I chuſe no fool, Sir.

Cler. Why, he's no ſwordman, Sir.

La-Writ. Let him learn, let him learn;
Time that trains chickens up, will teach him quickly.

Cler. Why, he's a judge, an old man!

La-Writ. Never too old
To be a gentleman; and he that is a judge
Can judge beſt what belongs to wounded honour.
There are my griefs, he has caſt away my cauſes,
In which he has bow'd my reputation:
And therefore, judge, or no judge——

Cler. Pray be rul'd, Sir!
This is the maddeſt thing——

La-Writ. You will not carry it?

Cler. I do not tell you ſo; but, if you may be perſuaded——

La-Writ. You know how you us'd me when I would not fight;
Do you remember, gentleman?

Cler. The devil's in him.

La-Writ. I ſee it in your eyes, that you dare do it;
You have a carrying face, and you ſhall carry it.

Cler. The leaſt is baniſhment.

La-Writ. Be baniſh'd then;
'Tis a friend's part: We'll meet in Africa,
Or any corner of the earth.

Cler. Say, he will not fight?

La-Writ. I know then what to ſay; take you no care, Sir.

Cler. Well, I will carry it, and deliver it,
And to-morrow morning meet you in the Louvre;
'Till when, my ſervice.

---

a very comic aſtoniſhment. I hope the reader will aſſent to the conjecture, and have therefore diſcarded the word. *Seward.*

We do not think *admirantis* to have been a marginal note, but that the word, or ſome near it, was really given by the writers to Clerémont to expreſs his aſtoniſhment. The old text ſhould not be diſcarded; and the word completes the meaſure, an argument to which Mr. Seward often pays too much regard.

La-Writ.

La-Writ. A judge, or no judge, no judge! [*Exit.*

Cler. This is the prettieſt rogue that e'er I read of;
None to provoke to th' field, but the old preſident?
What face ſhall I put on? If I come in earneſt,
I am ſure to wear a pair of bracelets.
This may make ſome ſport yet; I will deliver it.
Here comes the preſident.

Enter Vertaign, with two Gentlemen.

Vert. I ſhall find time, gentlemen,
To do your cauſes good. Is not that Cleremont?

1 *Gent.* 'Tis he, my lord.

Vert. Why does he ſmile upon me?
Am I become ridiculous? Has your fortune, Sir,
Upon my ſon, made you contemn his father?
The glory of a gentleman is fair bearing.

Cler. Miſtake me not, my lord; you ſhall not find that:
I come with no blown ſpirit to abuſe you;
I know your place, and honour due unto it,
The reverence to your ſilver age and virtue.

Vert. Your face is merry ſtill.

Cler. So is my buſineſs;
And I beſeech your honour miſtake me not.
I have brought you, from a wild, or rather mad-man,
As mad a piece of——You were wont to love mirth,
In your young days; I've known your honour wooe it:
This may be made no little one; 'tis a challenge, Sir—
Nay, ſtart not, I beſeech you; it means you no harm,
Nor any man of honour, or underſtanding;
'Tis to ſteal from your ſerious hours a little laughter,
I am bold to bring it to your lordſhip.

Vert. 'Tis to me, indeed.
Do they take me for a ſwordman at theſe years?

Cler. 'Tis only worth your honour's mirth, that's all, Sir;
It had been in m[illegible] elſe a ſaucy rudeneſs.

Vert. From one La-Writ, a very punctual challenge.

Cler. But, if your lordſhip mark it, no great matter.

Vert.

Vert. I have known ſuch a wrangling advocate,
Such a little figent thing. Oh, I remember him;
A notable talking knave! Now, out upon him,
H'has challeng'd me downright, defied me mortally!
I do remember too, I caſt his cauſes.

Cler. Why, there's the quarrel, Sir, the mortal quarrel.

Vert. Why, what a knave is this! As you're a gentleman,
Is there no further purpoſe but mere mirth?
What a bold man of war! he invites me roundly.

Cler. If there ſhould be, I were no gentleman,
Nor worthy of the honour of my kindred.
And, tho' I'm ſure your lordſhip hates my perſon,
Which time may bring again into your favour,
Yet, for the manners——

Vert. I am ſatisfied:
You ſee, Sir, I've out-liv'd thoſe days of fighting,
And therefore cannot do him the honour to beat him myſelf;
But I have a kinſman much of his ability,
His wit and carriage [26], (for this, call him fool)
One that will ſpit as ſenſeleſs fire as this fellow.

Cler. And ſuch a man to undertake, my lord?

Vert. Nay, he's too forward; theſe two pitch-barrels together——

Cler. Upon my ſoul, no harm.

Vert. It makes me ſmile.
Why, what a ſtinking ſmother will they utter!
Yes, he ſhall undertake, Sir, as my champion,
(Since you propound it mirth, I'll venture on it)
And ſhall defend my cauſe: But, as you're honeſt,
Sport not with blood!

Cler. Think not ſo baſely, good Sir.

Vert. A ſquire ſhall wait upon you from my kinſman;
To-morrow morning make your ſport at full;
You want no ſubject: But, no wounds!

[26] *His wit and* carriage.] So firſt folio; and the character of Sampſon proves this the right reading, though all the other copies ſay, *wit and* COURAGE. The following words too, FOR THIS *call him fool*, confirm it.

Cler.

Cler. That's my care.

Vert. And ſo, good day! [*Exe. Vert. and Gent.*

Cler. Many unto your honour!
This is a noble fellow, of a ſweet ſpirit.
Now muſt I think how to contrive this matter,
For together they ſhall go.

Enter Dinant.

Din. Oh, Cleremont!
I am glad I have found thee.

Cler. I can tell thee rare things.

Din. Oh, I can tell thee rarer:
Doſt thou love me?

Cler. Love thee?

Din. Doſt thou love me dearly?
Dar'ſt thou for my ſake——

Cler. Any thing that's honeſt.

Din. Tho' it be dangerous?

Cler. Pox o' dangerous!

Din. Nay, wondrous dangerous?

Cler. Wilt thou break my heart?

Din. Along with me then.

Cler. I muſt part to-morrow.

Din. You ſhall, you ſhall. Be faithful for this night,
And thou haſt made thy friend!

Cler. Away, and talk not! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Lamira and Nurſe.

Lam. Oh, Nurſe, welcome! Where's Dinant?

Nurſe. He's at my back.
'Tis the moſt liberal gentleman—This gold
He gave me for my pains! Nor can I blame you,
If you yield up the fort.

Lam. How! yield it up?

Nurſe. I know not; he that loves, and gives ſo largely,
And a young lord to boot, (or I am cozen'd)
May enter every where.

Lam. Thou'lt make me angry.

Enter

Enter Dinant and Cleremont.

Nurſe. Why, if you are, I hope here's one will
pleaſe you;
Look on him with my eyes. Good luck go with you!
Were I young for your ſake——
Din. I thank thee, Nurſe.
Nurſe. I would be tractable; and, as I am——
Lam. Leave the room!
So old, and ſo immodeſt! And be careful,
Since whiſpers will wake ſleeping jealouſies,
That none diſturb my lord. [*Exit Nurſe.*
Cler. Will you diſpatch?
'Till you come to the matter, be not rapt thus.
Walk in, walk in; I am your ſcout for once;
You owe me the like ſervice.
Din. And will pay it.
Lam. As you reſpect our lives, ſpeak not ſo loud.
Cler. Why, do it in dumb ſhow then; I am ſilenc'd.
Lam. Be not ſo haſty, Sir! The golden apples
Had a fell dragon for their guard; your pleaſures
Are to be attempted with Herculean danger,
Or never to be gotten.
Din. Speak the means.
Lam. Thus, briefly: My lord ſleeps now—and, alas,
Each night he only ſleeps.
Cler. Go, keep her ſtirring.
Lam. Now, if he wake, as ſometimes he does,
He only ſtretches out his hand, and feels
Whether I am a-bed, which being aſſur'd of,
He ſleeps again; but, ſhould he miſs me, valour
Could not defend our lives.
Din. What's to be done then?
Lam. Servants have ſervile faiths, nor have I any
That I dare truſt; on noble Cleremont——
We ſafely may rely.
Cler. What man can do
Command, and boldly.
Lam. Thus then; in my place

You

You muſt lie with my lord.

Cler. With an old man?
Two beards together? that's prepoſterous!

Lam. There is no other way; and, tho' 'tis dangerous,
He having ſervants within call, and arm'd too,
Slaves fed to act all that his jealouſy
And rage command them, yet a true friend ſhould not
Check at the hazard of a life.

Cler. I thank you!
I love my friend, but know no reaſon why
To hate myſelf. To be a kind of pandar,
You ſee, I am willing;
But, to betray mine own throat you muſt pardon.

Din. Then I am loſt, and all my hopes defeated!
Were I to hazard ten times more for you,
You ſhould find, Cleremont——

Cler. You ſhall not out-do me;
Fall what may fall, I'll do't.

Din. But, for his beard——

I am. To cover that, you ſhall have my night-linen:
And, you diſpos'd of, my Dinant and I
Will have ſome private conference.

Enter Champernel privately.

Cler. Private doing,
Or I'll not venture.

Lam. That's as we agree. [*Exeunt omnes præter Champ.*

Nurſe and Charlotte paſs over the ſtage with pillows, night-cloaths, and ſuch things.

Champ. What can this woman do, preſerving her honour?
I have given her all the liberty that may be.
I will not be far off tho', nor I will not be jealous,
Nor truſt too much: I think ſhe is virtuous;
Yet, when I hold her beſt, ſhe's but a woman,
As full of frailty as of faith, a poor ſlight woman,
And her beſt thoughts but weak fortifications;
There may be mine wrought. Well, let 'em work then;

I ſhall

I ſhall meet with it; 'till the ſigns be monſtrous,
And ſtick upon my head, I will not believe it,
[*Stands private.*
She may be, and ſhe may not. Now to my obſervation.

Enter Dinant and Lamira.

Din. Why do you make me ſtay ſo? If you love me—
Lam. You are too hot and violent.
Din. Why do you ſhift thus
From one chamber to another?
Lam. A little delay, Sir,
Like fire a little ſprinkled o'er with water,
Makes the deſires burn clear, and ten times hotter.
Din. Why do you ſpeak ſo loud? I pray go in,
Sweet miſtreſs. I am mad! Time ſteals away,
And when we would enjoy——
Lam. Now, fy, fy, ſervant!
Like ſenſual beaſts ſhall we enjoy our pleaſures?
Din. Pray do but kiſs me then[27].
Lam. Why, that I will,
And you ſhall find anon, ſervant——
Din. Softly, for Heaven's ſake!
You know my friend's engag'd. A little; now, now!
Will you go in again?
Lam. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Din. Why do you laugh ſo loud, precious?
Will you betray me? have my friend's throat cut?
Lam. Come, come, I'll kiſs thee again.
Champ. Will you ſo? You're liberal!
If you do cozen me——

[27] *Pray do* not *kiſs me then.*] Dinant's anſwer and Lamira's reply ſeem to have loſt all their humour by this pointing. The former being eager with expectation, ſhe aſks him tauntingly, *whether they ſhould enjoy their pleaſure like ſenſual beaſts?* He ſmartly anſwers, *by no means, don't let us do ſo; and for that reaſon kiſs me. Kiſſing* being the diſtinction between the fondneſs of human creatures and that of beaſts: She immediately complies, but ſpeaks and ſmacks ſo loud, that ſhe puts him into a panick inſtead of a rapture. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *Pray do* not; *kiſs me* then. The error originated from the ſecond folio, which reads *not* for *but*; and even that is preferable to Seward's variation, which we took for an error of the preſs, before we were aware of his note.

Enter

Enter Nurſe, with wine.

Din. What's this?
Lam. Wine, wine; a draught or two.
Din. What does this woman here?
Lam. She ſhall not hinder you.
Din. This might have been ſpar'd;
'Tis but delay, and time loſt. Pray ſend her ſoftly off.
Lam. Sit down, and mix your ſpirits with wine;
I will make you another Hercules.
Din. I dare not drink.
Fy, what delays you make! I dare not;
I ſhall be drunk preſently, and do ſtrange things then.
Lam. Not drink a cup with your miſtreſs! Oh, the pleaſure!
Din. Lady, why this? [*Muſick.*
Lam. We muſt have mirth to our wine, man.
Din. Plague o' the muſick.
Champ. God-a-mercy, wench!
If thou doſt cuckold me, I ſhall forgive thee.
Din. The houſe will all riſe now; this will diſturb all.
Did you do this?
Lam. Peace, and ſit quiet, fool!
You love me; come, ſit down, and drink.

Enter Cleremont above.

Cler. What a devil ail you?
How cold I ſweat! A hog's pox ſtop your pipes!
[*Muſick.*
The thing will wake. Now, now, methinks I find
His ſword juſt gliding thro' my throat. What's that?
A vengeance choak your pipes! Are you there, lady?
Stop, ſtop thoſe raſcals! Do you bring me hither
To be cut into minc'd meat? Why, Dinant!
Din. I cannot do withal;
I have ſpoke, and ſpoke; I am betray'd and loſt too.
Cler. Do you hear me? do you underſtand me?
Plague damn your whiſtles! [*Muſick ends.*
Lam. 'Twas but an over-ſight;

They've done; lie down.

Cler. 'Would you had done too; you know not
In what a miſery and fear I lie:
You have a lady in your arms.

Din. I would have. [*The recorders again.*

Champ. I'll watch you, goodman Would-have!

Cler. Remove, for Heaven's ſake,
And fall to that you come for.

Lam. Lie you down;
'Tis but an hour's endurance now.

Cler. I dare not;
Softly, ſweet lady. God's heart[28]!

Lam. 'Tis nothing but your fear; he ſleeps ſtill ſoundly.
Lie gently down.

Cler. Pray make an end.

Din. Come, madam.

Lam. Theſe chambers are too near.

Champ. I ſhall be nearer. [*Exe. Din. and Lam.*
Well, go thy ways; I'll truſt thee thro' the world,
Deal how thou wilt: That that I never feel,
I'll never fear. Yet, by the honour of a ſoldier,
I hold thee truly noble. How theſe things will look,
And how their bloods will curdle! Play on, children;
You ſhall have pap anon. Oh, thou grand fool,
That thou knew'ſt but thy fortune! [*Muſick done.*

Cler. Peace, good madam!
Stop her mouth, Dinant. It ſleeps yet; pray be wary;
Diſpatch; I can't endure this miſery; I can
Hear nothing more; I'll ſay my prayers, and down again. [*Whiſtle within.*
A thouſand larums[29] fall upon my quarters!
Heav'n

---

[28] *Softly ſweet lady*———heart?] Former copies. We muſt either read *hark!* for *heart?* or rather believe there has been ſome omiſſion from delicacy.

[29] *A thouſand* alarms *fall upon my quarters.*] *Larums* are often uſed by our Authors for *alarms*, and the verſe requires it here. They are both derived from the Italian *alarme*, i. e. *To arms.* Without knowing this, the metaphor will be probably miſunderſtood; his *quarters* ſeems

Heav'n ſend me off! When I lie keeping coarſes[30]—
Plague o' your fumbling, Dinant! How I ſhake!
'Tis ſtill again. 'Would I were in the Indies! [*Exit.*

Enter Dinant and Lamira: A light within.

Din. Why do you uſe me thus? thus poorly, baſely?
Work me into a hope, and then deſtroy me?
Why did you ſend for me? this new way train me?

Lam. Madman, and fool, and falſe man, now I'll ſhew thee!

Din. Pray put your light out.

Lam. Nay, I'll hold it thus,
That all chaſte eyes may ſee thy luſt, and ſcorn it!
Tell me but this, when you firſt doted on me,
And made ſuit to enjoy me as your wife,
Did you not hold me honeſt?

Din. Yes, moſt virtuous.

Lam. And did not that appear the only luſtre,
That made me worth your love and admiration?

Din. I muſt confeſs.

Lam. Why would you deal ſo baſely?
So like a thief, a villain——

Din. Peace, good madam!

Lam. I'll ſpeak aloud too!—Thus maliciouſly,
Thus breaking all the rules of honeſty,
Of honour and of truth (for which I lov'd you,
For which I call'd you ſervant, and admir'd you)
To ſteal that jewel purchas'd by another,
Piouſly ſet in wedlock, even that jewel,

ſeems to mean the odd poſt he was *quarter'd in*, and he had a thouſand *alarms* beating on every ſide of him. *Seward.*

Muſt not every Reader ſuppoſe *larums* was introduced to the text by this *ingenious* Commentator? Indeed, it was not, as the old folio proves.

[30] *When I lie keeping* courſes.] I know no idea to *keeping courſes* that will at all ſuit the occaſion it is here ſpoke upon; I therefore read, *keeping coarſes*, or *watching of dead bodies*. Dinant had before call'd Champernel *Lamira's grave*, and Cleremont may in the ſame ſpirit call him *a dead corps*, and his own ſtation, like that of perſons ſet to watch one, generally attended with fears and horrors. This receives ſtill additional honour from the ſtrange miſtake he is under. *Seward.*

Becauſe it had no flaw, you held unvaluable?
Can he that has lov'd good, dote on the devil?
(For he that ſeeks a whore, ſeeks but his agent)
Or am I of ſo wild and low a blood,
So nurs'd in infamies——
Din. I do not think ſo,
And I repent.
Lam. That will not ſerve your turn, Sir.
Din. It was your treaty drew me on.
Lam. But it was your villainy
Made you purſue it. I drew you but to try
How much a man, and nobly you durſt ſtand,
How well you had deſerv'd the name of virtuous:
But you, like a wild torrent, mix'd with all
Beaſtly and baſe affections, came floating on,
Swelling your poiſon'd billows——
Din. Will you betray me?
Lam. To all the mis'ries a vex'd woman may.
Din. Let me but out,
Give me but room to toſs my ſword about me,
And I will tell you, you're a treacherous woman!
Oh, that I had but words——
Lam. They will not ſerve you.
Din. But two-edg'd words, to cut thee! A lady-traitor?
Periſh by a proud puppet? I did you too much honour
To tender you my love; too much reſpected you,
To think you worthy of my worſt embraces.
Go, take your groom, and let him dally with you,
Your greaſy groom! I ſcorn to imp your lame ſtock;
You are not fair, nor handſome; I lied loudly,
This tongue abus'd you, when it ſpoke you beauteous.
Lam. 'Tis very well, 'tis brave!
Din. Put out your light;
Your laſcivious eyes are flames enough
For fools to find you out. A lady-plotter?
Muſt I begin your ſacrifice of miſchief?
I and my friend, the firſt-fruits of that blood
You and your honourable huſband aim at?

Crooked

Crooked and wretched you are both!

Lam. To you, Sir;
Yet, to the eye of Juſtice, ſtraight as truth.

Din. Is this a woman's love? a woman's mercy?
Do you profeſs this ſeriouſly? Do you laugh at me?

Lam. Ha, ha!

Din. Plague light upon your ſcorns, upon your flatteries!
Upon your tempting faces, all deſtructions!
A bed-rid winter hang upon your cheeks,
And blaſt, blaſt, blaſt thoſe buds of pride that paint you!
Death in your eyes, to fright men from theſe dangers,
Raiſe up your trophy! Cleremont!

Cler. What a vengeance ail you? [*Noiſe within.*

Din. What diſmal noiſe[31]! Is there no honour in you?
Cleremont, we are betray'd, betray'd, ſold by a woman!
Deal bravely for thyſelf.

Cler. This comes of rutting!
Are we made ſtales[32] to one another?

Din. Yes;
We are undone, loſt.

Cler. You ſhall pay for't, greybeard!
Up, up! you ſleep your laſt elſe!

[*Lights above, two Servants and Anabel.*

1 *Serv.* No, not yet, Sir.
Lady, look up. Would you have wrong'd this beauty?
Wake ſo tender a virgin with rough terms?
You wear a ſword; we muſt entreat you leave it.

2 *Serv.* Fy, Sir! ſo ſweet a lady?

Cler. Was this my bedfellow?
Pray, give me leave to look! I am not mad yet;
I may be by and by. Did this lie by me?

[31] Din. *What diſmal noiſe?*] Either this is a continuation of *Cleremont's* ſpeech, or ſome marginal direction, as *noiſes within*, is left out; the latter ſeems moſt probable to me, the former to Mr. Sympſon. *Seward.*

We think with Mr. Seward here.

[32] *Are we made* ſtales *to one another.*] *Stales* is a technical name for *decoy-ducks.* *Seward.*

Did I fear this? Is this a cauſe to ſhake at?
Away with me, for ſhame! I am a raſcal.

Enter Champernel, Beaupre, Verdone, Lamira, Anabel, Cleremont, and two Servants.

Din. I am amaz'd too.
Beau. We'll recover you.
Verdone. You walk like Robin Good-fellow, all the houſe over,
And every man afraid of you.
Din. 'Tis well, lady!
The honour of this deed will be your own;
The world ſhall know your bounty.
Beau. What ſhall we do with 'em?
Cler. Geld me;
For 'tis not fit I ſhould be a man again;
I am an aſs, a dog!
Lam. Take your revenges;
You know my huſband's wrongs and your own loſſes.
Ana. A brave man, an admirable brave man!
Well, well, I would not be ſo tried again.
A very handſome proper gentleman!
Cler. Will you let me lie by her but one hour more,
And then hang me?
Din. We wait your malice; put your ſwords home bravely!
You have reaſon to ſeek blood.
Lam. Not, as you are noble!
Champ. Hands off, and give them liberty; only diſarm 'em.
Beau. We have done that already.
Champ. You are welcome, gentlemen!
I am glad my houſe has any pleaſure for you.
I keep a couple of ladies here, they ſay fair,
And you are young and handſome gentlemen:
Have you any more mind to wenches?
Cler. To be abus'd too! Lady, you might have help'd this.
Ana. Sir, now 'tis paſt; but it may be I may ſtand

Your

Your friend hereafter, in a greater matter.
Cler. Never whilſt you live.
Ana. You cannot tell.
Now, Sir, a parting hand.
Cler. Down and roſes!
Well, I may live to ſee you again. A dull rogue!
No revelation in thee?
Lam. Were you well frighted?
Were your fits from the heart? of all colds and colours?
That's all your puniſhment.
Cler. It might have been all yours,
Had not a blockhead undertaken it.
Champ. Your ſwords you muſt leave to theſe gentlemen.
Verdone. And now, when you dare fight,
We are on even ice again.
Din. 'Tis well.
To be a miſtreſs, is to be a monſter [35]!
And ſo I leave your houſe, and you, for ever.
Lam. Leave your wild luſts, and then you are a maſter.
Champ. You may depart too.
Cler. I had rather ſtay here.
Champ. Faith, we ſhall fright you worſe.
Cler. Not in that manner;
There's five hundred crowns, fright me but ſo again.

[35] *To* be *a miſtreſs, is to be a monſter.*] Lamira's anſwer plainly ſhews, that Dinant call'd himſelf, not her, a monſter; *i. e.* a monſtrous fool, as he afterwards ſays more plainly. Mr. Sympſon concurr'd with me in pointing out the corruption, and in the ſenſe that ought to be reſtored. He reads,

To be a miſtreſs's, is to be a monſter;

but as this gives a harſhneſs to the meaſure, I have ventur'd to prefer the correction I had made before the receipt of his. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

To have *a miſtreſs, is to be a monſter.*

Lamira's reply ſeems to argue for the old reading. Dinant ſays, BE *a miſtreſs, is to be a monſter.*—'Leave your luſts, ſays ſhe, and you will not be influenced by a miſtreſs; you will be a *maſter.*' This paſſage, however, may be claſſed among the doubtful ones. *J. N.*

Din. Come, Cleremont, this is the hour of fool.
Cler. Wiſer the next ſhall be, or we'll to ſchool.
[*Exeunt Cler. and Din.*
Champ. How coolly theſe hot gallants are departed!
Faith, couſin, 'twas unconſcionably done,
To lie ſo ſtill, and ſo long;
Ana. 'Twas your pleaſure;
If 'twere a fault, I may hereafter mend.
Champ. Oh, my beſt wife,
Take now what courſe thou wilt, and lead what life.
Lam. The more truſt you commit, the more care ſtill,
Goodneſs and virtue ſhall attend my will.
Champ. Let's laugh this night out now, and count our gains.
We have our honours home, and they their pains.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter Cleremont and Dinant.

Din. IT holds, they will go thither.
Cler. To their ſummer-houſe?
Din. Thither i' th' evening; and, which is the moſt infliction,
Only to inſult upon our miſeries.
Cler. Are you provided?
Din. Yes, yes.
Cler. Throughly?
Din. Throughly.
Cler. Baſta, enough[36]! I have your mind; I will not fail you.
Din. At ſuch an hour.

Cler.

[36] Baſta, *enough.*] Mr. Sympſon obſerves that *enough*, here, was a marginal

Cler. Have I a memory?
A cauſe, and will to do?—Thou art ſo ſullen——
Din. And ſhall be, till I have a fair reparation.
Cler. I have more reaſon, for I 'ſcap'd a fortune,
Which, if I come ſo near again—I ſay nothing;
But if I ſweat not in another faſhion——
Oh, a delicate wench!
Din. 'Tis certain a moſt handſome one.
Cler. And, methought, the thing was angry with itſelf too,
It lay ſo long conceal'd. But I muſt part with you;
I have a ſcene of mirth, to drive this from my heart,
And my hour is come.
Din. Miſs not your time.
Cler. I dare not. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

Enter Sampſon and a Gentleman.

Gent. I preſume, Sir, you now need no inſtruction,
But fairly know what belongs to a gentleman:
You bear your uncle's cauſe.
Samp. Do not diſturb me;
I underſtand my cauſe, and the right carriage.
Gent. Be not too bloody.
Samp. As I find my enemy; if his ſword bite,
If it bite, Sir, you muſt pardon me.
Gent. No doubt he is valiant;
He durſt not undertake elſe.
Samp. He's moſt welcome,
As he's moſt valiant; he were no man for me elſe.
Gent. But ſay he ſhould relent.
Samp. He dies relenting,
(I cannot help it) he muſt die relenting;

---

a marginal explanation of the Italian word *baſta*; and adds nothing to the text but a tautology in ſenſe, and a redundancy in meaſure. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward therefore omits the word *enough*. We cannot think that the old tranſcribers were very ſolicitous to give *marginal explanations*. Many paſſages have been miſtaken for want of them. Repetitions in familiar converſation are common, and often graceful, rather than tautology.

If

If he pray, praying, *ipſo facto*, praying;
(Your honourable way admits no prayer)
And if he fight, he falls; there's his *quietus*.
Gent. You're nobly punctual. Let's retire and meet 'em;
But ſtill, I ſay, have mercy!
Samp. I ſay, honour! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Champernel, Lamira, Anabel, Beaupre, Verdone, Charlotte, and a Servant.

Lam. Will not you go, ſweetheart?
Champ. Go? I'll fly with thee!
I ſtay behind?
Lam. My father will be there too,
And all our beſt friends.
Beau. And if we be not merry,
We have hard luck, lady.
Verdone. Faith, let's have a kind of play.
Champ. What ſhall it be?
Verdone. The ſtory of Dinant.
Lam. With the merry conceits of Cleremont,
His fits and fevers.
Ana. But I'll lie ſtill no more.
Lam. That, as you make the play. 'Twill be rare ſport;
And how 'twill vex my gallants, when they hear it!
Have you giv'n order for the coach?
Char. Yes, madam.
Champ. My eaſy nag, and pad?
Serv. 'Tis making ready.
Champ. Where are your horſes?
Beau. Ready at an hour, Sir.
We'll not be laſt.
Champ. Fly! what a night ſhall we have[37]?

[37] *Champ.* Fy, *what a night ſhall we have.*] As Champernel promotes and not diſcourages the ſcheme of mirth, *fy* is ſurely wrong. It might be *fly*, in anſwer to Beaupre, but I rather think it was a note of joy inſtead of diſapprobation; as *hey!* or ſomething to that effect.

Seward.

Mr. Seward reads, *hey!* We prefer his other conjecture, *fly*, which the next ſpeech ſeems to countenance.

A roaring

A roaring merry night!

Lam. We'll fly at all, Sir.

Champ. I'll fly at thee too, finely, and ſo ruffle thee!
I'll try your art upon a country pallet.

Lam. Brag not too much, for fear I ſhould expect it;
Then, if you fail——

Champ. Thou ſay'ſt too true; we all talk.
But let's in, and prepare, and after dinner
Begin our mirthful pilgrimage.

Lam. He that's ſad,
A crab-fac'd miſtreſs cleave to him for this year!

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleremont and La-Writ.

La-Writ. Since it cannot be the judge——

Cler. 'Tis a great deal better.

La-Writ. You are ſure he is his kinſman? a gentleman?

Cler. As arrant a gentleman, and a brave fellow,
And ſo near to his blood——

La-Writ. It ſhall ſuffice:
I'll ſet him further off, I'll give a remove
Shall quit his kindred; I'll lop him.

Cler. Will you kill him?

La-Writ. An there were no more couſins in the world, I kill him!
I do mean, Sir, to kill all my lord's kindred;
For every cauſe a couſin.

Cler. How if he have no more couſins?

La-Writ. The next a-kin then to his lordſhip's favour;
The man he ſmiles upon.

Cler. Why, this is vengeance,
Horrid, and dire.

La-Writ. I love a dire revenge:
'Give me the man that will all others kill,
And laſt himſelf[18].'

[18] *Give me the man that will all others kill,*
And laſt himſelf.] There is certainly great humour in this quotation, if we knew from whence it was taken. Such a ſentiment, or ſomething

Cler. You ſtole that reſolution.

La-Writ. I had it in a play; but that's all one,
I would ſee it done.

Cler. Come, you muſt be more merciful.

La-Writ. To no lord's couſins in the world; I hate 'em!
A lord's couſin to me is a kind of cockatrice;
If I ſee him firſt, he dies[39].

Cler. A ſtrange antipathy!
What think you of their nieces?

La-Writ. If I like 'em,
They may live, and multiply.—'Tis a cold morning.

Cler. 'Tis ſharp indeed. You've broke your faſt?

La-Writ. No, verily.

Cler. Your valour would have aſk'd a good foundation.

La-Writ. Hang him, I'll kill him faſting.

Enter Sampſon and the Gentleman.

Cler. Here they come.
Bear yourſelf, in your language, ſmooth and gently;
When your ſwords argue——

La-Writ. Pray, Sir, ſpare your precepts.

Gent. I have brought you, Sir——

La-Writ. 'Tis very well; no words.
You're welcome, Sir!

Samp. I thank you, Sir; few words.

La-Writ. I'll kill you for your uncle's ſake.

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thing like this ſentiment, had probably been introduced as a piece of ſerious ſublimity; for had it been before comic only, there would be no humour in the quotation. Whoever reads Almanzor, wrote by ſo eminent a poet as Mr. Dryden, will not wonder to find ſentiments as ridiculous as this in tragedies of ſome note. *Seward.*

[39] *If I ſee him firſt he dies.*

A ſtrange antipathy.] Did the latter part belong to *La-Writ*, the line would have been continued, for the three firſt monoſyllables being contracted by the reader into two, (a liberty the old Poets often uſe) the verſe is compleat. This, together with the humour the ſentiment receives, by making it the obſervation of *Cleremont* upon what *La-Writ* had ſaid, ſeems to prove ſufficiently that it belongs to him. *Seward.*

Samp.

Samp. I love you;
I'll cut your throat for your own ſake.
La-Writ. I eſteem of you [40].
Cler. Let's render 'em honeſt and fair gentlemen.
Search my friend, I'll ſearch yours.
Gent. That's quickly done.
Cler. You come with no ſpells, nor witchcrafts?
Samp. I come fairly, to kill him honeſtly.
La-Writ. Hang ſpells and witchcrafts!
I come to kill my lord's nephew like a gentleman;
And ſo I kiſs his hand.
Gent. This doublet is too ſtiff.
La-Writ. Off with't; I hate it, [*He ſtrips.*
And all ſuch fortifications: Feel my ſkin;
If that be ſtiff, flea that off too.
Gent. 'Tis no ſoft one.
La-Writ. Off with 't, I ſay!
I'll fight with him like a flead cat.
Gent. You're well, you're well.
Cler. You muſt uncaſe too.
Samp. Yes, Sir.
But tell me this, why ſhould I mix mine honour
With a fellow that has ne'er a lace in's ſhirt?
Gent. That's a main point; my friend has two.
Cler. That's true, Sir.
La-Writ. Baſe and degen'rate couſin, doſt not thou know,
An old and tatter'd colours to the enemy
Is of more honour, and ſhews more ominous?
This ſhirt five times victorious I have fought under,
And cut thro' ſquadrons of your curious cut-works,
As I will do thro' thine. Shake, and be ſatisfied!

[40] *I eſteem of you.*] The *of* ſeems here only to hurt both ſenſe and meaſure. This is a fine continuation of the banter on the French politeneſs in duelling. And I doubt not but our Poets who ſo often, and with ſuch infinite variety of humour, have banter'd the ſhocking faſhion of their age, of fighting for every trifle, did not little contribute to the reformation of their countrymen in that particular. *Seward.*

[41] There is a ſtiff complaiſant formality in the *of*; and it is perfectly in the ſtile, not only of the character, but of the times.

Cler.

Cler. This is unanſwerable.
Samp. But may I fight
With a foul ſhirt?
Gent. Moſt certain, ſo it be
A fighting ſhirt, let it be ne'er ſo foul, or louſy:
Cæſar wore ſuch a one.
Samp. Saint Denis, then!
I accept your ſhirt.
Cler. Not ſo forward; firſt, you muſt talk;
(It is a main point of the French method)
Talk civilly, and make your cauſe authentic.
Gent. No weapon muſt be near you, nor no anger.
Cler. When you have done, then ſtir your reſolutions;
Take to your weapons bravely.
La-Writ. 'Tis too cold:
This for a ſummer fight.
Cler. Not for a world
You ſhould tranſgreſs the rules——
Samp. 'Tis peeviſh weather;
I'd rather fight without.
Gent. An 'twere in a river——
Cler. Where both ſtood up to th' chins!
La-Writ. Then let's talk quickly.
Plague o' this circumſtance!
Cler. Are the horſes come yet?
Gent. Yes, certain.—Give your ſwords to us; now, civilly.
Cler. We'll ſtand a while off.—Take the things, and leave 'em—
You know when—and let the children play:
This is a dainty time of year for puppies.
'Would the old lord were here!
Gent. He'd die with laughter.
Cler. I'm ſorry I've no time to ſee this game out;
Away, away!
Gent. Here's like to be a hot fight.
Call when ye're fit. [*Exeunt Cler. and Gent.*
La-Writ. Why, look you, Sir, you ſeem to be a gentleman,

And

And you come in honour of your uncle—Boh, boh,
'tis very cold!—
Your uncle has offer'd me ſome few affronts,
Paſt fleſh and blood to bear—Boh, boh, wondrous
cold!

Samp. My lord, mine uncle, is an honourable man,
And what he offers—Boh, boh, cold indeed!—
Having made choice of me (an unworthy kinſman,
Yet take me with you)—Boh, boh, peſtilence cold!—
Not altogether——

La-Writ. Boh, boh—I ſay altogether.

Samp. You ſay you know not what then—Boh,
boh—Sir.

La-Writ. Sir me with your ſword in your hand. You
have
A ſcurvy uncle, you have a moſt ſcurvy cauſe,
And you are—Boh, boh!

Samp. Boh, boh—What?

La-Writ. A ſhitten ſcurvy couſin!

Samp. Our ſwords, our ſwords!
Thou art a dog; and, like a dog—Our ſwords!

La-Writ. Our weapons, gentlemen!—Ha! where's
your ſecond?

Samp. Where's yours?

La-Writ. So ho! our weapons!

Samp. Wa, ha, ho! our weapons!
Our doublets, and our weapons!—I am dead.

La-Writ. Firſt, ſecond, third—A plague be wi' you,
gentlemen!

Samp. Are theſe the rules of honour? I am ſtarv'd.

La-Writ. They're gone, and we are here. What
ſhall we do?

Samp. Oh, for a couple of faggots!

La-Writ. Hang a couple of faggots!
Dar'ſt thou take a killing cold with me?

Samp. I have it already.

La-Writ. Rogues, thieves—Boh, boh—Run away
with our doublets!
To fight at buffets now, 'twere ſuch a may-game!

Samp.

Samp. There were no honour in't; plague on't, 'tis ſcurvy!

La-Writ. Or to revenge my wrongs at fiſty-cuffs?

Samp. My lord mine uncle's cauſe depend on boxes?

La-Writ. Let's go in queſt. If ever we recover'em—

Samp. Ay, come, our colds together, and our doublets.

La-Writ. Give me thy hand; thou art a valiant gentleman!

I ſay, if ever we recover 'em——

Samp. Let's get into a houſe, and warm our hearts.

La-Writ. There's ne'er a houſe within this mile. Beat me,

Kick me and beat me as I go, and I'll beat thee too,

To keep us warm. If ever we recover 'em——

Kick hard; I'm frozen. So ſo; now I feel it.

Samp. I am dull yet.

La-Writ. I'll warm thee, I'll warm thee—Gentlemen! Rogues, thieves, thieves! Run now; I'll follow thee.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Vertaign, Champernel, Beaupre, Verdone, Lamira, Anabel, Charlotte, and Nurſe.

Vert. Uſe legs, and have legs.

Champ. You that have legs ſay ſo;

I put my one to too much ſtreſs.

Verd. Your horſe, Sir,

Will meet you within half a mile.

Lam. I like

The walk ſo well, I ſhould not miſs my coach,

Tho' it were further. Anabel, thou'rt ſad:

What ails my niece?

Beau. She is ſtill muſing, ſiſter,

How quietly her late bedfellow lay by her.

Nurſe. Old as I am, he would have ſtartled me;

Nor can you blame her.

Char. Had I ta'en her place,

I know not, but I fear, I ſhould ha' ſhriek'd,

Tho' he had never offer'd——

Ana. Out upon thee;

Thou

Thou wouldſt have taught him.
Char. I think, with your pardon,
That you wiſh now you had.
Ana. I am glad I yield you [*Cornet.*
Such ample ſcope of mirth. [*Muſick within.*
Vert. Nay, be not angry;
There's no ill meant. Ha! muſick? and choice muſick?
Champ. 'Tis near us in the grove. What courteous bounty
Beſtows it on us? My dancing days are done;
Yet I would thank the giver, did I know him.
Verdone. 'Tis, queſtionleſs, ſome one of your own village,
That, hearing of your purpos'd journey thither,
Prepares it for your entertainment, and
The honour of my lady.
Lam. I think rather,
Some of your lordſhip's clients.
Beau. What ſay you, couſin,
If they ſhould prove your ſuitors?
Verdone. That's moſt likely!
Nurſe. I ſay, if you are noble, be't who will,
Go preſently, and thank 'em. I can jump yet,
Or tread a meaſure.
Lam. Like a miller's mare.
Nurſe. I warrant you, well enough to ſerve the country.
I'll make one, and lead the way. [*Exit.*
Char. Do you note
How zealous the old crone is?
Lam. And you tirter
As eagerly as ſhe. Come, ſweet, we'll follow;
No ill can be intended. [*Muſick ends.*
Champ. I ne'er fear'd yet. [*Exeunt.*

SONG IN THE WOOD.

This way, this way come, and hear,
You that hold theſe pleaſures dear;
Fill your ears with our ſweet ſound,
Whilſt we melt the frozen ground.

This way come; make haſte, oh, fair!
Let your clear eyes gild the air;
Come, and bleſs us with your ſight;
This way, this way, ſeek delight!

Enter a company of Gentlemen, like ruffians.

1 *Gent.* They are ours; but draw them on a little further
From the foot-path into the neighb'ring thicket,
And we may do't as ſafe as in a caſtle.

2 *Gent.* They follow ſtill; the preſident Vertaigne
Comes on apace, and Champernel limps after;
The women, as if they had wings, and walk'd
Upon the air, fly to us.

1 *Gent.* They are welcome;
We'll make 'em ſport. Make a ſtand here. All know
How we are to proceed?

2 *Gent.* We are inſtructed. [*Muſick continues within.*

Enter Vertaign, Champernel, Beaupre, Verdone, Lamira, Anabel, Nurſe, and Charlotte.

1 *Gent.* One ſtrain or two more.—Excellent; they're come.

Nurſe. We cannot miſs; in ſuch a buſineſs, yet
Mine ear ne'er fail'd me.

Char. 'Would we were at it once!
I do not walk, but dance.

1 *Gent.* You ſhall have dancing!
Begin; and when I give the word——

2 *Gent.* No more:
We are inſtructed. [*Dance; after which, the Gentlemen ruſh on Beaupre and company.*] Now!

Beau. But win us fairly!

1 *Gent.* Oh, Sir, we do not come to try your valour,
But to poſſeſs you; yet we uſe you kindly,
In that, like Engliſh thieves, we kill you not,
But are contented with the ſpoil.

Vert. Oh, Heav'n!
How hath mine age deſerv'd this?

Champ. Hell confound it!

This

This comes of walking! Had I kept my legs,
Or my good horſe, my armour on,
My ſtaff in my reſt, and this good ſword to friend [41],
How I would break and ſcatter theſe!
All Gent. Ha, ha, ha!
Champ. Do you ſcorn me, rogues?
Nurſe. Nay, gentlemen, kind gentlemen,
Or honeſt keepers of theſe woods! but hear me;
Be not ſo rough! If you are taken with
My beauty, as it hath been worth the ſeeking,
Some one or two of you try me in private;
You ſhall not find me ſqueamiſh.
Char. Do not kill me,
And do your worſt; I'll ſuffer.
Lam. Peace, vile creatures!
Vert. D'you know me, or my place, that you preſume not
To touch my perſon?
1 *Gent.* If you are well, reſt ſo;
Provoke not angry waſps.
Vert. You're waſps indeed,
Never created to yield wax or honey,
But for your country's torment. Yet, if you are men,
(As you ſeem ſuch in ſhape) if true-born Frenchmen,
However want compels you to theſe courſes,
Reſt ſatisfied with what you can take from us,
(Theſe ladies' honours, and our liberties ſafe)
We freely give it.
1 *Gent.* You give but our own.
Vert. Look on theſe grey hairs, as you would be old!
Their tears, as you would have yours to find mercy
When juſtice ſhall o'ertake you!
Champ. Look on me,
Look on me, raſcals, and learn of me too,

[41] *And this good ſword* too, *friend.*] Mr. Sympſon has undoubtedly hit on the true reading here,

——————*my ſword* to *friend*,

i. e. to *befriend* me: Is an expreſſion common to the beſt writers. *Seward.*

That have been in ſome part of your profeſſion,
Before that moſt of you e'er ſuck'd, I know it;
I have rode hard, and late too.

Vert. Take heed, Sir.

Champ. Then uſe me like a brother of the trade,
For I have been at ſea, as you on land are.
Reſtore my matrimony undefil'd,
Wrong not my niece, and, for our gold or ſilver,
If I purſue you, hang me!

Nurſe. 'Tis well offer'd;
And, as I ſaid, ſweet gentlemen with ſour faces,
If you are high, and want ſome ſport, or ſo,
(As living without action here, you may do)
Forbear their tender griſtles; they are meat
Will waſh away, there is no ſubſtance in it;
We that are expert in the game, and tough too,
Will hold you play.

Enter Dinant and Cleremont.

1 *Gent.* This hen longs to be trodden.

Din. Lacquey, my horſe!

Cler. This way, I heard the cries
Of diſtreſs'd women.

2 *Gent.* Stand upon your guard!

Din. Who's here? my witty, ſcornful lady-plot,
I' th' hands of ruffians?

Cler. And my fine cold virgin,
That was inſenſible of man, and woman?

Din. Juſtice too, without a ſword to guard itſelf?

Cler. And valour with its hands bound?

Din. And the great ſoldier dull?
Why, this is ſtrange.

Lam. Dinant, as thou art noble——

Ana. As thou art valiant, Cleremont——

Lam. As ever I
Appeared lovely——

Ana. As you ever hope
For what I would give gladly——

Cler. Pretty conjurations!

Lam.

Lam. All injuries a little laid behind you——
Ana. Shew yourſelves men, and help us.
Din. Tho' your many
And groſs abuſes of me ſhould more move me
To triumph in your mis'ries than relieve you,
Yet, that hereafter you may know that I,
The ſcorn'd and deſpis'd Dinant, know what does
Belong to honour, thus——
Cler. I will ſay little; [*Fight.*
Speak thou for me!
Champ. 'Tis bravely fought.
Vert. Brave tempers,
To do thus for their enemies!
Champ. They're loſt yet.
1 *Gent.* You that would reſcue others, ſhall now feel
What they were born to.
2 *Gent.* Hurry them away! [*Exeunt.*

Manent Vertaigne and Champernel.

Champ. That I could follow them!
Vert. I only can
Lament my fortune, and deſire of Heaven
A little life for my revenge.
Champ. The provoſt
Shall fire the woods, but I will find 'em out:
No cave, no rock, nor hell, ſhall keep them from
My ſcorching vengeance!

Enter La-Writ and Sampſon.

La-Writ. Oh, cold! oh, fearful cold! Plague of all ſeconds.
Samp. Oh, for a pint of burnt wine, or a ſip
Of aquafortis!
Champ. The rogues have met with theſe two,
Upon my life, and robb'd 'em.
La-Writ. As you are honourable gentlemen,
Impart unto a couple of cold combatants——
Samp. My lord mine uncle, as I live!
La-Writ. Pox take him!

How that word has warm'd my mouth!
Vert. Why, how now, couſin?
Why, why—and where, man, have you been? at a poulter's,
That you are cas'd thus like a rabbet? I could laugh now,
And I ſhall laugh, for all I have loſt my children,
Laugh monſtrouſly.
Champ. What are they?
Vert. Give me leave, Sir;
Laugh more and more, never leave laughing!
Champ. Why, Sir?
Vert. Why, 'tis ſuch a thing, (I ſmell it, Sir, I ſmell it)
Such a ridiculous thing!——
La-Writ. Do you laugh at me, my lord?
I'm very cold, but that ſhould not be laugh'd at.
Champ. What art thou?
La Writ. What art thou?
Samp. If he had his doublet,
And his ſword by his ſide, as a gentleman ought to have——
Vert. Peace, monſieur Sampſon!
Champ. Come hither, little gentleman.
La-Writ. Baſe is the ſlave commanded: Come to me.
Vert. This is the Little Advocate.
Champ. What Advocate?
Vert. The Little Advocate that ſent me a challenge.
I told you that my nephew undertook it,
And what 'twas like to prove: Now you ſee the iſſue.
Champ. Is this the Little Lawyer?
La-Writ. You have a ſword, Sir,
And I have none; you have a doublet too,
That keeps you warm, and makes you merry,
Samp. If your lordſhip knew
The nature and the nobleneſs of the gentleman,
Tho' he ſhew ſlight here, and at what guſts [42] of danger

[42] *And at what* guſts *of danger*
His manhood has arrived.] Mr. Seward, diſliking the word *guſts*, reads,

——*at*

His manhood has arriv'd, but that mens' fates are
foolish,
And often headlong over-run their fortunes——
La-Writ. That Little Lawyer would so prick his
ears up,
And bite your honour by the nose——
Champ. Say you so, Sir?
La-Writ. So niggle about your grave shins, lord
Vertaigne, too——
Samp. No more, sweet gentleman; no more of that,
Sir.
La-Writ. I will have more, I must have more.
Vert. Out with it.
Samp. Nay, he is as brave a fellow——
Champ. Have I caught you? [*Strikes him down.*
Vert. Do not kill him, do not kill him.
Champ. No, no, no, I will not.
D'you peep again? Down, down, proud heart!
Samp. Oh, valour!
Look up, brave friend. I have no means to rescue thee.
My kingdom for a sword[43]!
Champ. I'll sword you presently;

——— *at what* just *of danger*
His manhood has arrived,

'i. e. says he, *What dangerous tournements his manhood has been engaged in.* It is a technical word in knight-errantry, and perfectly 'suitable to the errant knight that utters it.' The conjecture is probable, but we see no difficulty in GUST's *of danger*.

[43] *My kingdom for a sword.*] Mr. Sympson thinks this a stupid sneer at Shakespeare, and Mr. Theobald always us'd to look on every such jocular quotation from him, as so many sneers. For my part, I think it no more a sneer upon Shakespeare, than the Battle of the Frogs and Mice is upon the Iliad, or the Splendid Shilling upon Paradise Lost. Every sentiment, or expression of *dignity* and *sublimity*, when applied to a *ridiculous* subject, serves only by its *contrast* to render the subject more *ridiculous*. Thus, *et tu Brute* below, cannot possibly be a sneer upon Shakespeare, who does nothing but transcribe the very expression Cæsar made use of at his death; at least the Latin translation of it. But Sampson assuming the distress of Richard the Third and La-Writ the dignity of Cæsar in his fall, extremely heighten the comic droliery of their characters. Thus again, in an emendation of Mr. Sympson's, note 11, in this very play, [a *pretended* emendation!]

What mister thing is this?

As Spenser had stamp'd a dignity upon the obsolete word *mister*, it is

I'll claw your ſkin-coat too.
Vert. Away, good Sampſon;
You go to graſs elſe inſtantly.
Samp. But do not murder my brave friend,
Vert. Not one word.
Champ. If you do, ſirrah——
Samp. Muſt I go off diſhonour'd?
Adverſity tries valour; ſo I leave thee! [*Exit.*
Champ. Are you a Lawyer, Sir?
La Writ. I was, I was, Sir.
Champ. Nay, never look; your Lawyer's pate is broken,
And your litigious blood about your ears, ſirrah!
Why do you fight and ſnarl?
La Writ. I was poſſeſs'd.
Champ. I'll diſpoſſeſs you.
Vert Ha, ha, ha!
La-Writ. Et tu, Brute?
Vert. Beat him no more.
Champ. Alas, Sir, I muſt beat him,
Beat him into his buſineſs again; he will be loſt elſe.
Vert. Then, take your way.
Champ. Lie ſtill, and do not ſtruggle.
La Writ. I am patient.
I never ſaw my blood before; it jades me:
I have no more heart now than a gooſe.
Champ Why, ſirrah,
Why do you leave your trade, your trade of living
And ſend your challenges like thunderbolts,
To men of honour'd place?

---

with great humour applied to La-Writ. But is Spenſer *ſneer'd* by the application? No; Fletcher was ſo far from ſneering, that he almoſt *idoliz'd* him; as is ſhewn in note 76 on the Faithful Shepherdeſs. *Seward.*

After all, it cannot be denied that our Poets, as well as Ben Jonſon, have certainly more than once indulged themſelves in ſneering alluſions to the Works of Shakeſpeare.

44 *Your trade, your trade of living.*] *i. e.* Your trade by which you are to get your livelihood, and without which you muſt ſtarve. I add this explanation becauſe Mr. Sympſon, taking *trade of living* only for *way of living*, thought it a ſtrange tautology. *Seward.*

La-

La-Writ. I underſtand, Sir;
I never underſtood before your beating.
Champ. Does this
Work on you?
La-Writ. Yes.
Champ. D'you thank me for't?
La-Writ. As well
As a beaten man can.
Champ. And d'you promiſe me,
To fall cloſe to your trade again? leave brawling?
La-Writ. If you will give me leave and life.
Champ. And aſk this nobleman forgiveneſs?
La-Writ. Heartily.
Champ. Riſe then, and get you gone; and let me hear of you
As of an advocate new vamp'd. No more words;
Get you off quickly, and make no murmurs;
I ſhall purſue you elſe.
La-Writ. I have done, ſweet gentlemen. [*Exit.*
Vert. But we forget ourſelves, our friends, and children.
Champ. We'll raiſe the country firſt, then take our fortunes. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Firſt Gentleman and Lamira.

1 *Gent.* Shall I entreat for what I may command?
Lam. Think on my birth.
1 *Gent.* Here I am only noble,
A king, and thou in my dominions, fool,
A ſubject, and a ſlave.
Lam. Be not a tyrant,
A raviſher of honour, gentle Sir,
And I will think you ſuch; and on my knees,
As to my ſov'reign, pay a ſubject's duty,
With prayers and tears.
1 *Gent.* I like this humble carriage:
I will walk by; but kneel you ſtill, and weep too,
(It ſhews well) while I meditate on the prey,
Before I ſeize it.
Lam. Is there no mercy, Heav'n?

Enter

Enter Second Gentleman and Anabel.

2 *Gent.* Not kiſs you? I will kiſs, and kiſs again.
Ana. Savage villain!
My innocence be my ſtrength! I do defy thee,
Thus ſcorn and ſpit at thee. Will you come on, Sir?
You're hot; there is a cooler.
2 *Gent.* A virago?
Ana. No, loathſome goat, more, more; I am that goddeſs,
That here with whips of ſteel, in hell hereafter,
Scourge rape and theft.
2 *Gent.* I'll try your deity.
Ana. My chaſtity, and this knife held by a virgin,
Againſt thy luſt, thy ſword, and thee a beaſt,
Call on for the encounter.
2 *Gent.* Now what think you?
Are you a goddeſs? [*Throws her and takes her knife.*
Ana. In me their pow'r ſuffers
That ſhould protect the innocent.
1 *Gent.* I am
All fire, and thou ſhalt quench it, and ſerve my pleaſures.
Come, partner in the ſpoil and the reward,
Let us enjoy our purchaſe.
Lam. Oh, Dinant!
Oh, Heav'n! oh, huſband!
Ana. Oh, my Cleremont!
1 *Gent.* Two are our ſlaves they call on; bring 'em forth,
As they are chain'd together; let them ſee,
And ſuffer in the object.

Enter Dinant and Cleremont, bound, and the reſt of the Gentlemen.

2 *Gent.* While we ſit
And without pity hear 'em.
Cler. By my life,
I ſuffer more for thee than for myſelf.

Din.

Din. Be a man, Cleremont, and look upon 'em
As ſuch that not alone abus'd our ſervice,
Fed us with hopes moſt bitter in digeſtion,
But, when love fail'd, to draw on further miſchief,
The baits they laid for us were our own honours,
Which thus hath made us ſlaves too, worſe than ſlaves.

2 *Gent.* He dies.

1 *Gent.* Pray hold; give him a little reſpite.

Din. I ſee you now beyond expreſſion wretched,
The wit you bragg'd of fool'd, that boaſted honour,
(As you believ'd, compaſs'd with walls of braſs,
To guard it ſure) ſubject to be o'erthrown
With the leaſt blaſt of luſt.

Lam. A moſt ſad truth.

Din. That confidence, which was not to be ſhaken,
In a perpetual fever, and thoſe favours,
Which, with ſo ſtrong and ceremonious duty,
Your lover and a gentleman long ſought for,
Sought, ſued, and kneel'd in vain for, muſt you yield up
To a licentious villain, that will hardly
Allow you thanks for't.

Cler. Something I muſt ſay too,
And to you, pretty one, tho' crying one.
To be hang'd now, when theſe worſhipful benchers
Are pleaſe,
(Tho' I know not their faces that condemn me)
A little ſtartles me; but a man is nothing,
A maidenhead is the thing, the thing all aim at.
Do not you wiſh now, and wiſh from your heart too,
When, ſcarce ſweet with my fears, I long lay by you,
(Thoſe fears you and your good aunt put upon me,
To make you ſport) you'd given a little hint,
A touch or ſo, to tell me I was mortal,
And by a mortal woman?

Ana. Pray you no more!

Cler. If I had loos'd that virgin zone, obſerve me,
I would have hir'd the beſt of all our poets
To've ſung ſo much, and ſo well, in the honour
Of that night's joy; that Ovid's Afternoon,

Nor

Nor his Corinna, ſhould again be mention'd.

Ana. I do repent, and wiſh I had.

Cler. That's comfort.

But now——

2 *Gent.* Another, that will have it offer'd,
Compel it to be offer'd, ſhall enjoy it!

Cler. A rogue, a ruffian?

2 *Gent.* As you love your throat——

1 *Gent.* Away with them.

Ana. Oh, Cleremont!

Lam. Oh, Dinant!

Din. I can but add your ſorrows to my ſorrows,
Your fears to my fears.

Cler. To your wiſhes mine,
This ſlave may prove unable to perform,
'Till I perform the taſk that I was born for.

Ana. Amen, amen!

1 *Gent.* Drag the ſlaves hence. For you,
A while I'll lock you up here: Study all ways
You can to pleaſe me, or, the deed being done,
You are but dead.

2 *Gent.* This ſtrong vault ſhall contain you;
There think how many for your maiden head
Have pin'd away, and be prepar'd to loſe it
With penitence.

1 *Gent.* No human help can ſave you.

Ladies. Help, help!

2 *Gent.* You cry in vain; rocks cannot hear you.

ACT V.

A horrid noiſe of muſick within. Enter one and opens the door, within which Lamira and Anabel were ſhut, they in fear.

Lam. OH, couſin, how I ſhake all this long night!
What frights and noiſes we have heard!
Still they encreaſe.
The villains put on ſhapes to torture us [45],
And, to their devils, form ſuch preparations
As if they were a-hatching new diſhonours,
And fatal ruin, paſt dull man's invention.
Go not too far, and pray, good couſin Anabel!
Hark, a new noiſe!

[*A ſtrange muſick, ſackbut, and troop-muſick.*

Ana. They're exquiſite in miſchief.
I will go on; this room gives no protection,
More than the next. What's that? How ſad and hollow,
The ſound comes to us! [*Gent. peeping.*

Lam. Groaning, or ſinging, is it? [*Louder noiſe.*

Ana. The wind, I think, murmuring amongſt old rooms.

Lam. Now it grows louder; ſure ſome ſad preſage
Of our foul loſs.—[*Peep.*]—Look, now they peep.

Ana. Pox peep 'em!

Lam. Oh, give them gentle language.

Ana. Give 'em rats-bane. [*Peep above.*

Lam. Now they're above.

Ana. I would they were i' th' centre.

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45 *The villains put on ſhapes to torture us,*
And to their devils form *ſuch preparations*
As if they were, &c.] The former editors, by their pointing and making *devils* the *plural* number inſtead of the *genitive ſingular*, ſeem to have taken *form* for a verb; but then they leave *and to their devils* without any ſenſe at all. *Seward.*

The old pointing gives, we think, the ſame ſenſe with Seward's, and avoids the hardneſs of PUT ON *preparation*. To *their devils*, ſignifies BESIDES *their devils*, like which they were diſguiſed.

Lam.

Lam. Thou art ſo fooliſh deſperate.
Ana. Since we muſt loſe——
Lam. Call 'em brave fellows, gentlemen.
Ana. Call 'em rogues,
Rogues as they are, rude rogues, uncivil villains!
Lam. Look, an thou woo't beware; doſt thou feel the danger?
Ana. 'Till the danger feel me, thus will I talk ſtill,
And worſe when that comes too; they cannot eat me.
This is a puniſhment upon our own prides
Moſt juſtly laid: We muſt abuſe brave gentlemen,
Make 'em tame fools, and hobby-horſes; laugh and jeer at
Such men too, and ſo handſome and ſo noble,
That, howſoe'er we ſeem'd to carry it——
'Would 'twere to do again!
Lam. I do confeſs, couſin,
It was too harſh, too fooliſh.
Ana. Do you feel it?
D'you find it now? take heed o' th' puniſhment.
We might have had two gallant gentlemen,
Proper, and young; oh, how it tortures me!
Two devils now, two raſcals, two and twenty——
Lam. Oh, think not ſo.
Ana. Nay, an we 'ſcape ſo modeſtly——
Lam. May we be worthy any eyes, or knowledge,
When we are us'd thus?
Ana. Why not? why d'you cry?
Are we not women ſtill? what were we made for?
Lam. But thus, thus baſely——
Ana. 'Tis againſt our wills;
And if there come a thouſand, ſo——
Lam. Out on thee!
Ana. You are a fool: What we cannot reſiſt,
Why ſhould we grieve and bluſh for? There be women,
And they that bear the name of excellent women,
Would give their whole eſtates to meet this fortune.
Lam. Hark, a new noiſe! [*New ſound within.*
Ana. Let 'em go on; I fear not.

If

If wrangling, fighting and ſcratching cannot preſerve me,
Why, ſo be it, couſin. If I be ordain'd
To breed a race of rogues——

Enter four over the ſtage, with Beaupre and Verdone bound, and halters about their necks.

Lam. They come.
Ana. Be firm;
They're welcome.
Lam. What maſk of death is this? Oh, my dear brother!
Ana. My coz too? why, now you're glorious villains!
Lam. Oh, ſhall we loſe our honours?
Ana. Let 'em go;
When death prepares the way, they are but pageants.
Why muſt theſe die?
Beau. Lament your own misfortunes;
We periſh happily before your ruins.
Ana. Has miſchief ne'er a tongue?
1 *Gent.* Yes, fooliſh woman,
Our captain's will is death.
Ana. You dare not do it.
Tell thy baſe boiſtrous captain what I ſay,
Thy lawleſs captain, that he dares not do it!
D'you laugh, you rogue? you pamper'd rogue?
Lam. Good Sir,
(Good couſin, gently!) as you're a gentleman——
Ana. A gentleman? A ſlave, a dog, the devil's harbinger!
Lam. Sir, as you had a mother——
Ana. He a mother?
Shame not the name of mother! A ſhe-bear,
A bloody old wolf-bitch! A woman-mother?
Looks that rude lump, as if he had a mother?
Intreat him? Hang him! Do thy worſt; thou dar'ſt not,
Thou dar'ſt not wrong their lives; thy captain dares not;
They're perſons of more price.
Verdone. Whate'er we ſuffer,

Let

Let not your angers wrong you.

Ana. You cannot ſuffer;
The men that do this deed muſt live i'th' moon,
Free from the gripe of juſtice.

Lam. Is it not better——

Ana. Is it not better? Let 'em go on like raſcals,
And put falſe faces on? they dare not do it!
Flatter ſuch ſcabs of nature?

Gent. Woman, woman,
The next work is with you.

Ana. Unbind thoſe gentlemen,
And put their fatal fortunes on our necks.

Lam. As you have mercy, do!

Ana. As you are monſters!

Lam. Fright us no more with ſhipwreck of our honours;
Nor, if there be a guilt by us committed,
Let it endanger thoſe.

Ana. I ſay, they dare not.
There be a thouſand gallowſes, ye rogues!
Tortures, ye bloody rogues! wheels!

Gent. Away.

Lam. Stay.

Ana. Stay;
Stay, and I'll flatter too. Good ſweet-fac'd gentlemen,
You excellent in honeſty!—Oh, kinſmen!
Oh, noble kinſmen!

Gent. Away with 'em! [*Exe. Verd. Beau. and Gent.*

Ana. Stay yet.——
The devil and his lovely dam walk with you!
Come, fortify yourſelf; if they do die,
(Which all their ruggedneſs can't rack into me)
They cannot find an hour more innocent,
Nor more friends to revenge 'em.

Enter Cleremont, diſguiſed.

Lam. Now ſtand conſtant;
For now our trial's come.

Cler. This beauty's mine;

Your

Your minute moves not yet.
Lam. She ſinks!——If Chriſtian,
If any ſpark of noble heat——
Cler. Riſe, lady,
And fearleſs riſe; there's no diſhonour meant you.
D' you know my tongue?
Ana. I've heard it.
Cler. Mark it better.
I'm one that loves you; fairly, nobly loves you.
Look on my face.
Ana. Oh, Sir!
Cler. No more words; ſoftly,
Hark, but hark wiſely how, underſtand well,
Suſpect not, fear not.
Ana. You have brought me comfort.
Cler. If you dare think me worthy of your huſband[46],
I am no rogue nor beggar, if you dare do thus——
Ana. You're Monſieur Cleremont?
Cler. I am the ſame.
If you dare venture, ſpeak; if not, I leave you,
And leave you to the mercy of theſe villains,
That will not wooe you much.
Ana. Save my reputation,
And free me from theſe ſlaves!
Cler. By this kiſs, I'll do it,
And from the leaſt diſhonour they dare aim at you.
I have a prieſt too ſhall be ready.
Ana. You are forward.
Lam. Is this my conſtant couſin? How ſhe whiſpers,
Kiſſes and hugs the thief!
Ana. You'll offer nothing?
Cler. 'Till all be tied, not, as I am a gentleman.
Ana. Can you relieve my aunt too?
Cler. Not yet, miſtreſs,
But fear nothing; all ſhall be well. Away quickly;
It muſt be done i' th' moment, or——

[46] *If you think me worthy of your huſband.*] The word *dare* being twice repeated afterwards, in repeating this queſtion, and the want of a ſyllable in the verſe, ſeem to prove it accidentally dropt from this line. *Seward.*

Ana. I'm with you.

Cler. I'll know now who ſleeps by me.—Keep your ſtanding. [*Exeunt Cler. and Anabel.*

Lam. Well, go thy way, and thine own ſhame dwell with thee!

Is this the conſtancy ſhe ſhew'd, the bravery?
The dear love and the life ſhe ow'd her kinſmen?
Oh, brave tongue-valiant[47], and vain-glorious woman!
Is this the noble anger you arriv'd at?
Are theſe the thieves you ſcorn'd, the rogues you rail'd at,
The ſcabs and ſcums of nature? Oh, fair modeſty,
Excellent virtue, whither art thou fled?
What hand of Heav'n is over us[48], when ſtrong virgins
Yield to their fears, and to their fears their fortunes?
Never, Belief, come near me more! Farewell, wench,
A long farewell from all that ever knew thee!
My turn is next; I am reſolv'd. I comes;
But in a nobler ſhape! Ha!

47 *O brave* tongue, valiant glorious *woman*!] Mr. Sympſon concurr'd with me in reading *tongue-valiant*. It is highly probable that Milton read it ſo, for he ſeems to imitate it in his Samſon Agoniſtes: Samſon calls Haraphar *tongue-doughty giant*; and this is not the firſt time in this play that Milton, in that very ſcene, ſeems to have imitated our Authors. What Champernel ſays in the ſecond ſcene of the firſt act,

——[*Oh, that I had thee*
In ſome cloſe vault, that only would yield room
To me to uſe my ſword, to thee no hope
To run away.]

Milton puts, with a ſmall change of expreſſion, into Samſon's mouth,

'Therefore without feign'd ſhifts let be aſſign'd
'Some narrow place inclos'd, where ſight may give thee,
'Or rather flight, no great advantage of me.'

But beſide the corruption of *tongue-valiant*, the word *glorious* ſeems to have loſt its proper conſort, which both the ſenſe and verſe require to be reſtor'd: I read therefore,

O brave tongue-valiant, and vain-*glorious woman!*

Dinant ſays, a little below, to Lamira,

That ſpring of chaſtity that fed your pride,
And grew into a river of vain-glory.

This confirms the conjecture above. *Seward.*

48 *What hand O Heav'n is over us.*] Thus read all editions but the firſt.

Enter

Enter Dinant.

Din. Bleſs you, lady!

Lam. Indeed, Sir, I had need of many bleſſings;
For all the hours I have had ſince I came here,
Have been ſo many curſes. How got you liberty?
For I preſume you come to comfort me.

Din. To comfort you, and love you, 'tis moſt true;
My bondage was as yours, as full of bitterneſs,
And every hour my death.

Lam. Heav'n was your comfort.

Din. 'Till the laſt evening, ſitting full of ſadneſs,
Wailing, ſweet miſtreſs, your unhappy fortunes,
(Mine own I'd the leaſt care of) round about me
The captain and the company ſtood gaping,
When I began the ſtory of my love
To you, fair ſaint, and with ſo full a ſorrow
Follow'd each point, that, e'en from thoſe rude eyes,
That never knew what pity meant, or mercy,
There ſtole down ſoft relentings: (Take heed, miſtreſs,
And let not ſuch unholy hearts out-do you!
The ſoft-plum'd god will ſee again!) Thus taken,
As men transform'd with the ſtrange tale I told,
They ſtood amaz'd; then bid me riſe and live,
Take liberty and means to ſee your perſon,
And wiſh'd me proſperous in your love: Wiſh you ſo;
Be wiſe and loving, lady; ſhew but you ſo!

Lam. Oh, Sir, are theſe fit hours to talk of love in?
Shall we make fools of our afflictions?
Can any thing ſound ſweetly in mine ears,
Where all the noiſe of bloody horror is?
My brother, and my couſin, they are dead, Sir,
Dead, baſely dead! Is this an age to fool in?
And I myſelf, I know not what I ſhall be!
Yet I muſt thank you; and if happily
You had aſk'd me yeſterday, when theſe were living,
And my fears leſs, I might have hearken'd to you.

Din. Peace to your grief! I bind you to your word.

Enter Cleremont, Anabel, Beaupre, Verdone, Charlotte, Nurſe, and the two Gentlemen.

Lam. How! do you conjure?
Din. Not to raiſe dreadful apparitions, madam,
But ſuch as you would gladly ſee.
Lam. My brother,
And nephew living?
Beau. And both owe their lives
To the favour of theſe gentlemen.
Verdone. Who deſerve
Our ſervice, and, for us, your gracious thanks.
Lam. Which I give freely, and become a ſuitor,
To be hereafter more familiar [*Kiſs.*
With ſuch great worth and virtue.
1 *Gent.* Ever think us
Your ſervants, madam.
Cler. Why, if thou wilt needs know
How we are freed, I will diſcover it,
And with laconic brevity. Theſe gentlemen
This night encountring with thoſe outlaws that
Yeſterday made us priſoners, and, as we were,
Attempted by 'em, they with greater courage,
(I'm ſure with better fortune) not alone
Guarded themſelves, but forc'd the bloody thieves,
Being got between them and this helliſh cave,
For ſafety of their lives, to fly up higher
Into the woods, all left to their poſſeſſion:
This ſav'd your brother and your nephew from
The gibbet, this redeem'd me from my chains,
And gave my friend his liberty; this preſerv'd
Your honour, ready to be loſt.
Din. But that [*Aſide.*
I know this for a lie, and that the thieves
And gentlemen are the ſame men, by my practice
Suborn'd to this, he does deliver it
With ſuch a conſtant brow, that, I am doubtful,
I ſhould believe him too.
1 *Gent.* If we did well,
We are rewarded.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* Thanks but take away
From what was freely purpos'd.
Cler. Now, by this hand, [*To the Gentlemen.*
You have ſo cunningly diſcharg'd your parts,
That, while we live, reſt confident you ſhall
Command Dinant and Cleremont. Nor Beaupre
Nor Verdone ſcents it; for the ladies, they
Were eaſy to be gull'd.
1 *Gent.* 'Twas but a jeſt;
And yet the jeſt may chance to break our necks,
Should it be known.
Cler. Fear nothing.
Din. Cleremont,
Say, what ſucceſs?
Cler. As thou wouldſt wiſh; 'tis done, lad!
The grove will witneſs with me, that this night
I lay not like a block. But how ſpeed you?
Din. I yet am in ſuſpenſe; deviſe ſome mean
To get theſe off, and ſpeedily.
Cler. I have it.—
Come, we are dull; I think that the good fellows,
Our predeceſſors in this place, were not
So fooliſh and improvident huſbands, but
'Twill yield us meat and wine.
1 *Gent.* Let's ranſack it;
'Tis ours now by the law.
Cler. How ſay you, ſweet one,
Have you an appetite?
Ana. To walk again
I' th' woods, if you think fit, rather than eat.
Cler. A little reſpite, prithee. Nay, bluſh not;
You aſk but what's your own, and warrantable.
Monſieur Beaupre, Verdone, what think you of the motion?
Verdone. Lead the way.
Beau. We follow willingly.
Cler. When you ſhall think fit,
We will expect you. [*Exeunt all but Din. and Lam.*
Din. Now be miſtreſs of

Your promiſe, lady.

Lam. 'Twas to give you hearing.

Din. But that word hearing did include a grant,
And you muſt make it good.

Lam. Muſt?

Din. Muſt and ſhall!
I will be fool'd no more: You had your tricks,
Made properties of me and of my friend,
Preſum'd upon your power, and whipp'd me with
The rod of mine own dotage: Do not flatter
Yourſelf with hope, that any human help
Can free you; and, for aid by miracle,
A baſe unthankful woman is unworthy.

Lam. You will not force me?

Din. Rather than enjoy you
With your conſent, becauſe I will torment you;
I'll make you feel th' effects of abus'd love,
And glory in your torture!

Lam. Brother! nephew!
Help, help, for Heav'n's ſake!

Din. Tear your throat, cry louder;
Tho' every leaf theſe trees bear were an echo,
And ſummon'd in your beſt friends to redeem you,
It ſhould be fruitleſs: 'Tis not that I love you,
Or value thoſe delights you prize ſo high,
That I'll enjoy you; a French crown will buy
More ſport, and a companion to whom
You in your beſt trim are an Ethiop.

Lam. Forbear me then.

Din. Not ſo; I'll do't in ſpite,
And break that ſtubborn diſobedient will,
That hath ſo long held out; that boaſted honour
I will make equal with a common whore's;
The ſpring of chaſtity, that fed your pride,
And grew into a river of vainglory,
I will defile with mud, the mud of luſt,
And make it loathſome ev'n to goats!

Lam. Oh, Heaven!
No pity, Sir?

Din. You taught me to be cruel,
And dare you think of mercy? I will tell thee, fool;
Thoſe that ſurpris'd thee were my inſtruments:
I can plot too, good madam, (you ſhall find it)
And, in the ſtead of licking of my fingers,
Kneeling and whining like a boy new-breech'd,
To get a toy, forſooth, not worth an apple,
Thus make my way, and with authority
Command what I would have.

Lam. I'm loſt for ever!
Good Sir, I do confeſs my fault, my groſs fault,
And yield myſelf up, miſerable guilty!
Thus kneeling I confeſs, you cannot ſtudy
Sufficient puniſhments to load me with;
I'm in your power, and I confeſs again,
You cannot be too cruel. If there be,
Beſides the loſs of my long-guarded honour,
Any thing elſe to make the balance even,
Pray put it in; all hopes, all helps have left me;
I am girt round with ſorrow, hell's about me,
And raviſhment the leaſt that I can look for!
Do what you pleaſe.

Din. Indeed I will do nothing,
Nor touch nor hurt you, lady; nor had ever
Such a lewd purpoſe.

Lam. Can there be ſuch goodneſs,
And in a man ſo injur'd?

Din. Be confirm'd in't;
I ſeal it thus. I muſt confeſs you vex'd me,
In fooling me ſo often, and thoſe fears
You threw upon me call'd for a requital,
Which now I have return'd. All unchaſte love
'Dinant thus throws away! Live to mankind,
As you have done to me, and I will honour
Your virtue, and no more think of your beauty.

Lam. All I poſſeſs comes ſhort of ſatisfaction.

Din. No compliments. The terrors of this night
Imagine but a fearful dream, and ſo
With eaſe forget it: For Dinant, that labour'd

To blaſt your honour, is a champion for it,
And will protect and guard it.
Lam. 'Tis as ſafe then,
As if a complete army undertook it. [*Exeunt.*

Enter La-Writ, Sampſon, and Clients.

La-Writ. Do not perſuade me, gentle monſieur Sampſon;
I am a mortal man again, a Lawyer;
My martial part I have put off.
Samp. Sweet monſieur,
Let but our honours teach us.
La-Writ. Monſieur Sampſon,
My honourable friend, my valiant frien—,
Be but ſo beaten—Forward, my brave clients;
I am yours, and you are mine again—be but ſo threſht,
Receive that caſtigation with a cudgel——
Samp. Which calls upon us for a reparation.
La-Writ. I have, it coſt me half a crown, I bear it,
All over me I bear it, monſieur Sampſon;
The oils, and the old woman that repairs to me,
To 'noint my beaten body.
Samp. It concerns you,
You have been ſwing'd.
La-Writ. Let it concern thee too;
Go, and be beaten, ſpeak ſcurvy words, as I did;
Speak to that lion lord, waken his anger,
And have a hundred baſtinadoes, do;
Three broken pates, thy teeth knock'd out, do, Sampſon,
Thy valiant arms and legs beaten to poultices,
Do, ſilly Sampſon, do.
1 *Client.* You wrong the gentleman,
To try to put him out of his right mind thus:
You wrong us, and our cauſes.
La-Writ. Down with him, gentlemen,
Turn him, and beat him, if he break our peace.
Then when thou haſt been lam'd, thy ſmall guts periſh'd,
Then talk to me; before, I ſcorn thy counſel;

Feel

Feel what I feel, and let my lord repair thee.
Samp. And can the brave La-Writ——
2 *Client.* Tempt him no further;
Be warn'd, and ſay no more!
La-Writ. If thou doſt, Sampſon,
Thou ſeeſt my myrmidons (I'll let 'em looſe)
That in a moment——
Samp. I ſay nothing, Sir;
But I could wiſh——
La-Writ. They ſhall deſtroy thee wiſhing!
There's ne'er a man of theſe but have loſt ten cauſes,
Dearer than ten mens' lives; tempt, and thou dieſt!
Go home, and ſmile upon my lord, thine uncle,
Take money of the men thou mean'ſt to cozen,
Drink wine, and eat good meat, and live diſcreetly;
Talk little, 'tis an antidote againſt a beating;
Keep thy hand from thy ſword, and from thy laundreſs' placket,
And thou'lt live long.
1 *Client.* Give ear, and be inſtructed.
La-Writ. I find I'm wiſer than a juſtice of peace now:
Give me the wiſdom that's beaten into a man!
That ſticks ſtill by him. Art thou a new man?
Samp. Yes, yes,
Thy learned precepts have enchanted me.
La-Writ. Go, my ſon Sampſon, I have now begot thee;
I'll ſend thee cauſes; ſpeak to thy lord, and live,
And lay my ſhare by; go, and live in peace,
Put on new ſuits, and ſhew fit for thy place:
That man neglects his living, is an aſs. [*Exit Samp.*
Farewell!—Come, chearly, boys, about our buſineſs!
Now, welcome tongue again, hang ſwords!
1 *Client.* Sweet Advocate! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Nurſe and Charlotte.

Nurſe. I know not, wench; they may call 'em what they will,
Outlaws, or thieves, but, I am ſure, to me
One was an honeſt man; he us'd me well;

What

What I did, 'tis no matter; he complain'd not.
Char. I muſt confeſs there was one bold with me too,
Some coy thing would ſay rude, but 'tis no matter;
I was to pay a waiting-woman's ranſom,
And I have done't; and I would pay't again,
Were I ta'en to-morrow.
Nurſe. Alas, there was no hurt!
If't be a ſin for ſuch as live at hard meat,
And keep a long Lent in the woods, as they do,
To taſte a little fleſh——
Char. God help the courtiers,
That lie at rack and manger!
Nurſe. I ſhall love
A thief the better for this while I live;
They are men of a charitable vocation,
And give where there is need, and with diſcretion,
And put a good ſpeed-penny in my purſe,
That has been empty twenty years.
Char. Peace, Nurſe;
Fare well [49], and cry not roaſt meat. Methinks Clermont
And my lady Anabel are in one night
Familiarly acquainted.
Nurſe. I obſerve it;
If ſhe have got a penny too!

Enter Vertaign, Champernel, and Provoſt.

Char. No more;
My lord monſieur Vertaign; the provoſt too!
Haſte, and acquaint my lady. [*Exeunt Nurſe and Char.*
Pro. Wondrous ſtrange!
Vert. 'Tis true, Sir, on my credit.
Champ. On mine honour.
Pro. I have been provoſt-marſhal twenty years,
And have truſs'd up a thouſand of theſe raſcals;
But ſo near Paris yet I never met with
One of that brotherhood.
Champ. We to our coſt have.

49 Farewel, *and cry not roaſt meat.*] The proverb proves, as well as the ſenſe, that we ſhould read, *fare well*. The corruption was eaſy.

But,

But, will you ſearch the wood?

Pro. It is beſet;
They cannot 'ſcape us. Nothing makes me wonder
So much, as, having you within their power,
They let you go; it was a courteſy,
That French thieves uſe not often. I much pity
The gentle ladies; yet, I know not how,
I rather hope than fear. Are theſe the priſoners?

Enter Dinant, Cleremont, Verdone, Beaupre, Lamira, Anabel, Charlotte, and Nurſe.

Din. We were ſuch.

Vert. Kill me not, exceſs of joy!

Champ. I ſee thou liv'ſt; but haſt thou had no foul play?

Lam. No, on my ſoul; my uſage hath been noble,
Far from all violence.

Champ. How were you freed?
But, kiſs me firſt; we'll talk of that at leiſure;
I'm glad I have thee. Niece, how you keep off,
As you knew me not!

Ana. Sir, I am where
I owe moſt duty.

Cler. 'Tis indeed moſt true, Sir;
The man that ſhould have been your bedfellow,
Your lordſhip's bedfellow, that could not ſmell out
A virgin of ſixteen, that was your fool
To make you merry; this poor ſimple fellow
Has met the maid again, and now ſhe knows
He is a man.

Champ. How! is ſhe diſhonour'd?

Cler. Not unleſs marriage be diſhonourable:
Heav'n is a witneſs of our happy contract,
And the next prieſt we meet ſhall warrant it
To all the world. I lay with her in jeſt;
'Tis turn'd to earneſt now.

Champ. Is this true, niece?

Din. Her bluſhing ſilence grants it. Nay, Sir, ſtorm not;

He

He is my friend, and I can make this good,
His birth and fortunes equal hers; your lordſhip
Might have ſought out a worſe; we are all friends too,
All differences end thus. Now, Sir, unleſs
You would raiſe new diſſentions, make perfect
What is ſo well begun.

Vert. That were not manly.

Lam. Let me perſuade you.

Champ. Well, God give you joy!
She ſhall not come a beggar to you, Sir.
For you, monſieur Dinant, ere long I'll ſhew you
Another niece, to this not much inferior;
As you ſhall like, proceed.

Din. I thank you, Sir.

Champ. Back then to Paris. Well that travel ends
That makes of deadly enemies perfect friends.

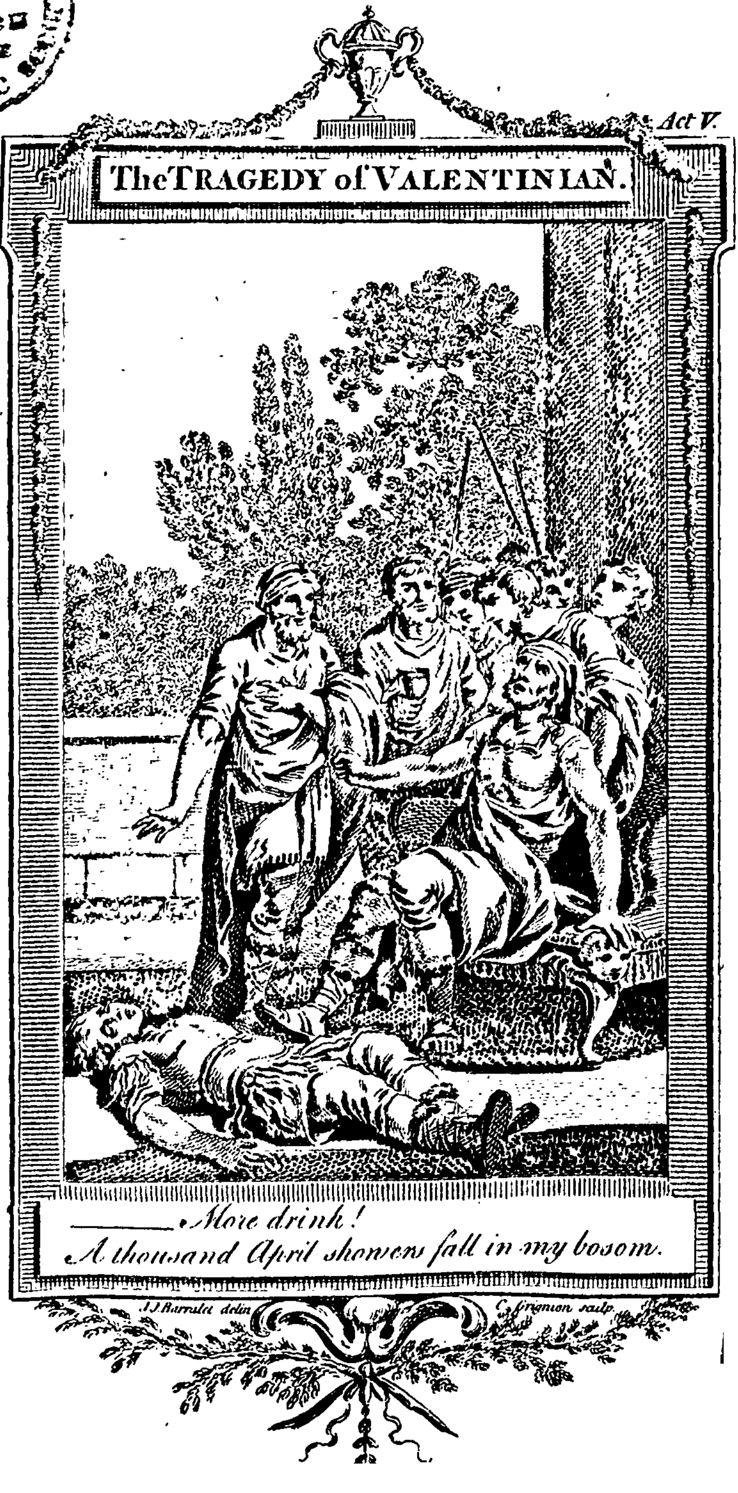
[*Exeunt omnes.*

EPILOGUE.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM ſent forth to enquire what you decree
Of us, and of our Poets; they will be
This night exceeding merry, ſo will we,
If you approve their labours. They profeſs
You are their patrons, and we ſay no leſs:
Reſolve us then; for you can only tell
Whether we have done idly, or done well.

Act V.



The TRAGEDY of VALENTINIAN.

——— More drink!
A thousand April showers fall in my bosom.

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

VALENTINIAN.

The Commendatory Verſes by Lovelace and Stanley ſpeak of Fletcher ſingly as Author of this Tragedy. Its firſt publication was in the folio of 1647. *About the year* 1685, *the Earl of Rocheſter made ſome conſiderable alterations in Valentinian, with which it was performed.*

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Valentinian, *emperor of Rome.*
Ætius, *the emperor's loyal general.*
Balbus, Proculus, Chilax, Licinius, } *four noble pandars, and flatterers to the emperor.*
Maximus, *a great ſoldier, huſband to Lucina.*
Lycias, *an eunuch.*
Pontius, *an honeſt caſhier'd centurion.*
Phidias, Aretus, } *two bold and faithful eunuchs, ſervants to Ætius.*
Afranius, *an eminent captain.*
Paulus, *a poet.*
Licippus, *a courtier.*

WOMEN.

Eudoxia, *empreſs, wife to Valentinian.*
Lucina, *the chaſte abuſed wife of Maximus.*
Claudia, Marcellina, } *Lucina's waiting-women.*
Ardelia, Phorba, } *two of the emperor's bawds.*

Three Senators, Phyſicians, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

SCENE, ROME.

THE

THE

TRAGEDY

OF

VALENTINIAN.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Balbus, Proculus, Chilax, and Licinius.

Balbus. I NEVER ſaw the like; ſhe's no more ſtirr'd,
No more another woman, no more alter'd
With any hopes or promiſes laid to her,
Let 'em be ne'er ſo weighty, ne'er ſo winning,
Than I am with the motion of my own legs.
Proc. Chilax,
You are a ſtranger yet in theſe deſigns,
At leaſt in Rome. Tell me, and tell me truth,
Did you e'er know, in all your courſe of practice,
In all the ways of woman you have run thro'——
(For I preſume you have been brought up, Chilax,
As we, to fetch and carry.)
Chi. True; I have ſo.
Proc. Did you, I ſay again, in all this progreſs,
Ever diſcover ſuch a piece of beauty,

Ever

Ever ſo rare a creature, and, no doubt,
One that muſt know her worth too, and affect it,
Ay, and be flatter'd, elſe 'tis none; and honeſt?
Honeſt, againſt the tide of all temptations?
Honeſt to one man, to her huſband only,
And yet not eighteen, not of age to know
Why ſhe is honeſt?

Chi. I confeſs it freely,
I never ſaw her fellow, nor e'er ſhall:
For all our Grecian dames, all I have tried,
(And ſure I have tried a hundred, if I ſay two,
I ſpeak within my compaſs) all theſe beauties,
And all the conſtancy of all theſe faces,
Maids, widows, wives, of what degree or calling,
So they be Greeks, and fat, (for there's my cunning)
I'd undertake, and not ſweat for it; Proculus,
Were they to try again, ſay twice as many,
Under a thouſand pound, to lay 'em bed-rid:
But this wench ſtaggers me.

Licin. D'you ſee theſe jewels?
You'd think theſe pretty baits; now, I'll aſſure you,
Here's half the wealth of Aſia.

Bal. Theſe are nothing
To the full honours I propounded to her:
I bid her think, and be, and preſently,
Whatever her ambition, what the counſel
Of others would add to her, what her dreams
Could more enlarge, what any precedent
Of any woman riſing up to glory,
And ſtanding certain there, and in the higheſt,
Could give her more; nay, to be empreſs.

Proc. And cold at all theſe offers?

Bal. Cold as cryſtal,
Ne'er to be thaw'd again.

Chi. I tried her further,
And ſo far, that I think ſhe is no woman,
At leaſt as women go now.

Licin. Why, what did you?

Chi. I offer'd that, that had ſhe been but miſtreſs

Of

Of as much ſpleen as doves have, I had reach'd her:
A ſafe revenge of all that ever hate her,
The crying-down for ever of all beauties
That may be thought come near her.

Proc. That was pretty.

Chi. I ne'er knew that way fail[1]; yet I will tell ye
I offer'd her a gift beyond all yours,
That, that had made a ſaint ſtart, well conſider'd;
The law to be her creature, ſhe to make it,
Her mouth to give it, every creature living
From her aſpect[2] to draw their good or evil,
Fix'd in 'em, ſpite of fortune; a new nature
She ſhould be call'd, and mother of all ages;
Time ſhould be hers; and what ſhe did lame Virtue
Should bleſs to all poſterities: Her air
Should give us life, her earth and water feed us;
And laſt, to none but to the emperor,
(And then but when ſhe pleas'd to have it ſo)
She ſhould be held for mortal.

Licin. And ſhe heard you?

Chi. Yes, as a ſick man hears a noiſe, or he
That ſtands condemn'd his judgment. Let me periſh,
But, if there can be virtue, if that name
Be any thing but name and empty title,
If it be ſo as fools have been pleas'd to feign it,

[1] Chi. *I ne'er knew that way fail; yet I'll tell ye*
I offer'd her a gift beyond all yours.] *Chilax* had before mention'd his temptations; and had this ſpeech been his, he would have ſaid, *beyond all theſe*. *Proculus* was the only one that had not mention'd what he had done; there ſeems therefore no doubt of this and the following ſpeech belonging to him. *Seward.*

This change ſeems as improper as arbitrary; there being no reaſon to ſuppoſe *Proculus* had attempted to ſeduce Lucina. So far from it, he is ſurprized at the accounts the others give: *And cold at all theſe offers?*

[2] *Aſpect.*] In the time of our Authors, and long after, this word was always accented on the laſt ſyllable: Many inſtances might be produced of it; and from this circumſtance, Mr. Farmer appears convinced that the play called Double Falſhood, aſcribed by Theobald to Shakeſpeare, was the production of an Author who lived at a later period. See Farmer's Eſſay on the Learning of Shakeſpeare, p. 26. *R.*

A power that can preſerve us after aſhes,
And make the names of men out-reckon ages,
This woman has a god of virtue in her!
Bal. I would the emperor were that god.
Chi. Sh' has in her
All the contempt of glory and vain-ſeeming
Of all the Stoicks, all the truth of Chriſtians,
And all their conſtancy: Modeſty was made
When ſhe was firſt intended. When ſhe bluſhes,
It is the holieſt thing to look upon;
The pureſt temple of her ſect, that ever
Made Nature a bleſs'd founder.
Proc. Is there no way
To take this phenix?
Licin. None but in her aſhes.
Chi. If ſhe were fat, or any way inclining
To eaſe or pleaſure, or affected glory,
Proud to be ſeen and worſhipp'd, 'twere a venture;
But, on my ſoul, ſhe's chaſter than cold camphire.
Bal. I think ſo too; for all the ways of woman,
Like a full ſail, ſhe bears againſt. I aſk'd her,
After my many offers, walking with her,
And her as many down-denials, how
If th' emperor, grown mad with love, ſhould force her?
She pointed to a Lucrece[3], that hung by,
And with an angry look, that from her eyes
Shot veſtal fire againſt me, ſhe departed.

[3] *She pointed to a* Lucrece.] This is extremely poetical, and a very eminent modern has imitated it in the very beſt Tragedy that the Engliſh ſtage has produced for many years paſt: I have not Mr. Fenton's Mariamne by me, but the lines, as I remember, are,

'——Frowning, with a victor's haughty air,
'He pointed to a picture on the wall,
'Whoſe ſilent eloquence too plainly ſpoke
'His fix'd reſolve againſt the ſuit I urg'd.
'*Mar.* What picture?
'*Her.* Perſeus led in chains thro' Rome.'

The reader will obſerve, that Mr. Fenton is not ſo conciſe and ſtriking as our Authors: He riſes into beauty like the gradual opening of a fair morning; our Poets break out at once in full luſtre, like the ſun burſting from an eclipſe. *Seward.*

Proc.

Proc. This is the firſt wench I was ever pos'd in;
Yet I have brought young loving things together
This two-and-thirty years.

Chi. I find, by this wench,
The calling of a bawd to be a ſtrange,
A wiſe, and ſubtle calling, and for none
But ſtaid, diſcreet, and underſtanding people:
And, as the tutor to great Alexander
Would ſay, a young man ſhould not dare to read
His moral books, 'till after five-and-twenty;
So muſt that he or ſhe, that will be bawdy,
(I mean diſcreetly bawdy, and be truſted)
If they will riſe, and gain experience,
Well ſteep'd in years, and diſcipline, begin it;
I take it, 'tis no boys' play.

Bal. Well, what's thought of;

Proc. The emperor muſt know it.

Licin. If the women
Should chance to fail too?

Chi. As 'tis ten to one.

Proc. Why, what remains, but new nets for the purchaſe?

Chi. Let's go conſider then; and if all fail,
This is the firſt quick eel, that ſav'd her tail. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lucina, Ardelia, and Phorba.

Ard. You ſtill inſiſt upon that idol, honour[4]:
Can it renew your youth? can it add wealth
That takes off wrinkles? can it draw mens' eyes
To gaze upon you in your age? can honour,
(That truly is a ſaint to none but ſoldiers,
And, look'd into, bears no reward but danger)
Leave you the moſt reſpected perſon living?

[4] *You ſtill inſiſt*, &c.] The reader who will compare this ſcene with the perſuaſives againſt Chaſtity, introduced by Milton into the character of Comus, will readily ſee how much that excellent Author has been indebted to this play. *R.*

Or can the common kiſſes of a huſband,
(Which to a ſprightly lady is a labour)
Make you almoſt immortal? You are cozen'd;
The honour of a woman is her praiſes;
The way to get theſe, to be ſeen, and ſought too,
And not to bury ſuch a happy ſweetneſs
Under a ſmoaky roof.

Lucina. I'll hear no more.

Phorba. That white and red, and all that bleſſed beauty,
Kept from the eyes, that make it ſo, is nothing:
Then you are rarely fair, when men proclaim it.
The phenix, were ſhe never ſeen, were doubted,
That moſt unvalued horn the unicorn
Bears to oppoſe the huntſman, were it nothing
But tale, and mere tradition, would help no man;
But when the virtue's known, the honour's doubled.
Virtue is either lame, or not at all,
And love a ſacrilege, and not a ſaint,
When it bars up the way to mens' petitions.

Ard. Nay, you ſhall love your huſband too; we come not
To make a monſter of you.

Lucina. Are ye women?

Ard. You'll find us ſo, and women you ſhall thank too,
If you have grace to make your uſe.

Lucina. Fy on ye!

Phorba. Alas, poor baſhful lady! By my ſoul,
Had you no other virtue but your bluſhes,
And I a man, I ſhould run mad for thoſe.
How daintily they ſet her off, how ſweetly!

Ard. Come, goddeſs, come; you move too near the earth;
It muſt not be! a better orb ſtays for you:
Here; be a maid, and take him[5].

[5] *Come goddeſſe, come, you move too neer the earth,*
It muſt not be, a better orbe ſtaies for you:
Here: be a mayd, and take him,] So firſt folio. The ſecond folio varies

Lucina. Pray leave me.

Phorba. That were a ſin, ſweet lady, and a way
To make us guilty of your melancholy;
You muſt not be alone; in converſation
Doubts are reſolv'd, and what ſticks near the conſcience
Made eaſy, and allowable.

Lucina. Ye are devils!

Ard. That you may one day bleſs for your damnation.

Lucina. I charge ye, in the name of Chaſtity,
Tempt me no more! How ugly ye ſeem to me!
There is no wonder men defame our ſex,
And lay the vices of all ages on us,
When ſuch as you ſhall bear the names of women!
If ye had eyes to ſee yourſelves, or ſenſe
Above the baſe rewards ye play the bawds for;
If ever in your lives ye heard of goodneſs,
Tho' many regions off, as men hear thunder;
If ever ye had fathers [6], and they ſouls;
If ever mothers, and not ſuch as you are;
If ever any thing were conſtant in you,
Beſides your ſins, or common but your curſes [7];
If ever any of your anceſtors

---

varies in the third line, where it ſays, *take* 'EM, and is copied in the ſubſequent editions. We have no doubt of *take'en* meaning *take* HIM.

[6] *If ever ye had* mothers, *and they ſouls;*
If ever fathers, *and not ſuch as you are.*] The neceſſity of the tranſpoſition of *mothers* and *fathers* in theſe two lines muſt be ſelf-evident. *Seward.*

[7] *If ever any thing were conſtant in you,*
Beſide your ſins, or coming *but your* courſes.] The old folio reads, COMMING *but your* CURSES. In attempting to correct this, the latter editions make ſomething worſe than nonſenſe. Before I ſaw the old folio I conjectured, *or comely but your dreſſes*, but was unſatisfied with it. *Common* being exceeding near the old word *comming*, I now keep nearer the trace of the letters than the late editions, and read, *or* common *but your* curſes; i. e. If you have even any thing in *common* with the reſt of woman-kind, except the *curſes* that are entailed on all. *Seward.*

We think Mr. Seward's reading right, but his explanation of that reading wrong. The ſimple meaning is, 'If there is any eſſential 'ingredient in your compoſition beſide your ſins, or any thing *common* 'to you all beſide the *curſes* that attend thoſe ſins, &c.'

Died worth a noble deed, that would be cheriſh'd;
Soul-frighted with this black infection,
You'd run from one another, to repentance,
And from your guilty eyes drop out thoſe ſins,
That made ye blind, and beaſts!
Phorba. You ſpeak well, lady;
A ſign of fruitful education,
If your religious zeal had wiſdom with it.
Ard. This lady was ordain'd to bleſs the empire,
And we may all give thanks for't.
Phorba. I believe you.
Ard. If any thing redeem the emperor
From his wild flying courſes, this is ſhe:
She can inſtruct him, if ye mark; ſhe's wiſe too.
Phorba. Exceeding wiſe, which is a wonder in her;
And ſo religious, that I well believe,
Tho' ſhe would ſin ſhe cannot.
Ard. And beſides,
She has the empire's cauſe in hand, not love's;
There lies the main conſideration,
For which ſhe's chiefly born.
Phorba. She finds that point
Stronger than we can tell her; and, believe it,
I look by her means for a reformation,
And ſuch a one, and ſuch a rare way carried,
That all the world ſhall wonder at.
Ard. 'Tis true.
I never thought the emperor had wiſdom,
Pity, or fair affection to his country,
'Till he profeſs'd this love: God's give 'em children,
Such as her virtues merit, and his zeal!
I look to ſee a Numa from this lady,
Or greater than Octavius.
Phorba. Do you mark too,
(Which is a noble virtue) how ſhe bluſhes,
And what a flowing modeſty runs thro' her,
When we but name the emperor?
Ard. But mark it?
Yes, and admire it too for ſhe conſiders,

Tho'

Tho' ſhe be fair as Heav'n, and virtuous
As holy truth, yet to the emperor
She is a kind of nothing but her ſervice,
Which ſhe is bound to offer, and ſhe'll do it;
And when her country's cauſe commands affection,
She knows obedience is the key of virtues:
Then fly the bluſhes out, like Cupid's arrows;
And tho' the tie of marriage to her lord
Would fain cry, 'Stay, Lucina!' yet the cauſe,
And general wiſdom of the prince's love,
Makes her find ſurer ends, and happier;
And if the firſt were chaſte, this is twice-doubled.

Phorba. Her tartneſs unto us too——

Ard. That's a wiſe one——

Phorba. I rarely like; it ſhews a riſing wiſdom,
That chides all common fools as dare enquire
What princes would have private.

Ard. What a lady
Shall we be bleſs'd to ſerve?

Lucina, Go, get ye from me!
Ye are your purſes' agents, not the prince's.
Is this the virtuous lore ye train'd me out to?
Am I a woman fit to imp your vices?
But that I had a mother, and a woman,
Whoſe ever-living fame turns all it touches
Into the good itſelf is, I ſhould now
Ev'n doubt myſelf, I have been ſearch'd ſo near
The very ſoul of honour. Why ſhould you two,
That happily have been as chaſte as I am,
(Fairer I think by much, for yet your faces,
Like ancient well-built piles, ſhew worthy ruins)
After that angel-age, turn mortal devils?
For ſhame, for woman-hood, for what ye have been,
(For rotten cedars have borne goodly branches)
If ye have hope of any Heav'n, but court,
Which, like a dream, you'll find hereafter vaniſh,
Or at the beſt, but ſubject to repentance,
Study no more to be ill ſpoken of!
Let women live themſelves, if they muſt fall,

Their own deſtruction find 'em, not your fevers.
Ard. Madam, you are ſo excellent in all,
And I muſt tell it you with admiration,
So true a joy you have, ſo ſweet a fear,
And, when you come to anger, 'tis ſo noble,
That, for mine own part, I could ſtill offend,
To hear you angry: Women that want that,
And your way guided (elſe I count it nothing)
Are either fools or cowards.
Phorba. She were a miſtreſs for no private greatneſs,
Could ſhe not frown a raviſh'd kiſs from anger:
And ſuch an anger as this lady learns us,
Stuck with ſuch pleaſing dangers, gods, I aſk ye,
Which of ye all could hold from?
Lucina. I perceive ye;
Your own dark ſins dwell with ye! and that price
You ſell the chaſtity of modeſt wives at,
Run [8] to diſeaſes with your bones! I ſcorn ye;
And all the nets ye've pitch'd to catch my virtues,
Like ſpiders' webs, I ſweep away before me.
Go, tell the emperor, ye've met a woman,
That neither his own perſon, which is god-like,
The world he rules, nor what that world can purchaſe,
Nor all the glories ſubject to a Cæſar,
The honours that he offers for my body,
The hopes, gifts, everlaſting flatteries,
Nor any thing that's his, and apt to tempt me,
No, not to be the mother of the empire,
And queen of all the holy fires he worſhips,
Can make a whore of!
Ard. You miſtake us, lady.
Lucina. Yet, tell him this has thus much weaken'd me,
That I have heard his knaves, and you his matrons,
(Fit nurſes for his ſins) which gods forgive me!
But, ever to be leaning to his folly,
Or to be brought to love his luſt, aſſure him,
And from her mouth whoſe life ſhall make it certain,

[8] Runs *to diſeaſes.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

I never

I never can! I have a noble huſband,
(Pray tell him that too) yet a noble name,
A noble family, and, laſt, a conſcience.
Thus much for your anſwer: For yourſelves,
Ye've liv'd the ſhame of women, die the better!
[*Exit.*

Phorba. What's now to do?

Ard. Ev'n as ſhe ſaid, to die;
For there's no living here, and women thus,
I'm ſure, for us two.

Phorba. Nothing ſtick upon her?

Ard. We've loſt a maſs of money. Well, dame Virtue,
Yet you may halt, if good luck ſerve.

Phorba. Worms take her!
She has almoſt ſpoil'd our trade.

Ard. So godly!
This is ill-breeding, Phorba.

Phorba. If the women
Should have a longing now to ſee this monſter,
And ſhe convert 'em all!

Ard. That may be, Phorba;
But if it be, I'll have the young men gelded.
Come, let's go think; ſhe muſt not 'ſcape us thus:
There is a certain ſeaſon, if we hit,
That women may be rid without a bit. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Maximus and Ætius.

Max. I cannot blame the nations, noble friend,
That they fall off ſo faſt from this wild man;
When (under our allegiance be it ſpoken,
And the moſt happy tie of our affections)
The world's weight groans beneath him. Where lives virtue,
Honour, diſcretion, wiſdom? Who are call'd
And choſen to the ſteering of the empire,

But

But bawds, and ſinging-girls [9]? Oh, my Aecius!
The glory of a ſoldier, and the truth
Of men, made up for goodneſs-ſake, like ſhells [10],
Grow to the ragged walls, for want of action:
Only your happy ſelf, and I that love you,
Which is a larger means to me than favour——

Æcius. No more, my worthy friend; tho' theſe be truths,
And tho' theſe truths would aſk a reformation,
At leaſt, a little ſquaring, yet remember,
We are but ſubjects, Maximus; obedience
To what is done, and grief for what is ill done,
Is all we can call ours. The hearts of princes
Are like the temples of the gods; pure incenſe,
Until unhallow'd hands defile thoſe offerings,
Burns ever there; we muſt not put 'em out,
Becauſe the prieſts that touch thoſe ſweets are wicked;
We dare not, deareſt friend, nay more, we cannot,
(Whilſt we conſider who we are, and how,
To what laws bound, much more to what law-giver;
Whilſt majeſty is made to be obey'd,
And not enquir'd into; whilſt gods and angels
Make but a rule as we do, tho' a ſtricter)

[9] *Oh, my* Æcius.] Our Authors always make three ſyllables of *Æcius*, I therefore divide the diphthong. *Seward.*

The firſt folio ſometimes exhibits *Æcius*, ſometimes Aecius, which we follow; tho' the meaſure commonly warrants the *diæreſis* adopted by Mr. Seward; and which was uſed firſt, we believe, by Lovelace, in his Commendatory Verſes.

[10] ——————*like* ſhells,

Grow to the ragged walls for want of action.] The ſhell-fiſh that grows to ſtones ſeems to have the leaſt motion, ſenſe and life of any known animal, and therefore a ſtate of inaction might be beautifully repreſented by theſe; but then *rocks* would be a much properer word than *walls* for them to grow to. I therefore believe the true word to be *ſhields* inſtead of *ſhells*. A ſoldier without action is very pertinently compared to the ruſty ſhields which were, in our Authors time, the cuſtomary ornaments of the ragged walls of all the old manſion-houſes in the kingdom. There is another ſenſe of *ſhells*, *viz.* ſuch as ſnails often leave on walls; but *ſhield*, being a much more ſoldier-like metaphor, I believe it the original. *Seward.*

We think *ſhells* right. It would have been a ridiculous purſuit of the metaphor to have ſubſtituted *rocks* for *walls*.

Like

Like deſp'rate and unſeaſon'd fools, let fly
Our killing angers, and forſake our honours.
Max. My noble friend, (from whoſe inſtructions
I never yet took ſurfeit) weigh but thus much,
Nor think I ſpeak it with ambition,
For, by the gods, I do not! Why, Aecius,
Why are we thus, or how become thus wretched?
Æcius. You'll fall again into your fit.
Max. I will not.—
Or, are we now no more the ſons of Romans,
No more the followers of their happy fortunes,
But conquer'd Gauls, or quivers for the Parthians?
Why is this emperor, this man we honour,
This god that ought to be——
Æcius. You are too curious.
Max. Good, give me leave.—Why is this author
of us——
Æcius. I dare not hear you ſpeak thus.
Max. I'll be modeſt.—
Thus led away, thus vainly led away,
And we beholders? Miſconceive me not;
I ſow no danger in my words. But wherefore,
And to what end, are we the ſons of fathers
Famous, and faſt to Rome? Why are their virtues
Stamp'd in the dangers of a thouſand battles,
For goodneſs-ſake? their honours time out-daring?
I think, for our example.
Æcius. You ſpeak nobly.
Max. Why are we ſeeds of theſe then, to ſhake hands
With bawds and baſe informers, kiſs diſcredit,
And court her like a miſtreſs?—Pray, your leave yet.—
You'll ſay, the emperor is young, and apt
To take impreſſion rather from his pleaſures,
Than any conſtant worthineſs [11]: It may be.

[11] ——— *young, and apt*
To take impreſſion rather from his pleaſures,
Than any conſtant worthineſs.] Mr. Seward thinks the laſt line obſcure, and aſks, 'Does it mean, that the emperor, being young, 'took impreſſions more from his pleaſures than from virtue and 'worthineſs?' This is certainly the obvious meaning; but as that gentleman

But, why do theſe, the people call his pleaſures,
Exceed the moderation of a man?
Nay, to ſay juſtly, friend, why are they vices,
And ſuch as ſhake our worths with foreign nations?

Ætius. You ſearch the ſore too deep, and I muſt tell you,
In any other man this had been boldneſs,
And ſo rewarded. Pray depreſs your ſpirit;
For tho' I conſtantly believe you honeſt,
(You were no friend for me elſe) and what now
You freely ſpake, but good you owe to th' empire,
Yet take heed, worthy Maximus; all ears
Hear not with that diſtinction mine do, few
You'll find admoniſhers, but urgers of your actions,
And to the heavieſt, friend: And pray conſider,
We are but ſhadows, motions others give us;
And tho' our pities may become the times,
Juſtly our powers cannot. Make me worthy
To be your ever friend in fair allegiance,
But not in force: For, durſt mine own ſoul urge me
(And, by that ſoul, I ſpeak my juſt affections)
To turn my hand from truth, which is obedience,
And give the helm my virtue holds to anger,
Tho' I had both the bleſſings of the Bruti,
And both their inſtigations, tho' my cauſe
Carried a face of juſtice beyond theirs,
And, as I am, a ſervant to my fortunes,
That daring ſoul, that firſt taught diſobedience,
Should feel the firſt example. Say the prince,
As I may well believe, ſeems vicious,
Who juſtly knows 'tis not to try our honours?
Or, ſay he be an ill prince, are we therefore
Fit fires to purge him? No, my deareſt friend,
The elephant is never won with anger,

gentleman conceives it to be *ſtiffly expreſſed*, that it *is but a poor apology for* Valentinian, and that *the natural apology ſhould be*, 'That the 'emperor was apt to take impreſſions from his pleaſures, but was not *habitually vicious*,' he chuſes to read,

Than any conſtant worthleſſneſs.

'*Worthleſſneſs*, ſays he, is certainly a beautiful word.'

Nor

Nor muſt that man that would reclaim a lion,
Take him by th' teeth.

Max. I pray miſtake me not.

Æcius. Our honeſt actions, and the light that breaks
Like morning from our ſervice, chaſte and bluſhing,
Is that that pulls a prince back; then he ſees,
And not till then truly repents his errors,
When ſubjects' chriſtal ſouls are glaſſes to him.

Max. My ever-honour'd friend, I'll take your counſel.
The emperor appears; I'll leave you to him;
And as we both affect him, may he flouriſh! [*Exit.*

Enter Valentinian and Chilax.

Val. Is that the beſt news?

Chi. Yet the beſt we know, Sir.

Val. Bid Maximus come to me, and be gone then.
Mine own head be my helper; theſe are fools.
How now, Aecius? are the ſoldiers quiet?

Æcius. Better, I hope, Sir, than they were.

Val. They're pleas'd, I hear,
To cenſure me extremely for my pleaſures;
Shortly, they'll fight againſt me.

Æcius. Gods defend, Sir!
And, for their cenſures, they are ſuch ſhrewd judgers,
A donative of ten ſeſterties,
I'll undertake, ſhall make 'em ring your praiſes,
More than they ſang your pleaſures.

Val. I believe thee.
Art thou in love, Aecius, yet?

Æcius. Oh, no, Sir!
I am too coarſe for ladies; my embraces,
That only am acquainted with alarums,
Would break their tender bodies.

Val. Never fear it;
They're ſtronger than you think; they'll hold the hammer.
My empreſs ſwears thou art a luſty ſoldier;
A good one, I believe thee.

Æcius. All that goodneſs

Is

Is but your grace's creature.
Val. Tell me truly——
For thou dar'ſt tell me,
Æcius. Any thing concerns you,
That's fit for me to ſpeak, and you to pardon.
Val. What ſay the ſoldiers of me? and the ſame words;
Mince 'em not, good Aecius, but deliver
The very forms and tongues they talk withal.
Æcius. I'll tell your grace; but, with this caution,
You be not ſtirr'd: For ſhould the gods live with us,
Ev'n thoſe we certainly believe are righteous,
Give 'em but drink, they'd cenſure them too.
Val. Forward.
Æcius. Then, to begin, they ſay you ſleep too much,
By which they judge your majeſty too ſenſual,
Apt to decline your ſtrength to eaſe and pleaſures;
And when you do not ſleep, you drink too much,
From which they fear ſuſpicions firſt, then ruins;
And when ye neither drink nor ſleep, ye wench much,
Which, they affirm, firſt breaks your underſtanding,
Then takes the edge of honour, makes us ſeem
(That are the ribs and rampires of the empire)
Fencers, and beaten fools, and ſo regarded.
But I believe 'em not; for, were theſe truths,
Your virtue can correct them.
Val. They ſpeak plainly.
Æcius. They ſay moreover (ſince your grace will have it;
For they will talk their freedoms, tho' the ſword
Were in their throat) that of late time, like Nero,
And with the ſame forgetfulneſs of glory,
You've got a vein of fidling; ſo they term it.—
Val. Some drunken dreams, Aecius.
Æcius. So I hope, Sir.—
And that you rather ſtudy cruelty;
And to be fear'd for blood, than lov'd for bounty,
(Which makes the nations, as they ſay, deſpiſe you)
Telling your years and actions by their deaths

Whoſe

Whoſe truth and ſtrength of duty made you Cæſar.
They ſay beſides, you nouriſh ſtrange devourers,
Fed with the fat o' th' empire, they call bawds,
Lazy and luſtful creatures, that abuſe you;
A people, as they term 'em, made of paper,
In which the ſecret ſins of each man's monies
Are ſeal'd and ſent a-working[12].

Val. What ſin's next?
For I perceive they have no mind to ſpare me.

Æcius. Nor hurt ye, o' my ſoul, Sir! But ſuch people
(Nor can the power of man reſtrain it) when
They're full of meat and eaſe, muſt prattle.

Val. Forward.

Æcius. I've ſpoke too much, Sir.

Val. I'll have all.

Æcius. It fits not
Your ears ſhould hear their vanities; no profit
Can juſtly riſe to you from their behaviour,
Unleſs you were guilty of thoſe crimes.

Val. It may be
I am ſo; therefore forward.

Æcius. I have ever
Learn'd to obey, nor ſhall my life reſiſt it.

Val. No more apologies.

Æcius. They grieve beſides, Sir,
To ſee the nations, whom our ancient virtue
With many a weary march and hunger conquer'd,
With loſs of many a daring life ſubdued,
Fall from their fair obedience, and e'en murmur
To ſee the warlike eagles mew their honours
In obſcure towns, that wont to prey on princes.
They cry for enemies, and tell the captains,
'The fruits of Italy are luſcious; give us Egypt,
'Or ſandy Africk, to diſplay our valours,
'There where our ſwords may make us meat, and danger

[12] ——— *made of paper,*
In which the ſecret ſins of each man's monies
Are ſeal'd and ſent a-working.] This paſſage Mr. Seward pronounces extremely obſcure, and for *monies* ſubſtitutes *body*. We find no difficulty; it means ſimply, 'The ſins purchaſed by *money*.'

'Digeſt

'Digeſt our well-got viands. Here our weapons,
'And bodies that were made for ſhining braſs,
'Are both unedg'd and old with eaſe and women.'
And then they cry again, 'Where are the Germans,
'Lin'd with hot Spain, or Gallia? Bring 'em on,
'And let the ſon of war, ſteel'd Mithridates,
'Lead up his winged Parthians like a ſtorm,
'Hiding the face of Heav'n with ſhow'rs of arrows:
'Yet we dare fight like Romans!' Then, as ſoldiers,
Tir'd with a weary march, they tell their wounds,
E'en weeping-ripe they were no more, nor deeper,
And glory in thoſe ſcars that make 'em lovely.
And, ſitting where a camp was, like ſad pilgrims,
They reckon up the times, and living labours,
Of Julius or Germanicus; and wonder
That Rome, whoſe turrets once were topt with honours,
Can now forget the cuſtom of her conqueſts:
And then they blame your grace, and ſay, 'Who leads us?
'Shall we ſtand here like ſtatues? were our fathers
'The ſons of lazy Moors? our princes Perſians?
'Nothing but ſilks and ſoftneſs? Curſes on 'em
'That firſt taught Nero wantonneſs and blood,
'Tiberius doubts, Caligula all vices!
'For, from the ſpring of theſe, ſucceeding princes——'
Thus they talk, Sir.

Val. Well,
Why do you hear theſe things?

Æcius. Why do you do 'em?
I take the gods to witneſs, with more ſorrow,
And more vexation, do I hear theſe taintures,
Than were my life dropt from me thro' an hour-glaſs!

Val. Belike then you believe 'em, or at leaſt
Are glad they ſhould be ſo. Take heed! you were better
Build your own tomb, and run into it living,
Than dare a prince's anger!

Æcius. I am old, Sir,
And ten years more addition, is but nothing:

Now,

Now, if my life be pleaſing to you, take it!
Upon my knees, if ever any ſervice,
(As, let me brag, ſome have been worthy notice).
If ever any worth, or truſt you gave me,
Deſerv'd a fair reſpect; if all my actions,
The hazards of my youth, colds, burnings, wants,
For you and for the empire, be not vices;
By that ſtile you have ſtampt upon me, Soldier;
Let me not fall into the hands of wretches!

Val. I underſtand you not.

Æcius. Let not this body,
That has look'd bravely in his blood for Cæſar,
And covetous of wounds, and for your ſafety,
After the 'ſcape of ſwords, ſpears, ſlings, and arrows,
('Gainſt which my beaten body was mine armour)
The ſeas, and thirſty deſarts, now be purchaſe
For ſlaves, and baſe informers. I ſee anger
And death look thro' your eyes; I'm mark'd for ſlaughter,
And know the telling of this truth has made me
A man clean loſt to this world: I embrace it;
Only my laſt petition, ſacred Cæſar,
Is, I may die a Roman!

Val. Riſe, my friend ſtill,
And worthy of my love. Reclaim the ſoldier;
I'll ſtudy to do ſo upon myſelf too. Go;
Keep your command, and proſper.

Æcius. Life to Cæſar! [*Exit.*

Enter Chilax.

Chi. Lord Maximus attends your grace.

Val. Go tell him,
I'll meet him in the gallery.
The honeſty of this Aecius
(Who is indeed the bulwark of the empire)
Has div'd ſo deep into me, that of all
The ſins I covet, but this woman's beauty,
With much repentance, now I could be quit of:
But ſhe is ſuch a pleaſure, being good,
That, tho' I were a god, ſhe'd fire my blood. [*Exe.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Valentinian, Maximus, Licinius, Proculus, and Chilax, as at dice.

Val. NAY, ye ſhall ſet my hand out; 'tis not juſt
I ſhould neglect my fortune, now 'tis proſperous.

Licin. If I have any thing to ſet your grace,
But cloaths, or good conditions, let me periſh!
You've all my money, Sir.

Proc. And mine.

Chi. And mine too.

Max. Unleſs your grace will credit us.

Val. No bare board.

Licin. Then, at my garden-houſe.

Val. The orchard too?

Licin. An't pleaſe your grace.

Val. Have at 'em.

Proc. They are loſt.

Licin. Why, fatewell, fig-trees!

Val. Who ſets more?

Chi. At my horſe, Sir.

Val. The dappled Spaniard?

Chi. He.

Val. He's mine.

Chi. He is ſo.

Max. Your ſhort horſe is ſoon curried.

Chi. So it ſeems, Sir;
So may your mare be too, if luck ſerve.

Max. Ha?

Chi. Nothing, my lord, but grieving at my fortune.

Val. Come, Maximus, you were not wont to flinch thus.

Max. By Heaven, Sir, I've loſt all!

Val. There's a ring yet.

Max. This was not made to loſe, Sir.

Val.

Val. Some love-token?
Set it, I ſay!
Max. I do beſeech your grace,
Rather name any houſe I have.
Val. How ſtrange,
And curious you are grown of toys! Redeem't,
If ſo I win it, when you pleaſe; to-morrow,
Or next day, as you will, I care not;
But only for my luck ſake: 'Tis not rings
Can make me richer.
Max. Will you throw, Sir? There 'tis.
Val. Why then, have at it fairly.—Mine.
Max. Your grace
Is only ever fortunate. To-morrow,
An't be your pleaſure, Sir, I'll pay the price on't.
Val. To-morrow you ſhall have it without price, Sir,
But this day 'tis my victory. Good Maximus,
Now I bethink myſelf, go to Aecius,
And bid him muſter all the cohorts preſently;
(They mutiny for pay, I hear) and be you
Aſſiſtant to him. When you know their numbers,
Ye ſhall have monies for 'em, and above
Something to ſtop their tongues withal.
Max. I will, Sir:
And gods preſerve you in this mind ſtill!
Val. Shortly,
I'll ſee 'em march myſelf.
Max. Gods ever keep you! [*Exit.*
Val. To what end do you think this ring ſhall ſerve now?
For you are fellows only know by rote,
As birds record their leſſons.
Chi. For the lady.
Val. But how for her?
Chi. That I confeſs I know not.
Val. Then pray for him that does. Fetch me an eunuch
That never ſaw her yet; and you two ſee [*Exit Chilax.*
The court made like a Paradiſe.
Licin. We will, Sir.
Val. Full of fair ſhows and muſicks; all your arts

(As I ſhall give inſtructions) ſcrew to th' higheſt,
For my main piece is now a-doing: And, for fear
You ſhould not take, I'll have another engine,
Such as, if virtue be not only in her,
She ſhall not chuſe but lean to. Let the women
Put on a graver ſhow of welcome.

Proc. Well, Sir.

Val. They are a thought too eager.

Enter Chilax and Lycias.

Chi. Here's the eunuch.

Lycias. Long life to Cæſar!

Val. I muſt uſe you, Lycias:
Come, let's walk in, and then I'll ſhew you all.
If women may be frail, this wench ſhall fall. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Claudia and Marcellina.

Clau. Sirrah, what ails my lady, that of late
She never cares for company?

Marc. I know not,
Unleſs it be that company cauſes cuckolds.

Clau. That were a childiſh fear.

Marc. What were thoſe ladies
Came to her lately? from the court?

Clau. The ſame, wench.
Some grave inſtructors, on my life; they look
For all the world like old hatch'd hilts.

Marc. 'Tis true, wench.
For here and there (and yet they painted well too)
One might diſcover, where the gold was worn,
Their iron ages.

Clau. If my judgment fail not,
They have been ſheath'd, like rotten ſhips——

Marc. It may be.

Clau. For, if ye mark their rudders, they hang weakly.

Marc. They have paſt the line belike. Wouldſt live, Claudia,
'Till thou wert ſuch as they are?

Clau.

Clau. Chimney-pieces?
Now Heav'n have mercy on me, and young men!
I'd rather make a drallery 'till thirty [13].
While I were able to endure a tempeſt,
And bear my ſights out bravely, 'till my tackle
Whiſtled i' th' wind, and held againſt all weathers,
While I were able to bear with my tires,
And ſo diſcharge 'em, I would willingly
Live, Marcellina; not 'till barnacles
Bred in my ſides.

Marc. Thou art i' th' right, wench:
For who would live, whom pleaſures had forſaken,
To ſtand at mark, and cry, 'a bow ſhort, ſignior?'
Were there not men came hither too?

Clau. Brave fellows;
I fear me, bawds of five i' th' pound.

Marc. How know you?

Clau. They gave me great lights to it.

Marc. Take heed, Claudia!

Clau. Let them take heed; the ſpring comes on.

Marc. To me now,
They ſeem'd as noble viſitants.

Clau. To me now,
Nothing leſs, Marcellina; for I mark'd 'em,
And, by this honeſt light, (for yet 'tis morning)

[13] *I had rather make a* drallery *till thirty.*] What the word *drallery* ſignifies, if genuine; or if corrupt, what may be the true one, is beyond Mr. Sympſon's and my reach. The context requires the name of ſome ſhip. *Seward.*

Drallery.] No Engliſh Dictionary, or Author that we know, exhibits the word *drallery*. That it is corrupt, therefore, is ſcarcely to be doubted; but we do not think with Mr. Seward, that the context abſolutely requires the name of ſome ſhip. Marcellina aſks, 'Wouldſt thou 'live till thou were ſuch as they are?' to which Claudia replies, 'She 'had rather have a ſhort life and a merry one,' and then recurs to the ſea-metaphors in which they had been converſing before. In this ſenſe, might we not venture to read, not being able to make ſenſe of the preſent text,

I'd rather make a drollery *till thirty?*

Drolerie, and *droleſſe*, are French words, both frequently applied to women, and ſignifying (according to Le Roux's Dictionaire Comique) pleaſant things, and gay ladies; *plaiſanterie, paſſetems réjouiſſant; une réjouie, qui eſt gaye, de bonne humeur.*

Saving the reverence of their gilded doublets
And Milan ſkins——

Marc. Thou art a ſtrange wench, Claudia.

Clau. Ye are deceiv'd.—They ſhew'd to me directly
Court-crabs, that creep a ſide-way for their living:
I know 'em by the breeches that they begg'd laſt.

Marc. Peace;
My lady comes. What may that be?

Enter Lucina and Lycias.

Clau. A ſumner,
That cites her to appear.

Marc. No more of that, wench.

Lycias. Madam, what anſwer to your lord?

Lucina. Pray tell him,
I'm ſubject to his will.

Lycias. Why weep you, madam?
Excellent lady, there are none will hurt you.

Lucina. I do beſeech you tell me, Sir——

Lycias. What, lady?

Lucina. Serve you the emperor?

Lycias. I do.

Lucina. In what place?

Lycias. In's chamber, madam.

Lucina. Do you ſerve his will too?

Lycias. In fair and juſt commands.

Lucina. Are you a Roman?

Lycias. Yes, noble lady, and a Mantuan.

Lucina. What office bore your parents?

Lycias. One was pretor.

Lucina. Take heed then how you ſtain his reputation.

Lycias. Why, worthy lady?

Lucina. If you know, I charge you,
Aught in this meſſage but what honeſty,
The truſt and fair obedience of a ſervant,
May well deliver, yet take heed, and help me.

Lycias. Madam, I am no broker——

Clau. I'll be hang'd then.

Lycias. Nor baſe procurer of mens' luſts. Your huſband

Pray'd

Pray'd me to do this office; I have done it;
It reſts in you to come, or no.
Lucina. I will, Sir.
Lycias. If you miſtruſt me, do not.
Lucina. You appear
So worthy, and to all my ſenſe ſo honeſt,
And this is ſuch a certain ſign you've brought me,
That I believe.
Lycias. Why ſhould I cozen you?
Or, were I brib'd to do this villainy,
Can money proſper, or the fool that takes it,
When ſuch a virtue falls?
Lucina. You ſpeak well, Sir:
'Would all the reſt that ſerve the emperor
Had but your way!
Clau. And ſo they have, *ad unguem.*
Lucina. Pray tell my lord, I have receiv'd his token,
And will not fail to meet him. Yet, good Sir, thus much
Before you go; I do beſeech you too,
As little notice as you can, deliver
Of my appearance there.
Lycias. It ſhall be, madam;
And ſo I wiſh you happineſs!
Lucina. I thank you! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Tumult and noiſe within. Enter Ætius, purſuing Pontius, and Maximus following.

Max. Temper yourſelf, Aecius!
Pont. Hold, my lord!
I am a Roman, and a ſoldier.
Max. Pray, Sir!
Ætius. Thou art a lying villain, and a traitor!—
Give me myſelf, or, by the gods, my friend,
You'll make me dangerous!—How dar'ſt thou pluck
The ſoldiers to ſedition, and I living?
And ſow rebellion in 'em, and ev'n then
When I am drawing out to action?

Pont. Hear me.
Max. Are you a man?
Æcius. I am true-hearted, Maximus,
And if the villain live, we are diſhonour'd.
Max. But hear him what he can ſay.
Æcius. That's the way
To pardon him: I am ſo eaſy-natur'd,
That, if he ſpeak but humbly, I forgive him.
Pont. I do beſeech you, noble general——
Æcius. H' has found the way already! Give me room;
One ſtroke; and if he 'ſcape me then, h' has mercy.
Pont. I do not call you noble, that I fear you;
I never car'd for death! If you will kill me,
Conſider firſt for what, not what you can do.
'Tis true, I know you for my general,
And by that great prerogative may kill;
But do it juſtly then.
Æcius. He argues with me:
By Heav'n, a made-up rebel!
Max. Pray conſider,
What certain grounds you have for this.
Æcius. What grounds?
Did I not take him preaching to the ſoldiers
How lazily they liv'd? and what diſhonours
It was to ſerve a prince ſo full of woman?
Thoſe were his very words, friend.
Max. Theſe, Aecius,
Tho' they were raſhly ſpoke, (which was an error,
A great one, Pontius!) yet, from him that hungers
For wars, and brave employment, might be pardon'd.
The heart, and harbour'd thoughts of ill, make traitors,
Not ſpleeny ſpeeches.
Æcius. Why ſhould you protect him?
Go to [14]; it ſhews not honeſt.
Max. Taint me not;
For that ſhews worſe, Aecius! All your friendſhip,
And that pretended love you lay upon me,
Hold back my honeſty, is like a favour

[14] *Go too.*] So all former editions.

You

You do your ſlave to-day, to-morrow hang him.
Was I your boſom-piece for this?
Æcius. Forgive me:
The nature of my zeal, and for my country,
Makes me ſometimes forget myſelf; for know,
Tho' I moſt ſtrive to be without my paſſions,
I am no god. For you, Sir, whoſe infection
Has ſpread itſelf like poiſon thro' the army,
And caſt a killing fog on fair allegiance,
Firſt thank this noble gentleman; you had died elſe:
Next, from your place, and honour of a ſoldier,
I here ſeclude you——
Pont. May I ſpeak yet?
Max. Hear him.
Æcius. And, while Aecius holds a reputation,
At leaſt command, you bear no arms for Rome, Sir.
Pont. Againſt her I ſhall never. The condemn'd man
Has yet that privilege to ſpeak, my lord;
Law were not equal elſe.
Max. Pray hear, Aecius;
For happily the fault he has committed,
Tho' I believe it mighty, yet, conſider'd,
(If mercy may be thought upon) will prove
Rather a haſty ſin, than heinous.
Æcius. Speak.
Pont. 'Tis true, my lord, you took me tir'd with peace,
My words almoſt as ragged as my fortunes[15]:
'Tis true, I told the ſoldier whom we ſerv'd,
And then bewail'd, we had an emperor
Led from us by the flouriſhes of fencers;
I blam'd him too for women.
Æcius. To the reſt, Sir!
Pont. And like enough, I bleſs'd him then as ſoldiers
Will do ſometimes: 'Tis true I told 'em too,
We lay at home, to ſhew our country

[15] *My words almoſt as* ragged *as my fortunes.*] *Ragged* is a very ſtrong metaphor, and poſſibly corrupt. Some men of taſte would chuſe to read *rugged*, which is equally applicable to his *words* and his *fortunes*.

We

We durſt go naked, durſt want meat, and money;
And, when the ſlave drinks wine, we durſt be thirſty:
I told 'em this too, that the trees and roots
Were our beſt pay-maſters; the charity
Of longing women, that had bought our bodies,
Our beds, fires, taylors, nurſes; nay, I told 'em,
(For you ſhall hear the greateſt ſin I ſaid, Sir)
By that time there be wars again, our bodies,
Laden with ſcars and aches, and ill lodgings,
Heats, and perpetual wants, were fitter prayers,
And certain graves, than cope the foe on crutches:
'Tis likely too, I counſell'd 'em to turn
Their warlike pikes to plough-ſhares, their ſure targets
And ſwords, hatch'd with the blood of many nations,
To ſpades and pruning knives, (for thoſe get money)
Their warlike eagles into daws, or ſtarlings,
To give an *Ave Cæſar* as he paſſes,
And be rewarded with a thouſand drachmas;
For thus we get but years and beets.

Æcius. What think you,
Were theſe words to be ſpoken by a captain?
One that ſhould give example?

Max. 'Twas too much.

Pont. My lord, I did not wooe 'em from the empire,
Nor bid 'em turn their daring ſteel 'gainſt Cæſar;
The gods for ever hate me, if that motion
Were part of me! Give me but employment, Sir,
And way to live; and, where you hold me vicious,
Bred up in mutiny, my ſword ſhall tell you,
(And, if you pleaſe, that place I held maintain it,
'Gainſt the moſt daring foes of Rome) I'm honeſt,
A lover of my country, one that holds
His life no longer his, than kept for Cæſar.
Weigh not (I thus low on my knee beſeech you)
What my rude tongue diſcover'd; 'twas my want,
No other part of Pontius. You have ſeen me,
And you, my lord, do ſomething for my country,
And both beheld the wounds I gave and took,
Not like a backward traitor.

Æcius.

Æcius. All this language
Makes but againſt you, Pontius; you are caſt,
And, by mine honour and my love to Cæſar,
By me ſhall never be reſtor'd: In my camp
I will not have a tongue, tho' to himſelf,
Dare talk but near ſedition; as I govern,
All ſhall obey; and when they want, their duty
And ready ſervice ſhall redreſs their needs,
Not prating what they would be.

Pont. Thus I leave you;
Yet ſhall my prayers ſtill, altho' my fortunes
Muſt follow you no more, be ſtill about you:
Gods give you, where you fight, the victory!
You cannot caſt my wiſhes.

Æcius. Come, my lord,
Now to the field again.

Max. Alas, poor Pontius! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Chilax at one door, Licinius and Balbus at another.

Licin. How now?

Chi. She's come.

Bal. Then I'll to th' emperor. [*Exit.*

Chi. Do. Is the muſic plac'd well?

Licin. Excellent.

Chi. Licinius, you and Proculus receive her
In the great chamber; at her entrance,
Let me alone; and, do you hear, Licinius?
Pray let the ladies ply her further off,
And with much more diſcretion. One word more.

Licin. Well?

Chi. Are the jewels, and thoſe ropes of pearl,
Laid in the way ſhe paſſes?

Enter Valentinian, Balbus, and Proculus.

Licin. Take no care, man. [*Exit.*

Val. What, is ſhe come?

Chi.

Chi. She is, Sir; but 'twere beſt
Your grace were ſeen laſt to her.
Val. So I mean.
Keep the court empty, Proculus.
Proc. 'Tis done, Sir.
Val. Be not too ſudden to her.
Chi. Good your grace,
Retire, and man yourſelf; let us alone;
We are no children this way. Do you hear, Sir?
'Tis neceſſary that her waiting-women
Be cut off in the lobby by ſome ladies;
They'd break the buſineſs elſe.
Val. 'Tis true; they ſhall.
Chi. Remember your place, Proculus.
Proc. I warrant you. [*Exe. Val. Bal. and Proc.*

Enter Lucina, Claudia, and Marcellina.

Chi. She enters.—Who are waiters there? The emperor
Calls for his horſe to air himſelf.
Lucina. I'm glad
I come ſo happily to take him abſent;
This takes away a little fear. I know him;
Now I begin to fear again. Oh, honour,
If ever thou hadſt temple in weak woman,
And ſacrifice of modeſty burnt to thee,
Hold me faſt now, and help me!
Chi. Noble madam,
You're welcome to the court, moſt nobly welcome!
You are a ſtranger, lady.
Lucina. I deſire ſo.
Chi. A wondrous ſtranger here; nothing ſo ſtrange:
And therefore need a guide, I think.
Lucina. I do, Sir,
And that a good one too.
Chi. My ſervice, lady,
Shall be your guide in this place. But, pray tell me,
Are you reſolv'd a courtier?
Lucina. No, I hope, Sir.

Clau.

Clau. You are, Sir.
Chi. Yes, my fair one.
Clau. So it ſeems,
You are ſo ready to beſtow yourſelf.
Pray what might coſt thoſe breeches?
Chi. Would you wear 'em?—
Madam, you have a witty woman.
Marc. Two, Sir,
Or elſe you underbuy us.
Lucina. Leave your talking.
But is my lord here, I beſeech you, Sir?
Chi. He is, ſweet lady, and muſt take this kindly,
Exceeding kindly of you, wondrous kindly,
You come ſo far to viſit him. I'll guide you.
Lucina. Whither?
Chi. Why, to your lord.
Lucina. Is it ſo hard, Sir,
To find him in this place without a guide?
For I would willingly not trouble you.
Chi. It will be ſo for you that are a ſtranger:
Nor can it be a trouble to do ſervice
To ſuch a worthy beauty; and beſides——
Marc. I ſee he will go with us.
Clau. Let him amble.
Chi. It fits not that a lady of your reckoning,
Should paſs without attendants.
Lucina. I have two, Sir.
Chi. I mean, without a man. You'll ſee the emperor?
Lucina. Alas, I am not fit, Sir.
Chi. You are well enough;
He'll take it wondrous kindly. Hark!
Lucina. You flatter:
Good Sir, no more of that.
Chi. Well, I but tell you.
Lucina. Will you go forward? Since I muſt be man'd,
Pray take your place.
Clau. Cannot you man us too, Sir?

Chi.

Chi. Give me but time.
Marc. And you'll try all things?
Chi. No;
I'll make you no ſuch promiſe.
Clau. If you do, Sir,
Take heed you ſtand to't.
Chi. Wondrous merry ladies!
Lucina. The wenches are diſpos'd! Pray keep your way, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Licinius, Proculus, and Balbus.

Licin. She's coming up the ſtairs. Now, the muſic;
And, as that ſtirs her, let's ſet on. Perfumes there!
Proc. Diſcover all the jewels!
Licin. Peace! [*Muſic.*

SONG.

Now the luſty ſpring is ſeen;
Golden yellow, gaudy blue,
Daintily invite the view.
Every where, on every green,
Roſes bluſhing as they blow,
And enticing men to pull,
Lillies whiter than the ſnow,
Woodbines of ſweet honey full:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
'Ladies, if not pluck'd we die.'

Yet the luſty ſpring hath ſtaid,
Bluſhing red and pureſt white,
Daintily to love invite
Every woman, every maid.
Cherries kiſſing as they grow,
And inviting men to taſte,
Apples even ripe below,
Winding gently to the waiſt:
All love's emblems, and all cry,
'Ladies, if not pluck'd we die.'

SECOND

SECOND SONG.

Hear ye, ladies that deſpiſe,
What the mighty love has done;
Fear examples, and be wiſe:
Fair Caliſto was a nun;
Leda, ſailing on the ſtream
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doated on a ſilver ſwan;
Danaë, in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, lov'd a ſhower.

Hear ye, ladies that are coy,
What the mighty love can do;
Fear the fierceneſs of the boy:
The chaſte moon he makes to wooe;
Veſta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with ſpies,
Never dreaming looſe deſires,
Doating at the altar dies;
Ilion, in a ſhort hour [16], higher
He can build, and once more fire.

Enter Chilax, Lucina, Claudia, and Marcellina.

Lucina. Pray Heav'n my lord be here! for now I fear it.
Well, ring, if thou be'ſt counterfeit, or ſtolen,
As by this preparation I ſuſpect it,
Thou haſt betray'd thy miſtreſs. Pray, Sir, forward;
I would fain ſee my lord.
Chi. But tell me, madam,
How do you like the ſong?
Lucina. I like the air well,
But, for the words, they are laſcivious,
And over-light for ladies.
Chi. All ours love 'em.

[16] *Ilion in a ſhort* tower *higher.*] Firſt folio.

Lucina.

Lucina. 'Tis like enough, for yours are loving ladies.
Licin. Mádam, you're welcome to the court. Who waits?
Attendants for this lady!
Lucina. You miſtake, Sir;
I bring no triumph with mé.
Licin. But much honour.
Proc. Why, this was nobly done, and like a neighbour,
So freely of yourſelf to be a viſitant:
The emperor ſhall give you thanks for this.
Lucina. Oh, no, Sir;
There's nothing to deſerve 'em.
Proc. Yes, your preſence.
Lucina. Good gentlemen, be patient, and believe
I come to ſee my huſband, on command too;
I were no courtier elſe.
Licin. That's all one, lady;
Now you are here, you're welcome: And the emperor,
Who loves you but too well——
Lucina. No more of that, Sir;
I came not to be catechiz'd.
Proc. Ah, ſirrah!
And have we got you here? Faith, noble lady,
We'll keep you one month courtier.
Lucina. Gods defend, Sir!
I never lik'd a trade worſe.
Proc. Hark you. [*Whiſpers.*
Lucina. No, Sir!
Proc. You're grown the ſtrangeſt lady!
Lucina. How!
Proc. By Heav'n,
'Tis true I tell you; and you'll find it.
Lucina. I?
I'll rather find my grave, and ſo inform him.
Proc. Is it not pity, gentlemen, this lady
(Nay, I'll deal roughly with you, yet not hurt you)
Should live alone, and give ſuch heav'nly beauty
Only to walls and hangings?

Lucina.

Lucina. Good Sir, patience!
I am no wonder, neither come to that end.
You do my lord an injury to ſtay me,
Who, tho' you are the prince's, yet dare tell you,
He keeps no wife for your ways.
Bal. Well, well, lady,
However you are pleas'd to think of us,
You're welcome, and you ſhall be welcome.
Lucina. Shew it
In that I come for then, in leading me
Where my lov'd lord is, not in flattery. [*Jewels ſhewn.*
Nay, you may draw the curtain; I have ſeen 'em,
But none worth half my honeſty.
Clau. Are theſe, Sir,
Laid here to take?
Proc. Yes, for your lady, gentlewoman.
Marc. We had been doing elſe.
Bal. Meaner jewels
Would fit your worths.
Clau. And meaner cloaths your bodies.
Lucina. The gods ſhall kill me firſt!
Licin. There's better dying
I' th' emperor's arms. Go to; but be not angry!
Theſe are but talks, ſweet lady.

Enter Phorba and Ardelia.

Phorba. Where is this ſtranger? Ruſhes[17], ladies, ruſhes!
Ruſhes as green as ſummer, for this ſtranger!
Proc. Here's ladies come to ſee you.
Lucina. You are gone then?
I take it, 'tis your cue.
Proc. Or rather manners:
You're better fitted, madam; we but tire you,

[17] *Ruſhes.*] In the Second Part of Henry IV. act v. ſcene v. one of the Grooms calls out for more *ruſhes*; upon which paſſage Dr. Johnſon obſerves, that, at ceremonial entertainments, it was the cuſtom to ſtrew the floor with *ruſhes*; and for a proof refers to *Caius de Epheinera*. The ſame obſervation and reference are made on a paſſage in Cymbeline, act ii. ſcene ii. *R.*

Therefore we'll leave you for an hour, and bring
Your much-lov'd lord unto you. [*Exeunt.*
Lucina. Then I'll thank you.
I am betray'd, for certain! Well, Lucina,
If thou doſt fall from virtue, may the earth,
That after death ſhould ſhoot up gardens of thee,
Spreading thy living goodneſs into branches,
Fly from thee, and the hot ſun find thy vices!
Phorba. You are a welcome woman.
Ard. Bleſs me, Heav'n!
How did you find the way to court?
Lucina. I know not;
'Would I had never trod it!
Phorba. Prithee tell me,
Good noble lady, (and, good ſweetheart, love us,
For we love thee extremely) is not this place
A Paradiſe to live in?
Lucina. To thoſe people
That know no other Paradiſe but pleaſure:
That little I enjoy contents me better.
Ard. What, heard you any muſick yet?
Lucina. Too much.
Phorba. You muſt not be thus froward: What! this gown
Is one o' th' prettieſt, by my troth, Ardelia,
I ever ſaw yet; 'twas not to frown in, lady,
You put this gown on when you came.
Ard. How do you?
Alas, poor wretch, how cold it is!
Lucina. Content you;
I am as well as may be, and as temperate,
If you will let me be ſo. Where's my lord?
For there's the buſineſs that I came for, ladies.
Phorba. We'll lead you to him; he is in the gallery.
Ard. We'll ſhew you all the court too.
Lucina. Shew me him,
And you have ſhew'd me all I come to look on.
Phorba. Come on; we'll be your guides, and, as you go,

We

We have ſome pretty tales to tell you, lady,
Shall make you merry too. You come not here,
To be a ſad Lucina.
Lucina. 'Would I might not! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chilax and Balbus.

Chi. Now the ſoft muſick! Balbus, run!
Bal. I fly, boy. [*Exit.*
Chi. The women by this time are worming of her;
If ſhe can hold out them, the emperor [*Muſick.*
Takes her to taſk. He has her. Hark, the muſick!

Enter Valentinian and Lucina.

Lucina. Good your grace!
Where are my women, Sir?
Val. They're wiſe, beholding
What you think ſcorn to look on, the court's bravery.
Would you have run away ſo ſlily, lady,
And not have ſeen me?
Lucina. I beſeech your majeſty,
Conſider what I am, and whoſe.
Val. I do ſo.
Lucina. Believe me, I ſhall never make a whore, Sir.
Val. A friend you may, and to that man that loves you,
More than you love your virtue.
Lucina. Sacred Cæſar!
Val. You ſhall not kneel to me, ſweet.
Lucina. Look upon me,
And, if you be ſo cruel to abuſe me,
Think how the gods will take it! Does this beauty
Afflict your ſoul? I'll hide it from you ever;
Nay more, I will become ſo leprous,
That you ſhall curſe me from you. My dear lord
Has ſerv'd you ever truly, fought your battles
As if he daily long'd to die for Cæſar;
Was never traitor, Sir, nor never tainted
In all the actions of his life.
Val. I know it.

Lucina. His fame and family have grown together,
And ſpread together, like to ſailing cedars [18],
Over the Roman diadem: Oh, let not,
(As you have any fleſh that's human in you)
The having of a modeſt wife decline him!
Let not my virtue be the wedge to break him!
I do not think you are laſcivious;
Theſe wanton men belie you: You are Cæſar,
Which is the father of the empire's honour;
You are too near the nature of the gods,
To wrong the weakeſt of all creatures, women.
Val. I dare not do it here.—Riſe, fair Lucina,
I did but try your temper; you are honeſt;
And, with the commendations wait on that,
I'll lead you to your lord, and give you to him [19].
Wipe your fair eyes.—He that endeavours ill,
May well delay, but never quench his hell. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Chilax, Licinius, Proculus, and Balbus.

Chi. 'TIS done, Licinius.
Licin. How?
Chi. I ſhame to tell it.
If there be any juſtice, we are villains,
And muſt be ſo rewarded!
Bal. If it be done,
I take it, 'tis no time now to repent it;
Let's make the beſt o' th' trade.
Proc. Now vengeance take it!
Why ſhould not he have ſettled on a beauty,

[18] *Like to ſailing cedars.*] Mr. Sympſon juſtly reads TWO *ſailing cedars*, as anſwering to his fame and family. *Seward.*
The old reading being ſenſe, we have retained it.

[19] *I'll lead you to your lord, and you to him.*] Thus nonſenſically read all editions but the ſecond folio, which we have followed.

Whoſe

Whoſe honeſty ſtuck in a piece of tiſſue,
Or one a ring might rule, or ſuch a one
That had an itching huſband to be honourable,
And groan'd to get it [20]? If he muſt have women,
And no allay without 'em, why not thoſe
That know the myſtery [21], and are beſt able
To play again with judgment? Such as ſhe is,
Grant they be won with long ſiege, endleſs travel,
And brought to opportunity with millions,
Yet, when they come to motion, their cold virtue
Keeps 'em like cakes of ice: I'll melt a chriſtal,
And make a dead flint fire himſelf, ere they
Give greater heat than now-departing embers
Give to old men that watch 'em.

Licin. A good whore
Had ſav'd all this, and happily as wholeſome,
Ay, and the thing once done too, as well thought of;
But this ſame chaſtity forſooth——

Proc. A pox on't!
Why ſhould not women be as free as we are?
They are, (but not in open) and far freer,
And the more bold ye bear yourſelf, more welcome;
And there is nothing ye dare ſay, but truth,
But they dare hear.

Enter Valentinian and Lucina.

Chi. The emperor! Away;
And, if we can repent, let's home and pray. [*Exeunt.*

Val. Your only virtue now is patience;
Take heed, and ſave your honour. If you talk——

Lucina. As long as there is motion in my body,
And life to give me words, I'll cry for juſtice!

Val. Juſtice ſhall never hear you; I am juſtice!

Lucina. Wilt thou not kill me, monſter, raviſher?
Thou bitter bane o' th' empire, look upon me,
And, if thy guilty eyes dare ſee theſe ruins

[20] *And* ground *to get it.*] The variation propoſed by Mr. Sympſon.

[21] *That know the* miſery.] Corrected in 1750.

Thy wild luſt hath laid level with diſhonour,
The ſacrilegious razing of this temple,
The mother of thy black ſins would have bluſh'd at,
Behold, and curſe thyſelf! The gods will find thee,
(That's all my refuge now) for they are righteous:
Vengeance and horror circle thee! The empire,
In which thou liv'ſt a ſtrong continued ſurfeit,
Like poiſon will diſgorge thee; good men raze thee
For ever being read again, but vicious [22];
Women, and fearful maids, make vows againſt thee;
Thy own ſlaves, if they hear of this, ſhall hate thee;
And thoſe thou haſt corrupted, firſt fall from thee;
And, if thou let'ſt me live, the ſoldier,
Tir'd with thy tyrannies, break thro' obedience,
And ſhake his ſtrong ſteel at thee!

Val. This prevails not,
Nor any agony you utter, lady.
If I have done a ſin, curſe her that drew me,
Curſe the firſt cauſe, the witchcraft that abus'd me,
Curſe thoſe fair eyes, and curſe that heav'nly beauty,
And curſe your being good too.

Lucina. Glorious thief,
What reſtitution canſt thou make to ſave me?

Val. I'll ever love, and honour you.

Lucina. Thou canſt not,
For that which was mine honour, thou haſt murder'd;
And can there be a love in violence?

---

[22] *For ever being read again,*——but vicious
Women, and fearful maids, make vows againſt thee.] Thus ſtood the old text, and, I believe, whoever conſiders it will agree that by an odd confuſion of ideas, the word *vicious* is put inſtead of its reverſe, *virtuous*. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

For ever being read again; all virtuous
Women, and fearful maids, &c.

The old reading requires nothing but proper punctuation to make it good ſenſe, and the line following will be ſtronger. We ſhould read,

——*good men raze thee*
For ever being read again, but vicious;

that is, 'good men will prevent your ever being recorded, *but* as an 'example of *vice and villainy*.'

Val.

Val. You ſhall be only mine.

Lucina. Yet I like better
Thy villainy, than flattery; that's thine own,
The other baſely counterfeit. Fly from me,
Or, for thy ſafety-ſake and wiſdom, kill me!
For I am worſe than thou art: Thou may'ſt pray,
And ſo recover grace; I'm loſt for ever!
And, if thou let'ſt me live, thou'rt loſt thyſelf too.

Val. I fear no loſs but love; I ſtand above it.

Lucina. Call in your lady bawds, and gilded pandars,
And let them triumph too, and ſing to Cæſar,
Lucina's fall'n, the chaſte Lucina's conquer'd!
Gods, what a wretched thing has this man made me!
For I am now no wife for Maximus,
No company for women that are virtuous,
No family I now can claim, nor country,
Nor name, but Cæſar's whore. Oh, ſacred Cæſar,
(For that ſhould be your title) was your empire;
Your rods, and axes, that are types of juſtice;
Thoſe fires that ever burn, to beg you bleſſings;
The peoples' adoration; fear of nations;
What victory can bring you home; what elſe
The uſeful elements can make your ſervants,
Even light itſelf, and ſuns of light, truth, juſtice,
Mercy, and ſtar-like piety [23]; ſent to you,
And from the gods themſelves, to raviſh women?
The curſes that I owe to enemies,
Ev'n thoſe the Sabines ſent, when Romulus
(As thou haſt me) raviſh'd their noble maids,
Made more, and heavier, light on thee!

[23] *Even light itſelf, and* ſuns *of light, Truth, Juſtice, Mercy, and ſtar-like Piety.*] This noble paſſage ſeems, if I may be allow'd the expreſſion, obſcur'd by too much light; part of which, I believe, is not genuine. To call Truth, Juſtice, and Piety *ſuns* may be allow'd, but *ſuns of light* is both ſtiff and tautological; and after they are call'd *ſuns*, the additional epithet of *ſtar-like* is an uſeleſs anticlimax. I *doubt not* but that the true reading was *ſons of light*. *Seward.*

We *doubt* it much; *light, and ſuns of light*, is a natural amplification; but *ſtar-like piety* ſucceeding muſt be confeſſed to be anticlimax. *Val.*

Val. This helps not.

Lucina. The ſins of Tarquin be remember'd in thee!
And where there has a chaſte wife been abus'd,
Let it be thine, the ſhame thine, thine the ſlaughter,
And laſt, for ever thine the fear'd example!
Where ſhall poor Virtue live, now I am fall'n?
What can your honours now, and empire make me
But a more glorious whore?

Val. A better woman:
But if you will be blind, and ſcorn it, who can help it?
Come, leave theſe lamentations; they do nothing,
But make a noiſe. I am the ſame man ſtill:
Were it to do again, (therefore be wiſer)
By all this holy light, I ſhould attempt it!
You are ſo excellent, and made to raviſh,
(There were no pleaſure in you elſe)——

Lucina. Oh, villain!

Val. So bred for man's amazement, that my reaſon,
And every help to hold me right, has loſt me!
The god of love himſelf had been before me,
Had he but power to ſee you; tell me juſtly,
How can I chuſe but err then? If you dare,
Be mine, and only mine, (for you're ſo precious,
I envy any other ſhould enjoy you,
Almoſt look on you; and your daring huſband
Shall know h' has kept an offering from the empire,
Too holy for his altars) be the mightieſt;
More than myſelf I'll make it. If you will not,
Sit down with this, and ſilence (for which wiſdom,
You ſhall have uſe of me, and much honour ever,
And be the ſame you were): If you divulge it,
Know I am far above the faults I do,
And thoſe I do I'm able to forgive too;
And where your credit, in the knowledge of it,
May be with gloſs enough ſuſpected, mine
Is as mine own command ſhall make it. Princes,
Tho' they be ſometimes ſubject to looſe whiſpers,
Yet wear they two-edg'd ſwords for open cenſures.
Your huſband cannot help you, nor the ſoldier;

Your

Your huſband is my creature, they my weapons,
And only where I bid 'em, ſtrike; I feed 'em.
Nor can the gods be angry at this action;
For, as they make me moſt, they mean me happieſt,
Which I had never been without this pleaſure.
Conſider, and farewell! You'll find your women
At home before you; they have had ſome ſport too,
But are more thankful for it. [*Exit.*

Lucina. Deſtruction find thee!
Now which way muſt I go? my honeſt houſe
Will ſhake to ſhelter me; my huſband fly me;
My family,
Becauſe they're honeſt, and deſire to be ſo,
Muſt not endure me; not a neighbour know me!
What woman now dare ſee me without bluſhes,
And, pointing as I paſs, 'There, there, behold her;
'Look on her, little children; that is ſhe,
'That handſome lady, mark?' Oh, my ſad fortunes!
Is this the end of goodneſs? this the price
Of all my early prayers to protect me?
Why then, I ſee there is no god but power,
Nor virtue now alive that cares for us,
But what is either lame or ſenſual!
How had I been thus wretched elſe!

Enter Maximus and Æcius.

Æcius. Let Titius
Command the company that Pontius loſt,
And ſee the foſſes deeper.

Max. How now, ſweetheart?
What make you here, and thus?

Æcius. Lucina weeping?
This muſt be much offence.

Max. Look up, and tell me,
Why are you thus?—My ring? oh, friend, I've found it!
You are at court, ſweet!

Lucina. Yes; this brought me hither.

Max. Riſe, and go home.—I have my fears, Aecius;
Oh, my beſt friend, I'm ruin'd!—Go, Lucina;

Already

Already in thy tears I've read thy wrongs,
Already found a Cæſar. Go, thou lily,
Thou ſweetly-drooping flow'r! Go, ſilver ſwan,
And ſing thine own ſad requiem! Go, Lucina,
And, if thou dar'ſt, out-live this wrong!"

Lucina. I dare not.

Æcius. Is that the ring you loſt?

Max. That, that, Aecius,
That curſed ring, myſelf, and all my fortunes.
'T has pleas'd the emperor, my noble maſter,
For all my ſervices, and dangers for him,
To make me mine own pandar. Was this juſtice,
Oh, my Aecius? have I liv'd to bear this?

Lucina. Farewell for ever, Sir!

Max. That's a ſad ſaying;
But ſuch a one becomes you well, Lucina:
And yet, methinks, we ſhould not part ſo lightly;
Our loves have been of longer growth, more rooted,
Than the ſharp word of one farewell can ſcatter.
Kiſs me. I find no Cæſar here[24]; theſe lips
Taſte not of raviſher, in my opinion.
Was it not ſo?

Lucina. Oh, yes!

Max. I dare believe thee;
For thou wert ever truth itſelf, and ſweetneſs.
Indeed ſhe was, Aecius.

Æcius. So ſhe is ſtill.

Max. Once more!—Oh, my Lucina, oh, my comfort,
The bleſſing of my youth, the life of my life!

Æcius. I've ſeen enough to ſtagger my obedience;
Hold me, ye equal gods! this is too ſinful.

Max. Why wert thou choſen out to make a whore of?
To me thou wert too chaſte. Fall, chriſtal fountains,
And ever feed your ſtreams, you riſing ſorrows;
'Till you have dropt your miſtreſs into marble.
Now, go for ever from me.

---

24 *I find no Cæſar here; theſe lips*
Taſte not of raviſher.]
' I found not Caſſio's kiſſes on her lips. *Shakeſpeare.*

Lucina,

Lucina. Long farewell, Sir!
And as I have been loyal, gods, think on me!
Max. Stay; let me once more bid farewell, Lucina,
Farewell[25], thou excellent example of us!
Thou ſtarry virtue, fare thee well! ſeek Heav'n,
And there by Caſſiopeia ſhine in glory!
We are too baſe and dirty to preſerve thee.
Æcius. Nay, I muſt kiſs too. Such a kiſs again,
And from a woman of ſo ripe a virtue,
Aecius muſt not take. Farewell, thou Phenix,
If thou wilt die, Lucina! which, well weigh'd,
If you can ceaſe a while from theſe ſtrange thoughts,
I wiſh were rather alter'd.
Lucina. No.
Æcius. Miſtake not.
I would not ſtain your honour, for the empire,
Nor any way decline you to diſcredit:
'Tis not my fair profeſſion, but a villain's.
I find and feel your loſs as deep as you do,
And am the ſame Aecius, ſtill as honeſt,
The ſame life I have ſtill for Maximus,
The ſame ſword wear for you, where juſtice wills me,
And 'tis no dull one: Therefore, miſconceive not;
Only I'd have you live a little longer,
But a ſhort year.
Max. She muſt not.
Lucina. Why ſo long, Sir?
Am I not grey enough with grief already?
Æcius. To draw from that wild man a ſweet repentance,
And goodneſs in his days to come.
Max. They are ſo,
And will be ever coming, my Aecius.
Æcius. For who knows, but the ſight of you, preſenting
His ſwol'n ſins at the full, and your fair virtues,

[25] *Farewell, thou excellent example* of us!] The two laſt words of this line are very flat, and perhaps corrupt. The turn of the ſpeech would warrant our reading,

Farewell, thou excellent example! Leave us.

May

May like a fearful viſion fright his follies,
And once more bend him right again? which bleſſing
(If your dark wrongs would give you leave to read)
Is more than death, and the reward more glorious:
Death only eaſes you; this, the whole empire.
Beſides, compell'd, and forc'd with violence,
To what you've done, the deed is none of yours,
No, nor the juſtice neither: You may live,
And ſtill a worthier woman, ſtill more honour'd;
For are thoſe trees the worſe we tear the fruits from?
Or, ſhould th' eternal gods deſire to periſh,
Becauſe we daily violate their truths,
Which is the chaſtity of Heav'n? No, lady;
If you dare live, you may: And as our ſins
Make them more full of equity and juſtice,
So this compulſive wrong makes you more perfect:
The empire too will bleſs you,

Max. Noble Sir,
If ſhe were any thing to me but honour,
And that that's wedded to me too, laid in,
Not to be worn away without my being;
Or could the wrongs be hers alone, or mine,
Or both our wrongs, not tied to after-iſſues,
Not born anew in all our names and kindreds,
I would deſire her live; nay more, compel her:
But ſince it was not youth, but malice did it,
And not her own, nor mine, but both our loſſes,
Nor ſtays it there, but that our names muſt find it,
Ev'n thoſe to come, and when they read ſhe liv'd,
Muſt they not aſk how often ſhe was raviſh'd,
And make a doubt ſhe lov'd that more than wedlock?
Therefore ſhe muſt not live.

Ætius. Therefore ſhe muſt live,
To teach the world ſuch deaths are ſuperſtitious,

Lucina. The tongues of angels cannot alter me;
For could the world again reſtore my credit,
As fair and abſolute as firſt I bred it,
That world I ſhould not truſt again. The empire
By my life can get nothing but my ſtory,
Which whilſt I breathe muſt be but his abuſes.

And

And where you counſel me to live, that Cæſar
May ſee his errors, and repent, I'll tell you,
His penitence is but encreaſe of pleaſures,
His prayers never ſaid but to deceive us;
And when he weeps, as you think for his vices,
'Tis but as killing drops from baleful yew-trees,
That rot their honeſt neighbour. If he can grieve,
As one that yet deſires his free converſion,
And almoſt glories in his penitence,
I'll leave him robes to mourn in, my ſad aſhes.

Æcius. The farewells then of happy ſouls be with thee,
And to thy memory be ever ſung
The praiſes of a juſt and conſtant lady!
This ſad day, whilſt I live, a ſoldier's tears
I'll offer on thy monument, and bring,
Full of thy noble ſelf, with tears untold yet,
Many a worthy wife, to weep thy ruin!

Max. All that is chaſte upon thy tomb ſhall flouriſh,
All living epitaphs be thine: Time's ſtory [16],
And what is left behind to piece our lives,
Shall be no more abus'd with tales and trifles,
But, full of thee, ſtand to eternity!

Æcius. Once more, farewell! Go, find Elyſium,
There where the happy ſouls are crown'd with bleſſings,
There where 'tis ever ſpring, and ever ſummer!

Max. There where no bed-rid juſtice comes! truth, honour,
Are keepers of that bleſſed place: Go thither;
For here thou liv'ſt chaſte fire in rotten timber.

Æcius. And ſo, our laſt farewells!

Max. Gods give thee juſtice! [*Exit Lucina.*

Æcius. His thoughts begin to work; I fear him: Yet
He ever was a noble Roman; but,
I know not what to think on't; he hath ſuffer'd
Beyond a man, if he ſtand this.

Max. Aecius!
Am I alive, or has a dead ſleep ſeiz'd me?

[16] *Time, ſtory.*] We apprehend we ſhould read *Time's ſtory*, an expreſſion often uſed by our Authors, and more agreeable to the context.

It

It was my wife the emperor abus'd thus!
And I muſt ſay, 'I'm glad I had her for him;'
Muſt I not, my Aecius?
Æcius. I am ſtricken
With ſuch a ſtiff amazement, that no anſwer
Can readily come from me, nor no comfort.
Will you go home, or go to my houſe?
Max. Neither:
I have no home; and you are mad, Aecius,
To keep me company! I am a fellow
My own ſword would forſake, not tied unto me.
A pandar is a prince, to what I'm fallen!
By Heav'n, I dare do nothing.
Æcius. You do better.
Max. I'm made a branded ſlave, Aecius,
And yet I bleſs the maker.
Death o' my ſoul! muſt I endure this tamely?
Muſt Maximus be mention'd for his tales?
I am a child too; what ſhould I do railing?
I cannot mend myſelf; 'tis Cæſar did it,
And what am I to him?
Æcius. 'Tis well conſider'd;
However you are tainted, be no traitor:
Time may out-wear the firſt, the laſt lives ever.
Max. Oh, that thou wert not living, and my friend!
Æcius [*aſide*]. I'll bear a wary eye upon your actions;
I fear you, Maximus; nor can I blame thee
If thou break'ſt out; for, by the gods, thy wrong
Deſerves a general ruin!—Do you love me?
Max. That's all I have to live on.
Æcius. Then go with me;
You ſhall not to your own houſe.
Max. Nor to any;
My griefs are greater far than walls can compaſs!
And yet I wonder how it happens with me,
I am not dangerous; and, o' my conſcience,
Should I now ſee the emperor i' th' heat on't [27],

[27] *Should I now ſee the* Emperor, &c.] The doctrine of paſſive obedience, ſo often inculcated in the Works of our Authors, (but particularly in this play and the Maid's Tragedy) is a ſtrong and unpleaſing

I ſhould not chide him for't: An awe runs thro' me,
I feel it ſenſibly, that binds me to it;
'Tis at my heart now, there it ſits and rules,
And methinks 'tis a pleaſure to obey it.
Æcius [*aſide*]. This is a maſk to cozen me: I know you,
And how far you dare do; no Roman further,
Nor with more fearleſs valour; and I'll watch you.—
Keep that obedience ſtill.
Max. Is a wife's loſs
(For her abuſe, much good may do his Grace;
I'll make as bold with his wife, if I can)
More than the fading of a few freſh colours?
More than a luſty ſpring loſt?
Æcius. No more, Maximus,
To one that truly lives.
Max. Why then, I care not;
I can live well enough, Aecius:
For look you, friend, for virtue, and thoſe trifles,
They may be bought, they ſay.
Æcius. He's craz'd a little;
His grief has made him talk things from his nature.
Max. But chaſtity is not a thing, I take it,
To get in Rome, unleſs it be beſpoken
A hundred years before, (is it, Aecius?)
By'r lady, and well handled too i'th' breeding.
Æcius. Will you go any way?
Max. I'll tell thee, friend;
If my wife, for all this, ſhould be a whore now,
A kind of kicker-out of ſheets, 'twould vex me;
For I'm not angry yet. The emperor
Is young and handſome, and the woman fleſh,
And may not theſe two couple without ſcratching?
Æcius. Alas, my noble friend!
Max. Alas not me!
I am not wretched; for there's no man miſerable,
But he that makes himſelf ſo.

unpleaſing mark of the complection of the times in which they wrote. Such ſentiments would not be endured on the preſent ſtage. In this place, however, it is not the real ſentiment of the ſpeaker.

Æcius.

Æcius. Will you walk yet?

Max. Come, come, ſhe dare not die, friend; that's the truth on't;
She knows th' enticing ſweets and delicacies
Of a young prince's pleaſures, and, I thank her,
Sh' has made a way for Maximus to riſe by:
Will't not become me bravely? Why do you think
She wept, and ſaid ſhe was raviſh'd? Keep it here,
And I'll diſcover to you.

Æcius. Well?

Max. She knows
I love no bitten fleſh, and out of that hope
She might be from me, ſhe contriv'd this knavery.
Was it not monſtrous, friend?

Æcius. Does he but ſeem ſo,
Or is he mad indeed?

Max. Oh, gods, my heart!

Æcius. 'Would it would fairly break!

Max. Methinks I'm ſomewhat wilder than I was;
And yet, I thank the gods, I know my duty!

Enter Claudia.

Clau. Nay, you may ſpare your tears; ſhe's dead, ſhe is ſo.

Max. Why, ſo it ſhould be. How?

Clau. When firſt ſhe enter'd
Into her houſe, after a world of weeping,
And bluſhing like the ſun-ſet, as we ſaw her [28],
'Dare I, ſaid ſhe, defile this houſe with whore,
'In which his noble family has flouriſh'd?'

[28] *And bluſhing like the ſun-ſet*, as *we* ſee *her*.] The latter part of this line ſeems a meer fill-up; but, I believe, was a noble ſentiment in the original, which I hope is now reſtored. Lucina bluſhed to be look'd upon by us, as ſhame would hide its head from all its acquaintance. If the old reading may be thought to give this idea, and the reader thinks he could have collected it from it without the change, I am willing to ſubmit; ſo that the true ſenſe be retain'd, it is of ſmall conſequence whether we read *as* or *that*. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, THAT *we* ſaw *her*; but we cannot think his reading conveys the ſenſe he means to give. The only error in the old lection ſeems to have been *ſee* for *ſaw*.

At

At which ſhe fell, and ſtirr'd no more. We rubb'd her——

Max. No more of that; be gone. Now, my Aecius, [*Exit Clau.*

If thou wilt do me pleaſure, weep a little;
I am ſo parch'd I cannot. Your example
Has brought the rain down now: Now lead me, friend;
And as we walk together, let's pray truly [29],
I may not fall from faith.

Æcius. That's nobly ſpoken.

Max. Was I not wild, Aecius?

Æcius. Somewhat troubled.

Max. I felt no ſorrow then. Now I'll go with you;
But do not name the woman! Fy, what fool
Am I to weep thus! Gods, Lucina, take thee,
For thou wert ev'n the beſt and worthieſt lady——

Æcius. Good Sir, no more; I ſhall be melted with it.

Max. I've done; and, good Sir, comfort me. 'Would there were wars now!

Æcius. Settle your thoughts; come.

Max. So I have now, friend.
Of my deep lamentations here's an end. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Pontius, Phidias, and Aretus.

Phid. By my faith, captain Pontius, beſides pity
Of your fall'n fortunes, what to ſay I know not;
For 'tis too true the emperor deſires not,
But my beſt maſter, any ſoldier near him.

Are. And when he underſtands, he caſt your fortunes
For diſobedience, how can we incline him
(That are but under-perſons to his favours)
To any fair opinion? Can you ſing?

Pont. Not to pleaſe him, Aretus; for my ſongs
Go not to th' lute, or viol, but to th' trumpet;
My tune kept on a target, and my ſubject

[29] *And as we walk* together, *let's pray* together *truly.*] The ſecond *together* ſeems ſuperfluous and erroneous, and probably was interpolated by a careleſs tranſcriber.

The well-ſtruck wounds of men, not love, or women.
Phid. And thoſe he underſtands not.
Pont. He ſhould, Phidias.
Are. Could you not leave this killing way a little,
(You muſt, if here you'd plant yourſelf) and rather
Learn, as we do, to like what thoſe affect
That are above us? Wear their actions,
And think they keep us warm too? What they ſay,
Tho' oftentimes they ſpeak a little fooliſhly,
Not ſtay to conſtrue, but prepare to execute?
And think, however the end falls, the buſineſs
Cannot run empty-handed?
Phid. Can you flatter,
And, if it were put to you, lie a little?
Pont. Yes, if it be a living.
Are. That's well ſaid then.
Pont. But muſt theſe lies and flatteries be believ'd, then?
Phid. Oh, yes, by any means.
Pont. By any means then,
I cannot lie, nor flatter.
Are. You muſt ſwear too,
If you be there.
Pont. I can ſwear, if they move me.
Phid. Cannot you forſwear too?
Pont. The court for ever,
If it be grown ſo wicked.
Are. You ſhould procure a little too.
Pont. What's that?
Mens' honeſt ſayings for my truth?
Are. Oh, no, Sir,
But womens' honeſt actions for your trial.
Pont. Do you do all theſe things?
Phid. Do you not like 'em?
Pont. D'you aſk me ſeriouſly, or trifle with me?
I am not ſo low yet, to be your mirth!
Are. You do miſtake us, captain; for ſincerely
We aſk you how you like 'em?
Pont. Then ſincerely

I tell

I tell you I abhor 'em: They're ill ways,
And I will ſtarve before I fall into 'em;
The doers of 'em wretches, their baſe hungers
Care not whoſe bread they eat, nor how they get it.
Are. What then, Sir?
Pont. If you profeſs this wickedneſs,
Becauſe ye have been ſoldiers, and borne arms,
The ſervants of the brave Aecius,
And by him put to th' emperor, give me leave,
(Or I muſt take it elſe) to ſay ye're villains!
For all your golden coats, debauſh'd, baſe villains!
Yet I do wear a ſword to tell ye ſo.
Is this the way ye mark out for a ſoldier,
A man that has commanded for the empire,
And borne the reputation of a man?
Are there not lazy things enough, call'd fools and cowards,
And poor enough to be preferr'd for pandars,
But wanting ſoldiers muſt be knaves too? ha?
This the trim courſe of life? Were not ye born bawds,
And ſo inherit but your rights? I am poor,
And may expect a worſe; yet digging, pruning,
Mending of broken ways, carrying of water,
Planting of worts and onions, any thing
That's honeſt, and a man's, I'll rather chuſe,
Ay, and live better on it, which is juſter;
Drink my well-gotten water with more pleaſure,
When my endeavour's done, and wages paid me,
Than you do wine; eat my coarſe bread not curs'd,
And mend upon't (your diets are diſeaſes);
And ſleep as ſoundly, when my labour bids me,
As any forward pandar of ye all,
And riſe a great deal honeſter! My garments,
Tho' not as yours, the ſoft ſins of the empire,
Yet may be warm, and keep the biting wind out,
When every ſingle breath of poor opinion
Finds you thro' all your velvets!
Are. You have hit it;
Nor are we thoſe we ſeem. The lord Aecius

Put us good men to th' emperor, ſo we have ſerv'd him,
Tho' much neglected for it; ſo dare be ſtill:
Your curſes are not ours. We've ſeen your fortune,
But yet know no way to redeem it: Means,
Such as we have, you ſhall not want, brave Pontius;
But pray be temperate. If we can wipe out
The ſtain of your offences [30], we are yours, Sir;
And you ſhall live at court an honeſt man too.

Phid. That little meat and means we have, we'll ſhare it.

Fear not to be as we are; what we told you,
Were but mere trials of your truth: You're worthy,
And ſo we'll ever hold you; ſuffer better,
And then you are a right man, Pontius.
If my good maſter be not ever angry,
You ſhall command again.

Pont. I have found two good men: Uſe my life,
For it is yours, and all I have to thank ye! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Maximus.

Max. There's no way elſe to do it; he muſt die;
This friend muſt die, this ſoul of Maximus,
Without whom I am nothing but my ſhame;
This perfectneſs that keeps me from opinion,
Muſt die, or I muſt live thus branded ever:
A hard choice, and a fatal! Gods, ye have given me
A way to credit, but the ground to go on
Ye have levell'd with that precious life I love moſt;
Yet I muſt on, and thro': For, if I offer
To take my way without him, like a ſea
He bears his high command, 'twixt me and vengeance,
And in mine own road ſinks me. He is honeſt,

[30] ——— *If we can wipe out*
The way *of your offences.*] To *wipe out* the *way* ſeems a ſtrange phraſe; *ſtain*, we apprehend, will be allowed a better word: Yet we ſhould not have ſubſtituted it, had we not been perſuaded that the old text was corrupt.

Of

Of a moſt conſtant loyalty to Cæſar,
And when he ſhall but doubt I dare attempt him,
But make a queſtion of his ill, but ſay
'What is a Cæſar, that he dare do this?'
Dead ſure he cuts me off[31]: Aecius dies,
Or I have loſt myſelf. Why ſhould I kill him?
Why ſhould I kill myſelf? for 'tis my killing;
Aecius is my root, and, wither him,
Like a decaying branch I fall to nothing.
Is he not more to me than wife? than Cæſar,
Tho' I had now my ſafe revenge upon him?
Is he not more than honour[32], and his friendſhip
Sweeter than the love of women? What is honour,
We all ſo ſtrangely are bewitch'd withal?
Can it relieve me if I want? he has;
Can honour, 'twixt the incenſed prince and envy,
Bear up the lives of worthy men? he has;
Can honour pull the wings of fearful cowards,
And make 'em turn again like tigers? he has,
And I have liv'd to ſee this, and preſerv'd ſo.
Why ſhould this empty word incite me then
To what is ill and cruel? Let her periſh:
A friend is more than all the world, than honour!
She is a woman, and her loſs the leſs,
And with her go my griefs!—But, hark you, Maximus;
Was ſhe not yours? Did ſhe not die to tell you
She was a raviſh'd woman? Did not juſtice
Nobly begin with her, that not deſerv'd it?
And ſhall he live that did it? Stay a little!
Can this abuſe die here? Shall not mens' tongues

[31] *Dead ſure he cuts me off.*] I read *dead-ſure* with a hyphen, and underſtand by it the common expreſſion, *as ſure as death. Seward.*

We chuſe to read, according to the old books, without a hyphen; becauſe that may either convey Mr. Seward's ſenſe, or (as the words might bear) '*for certain*, he will cut me off by death:' *Dead, ſure, he cuts me off.* Beſides, *dead-ſure* is a modern vulgariſm.

[32] *Is he not more than* rumour.] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympſon both ſuſpect the word *rumour*, and think that *honour* was probably the original. But as *honour*, in this place, muſt ſignify exactly the ſame with *rumour*, the Poets ſeem to have judiciouſly aſcertained the true meaning of what follows, by uſing *rumour* here. *Seward.*

We believe *honour* the right word, and the whole ſpeech confirms it.

Diſpute it afterward, and ſay I gave
(Affecting dull obedience, and tame duty,
And led away with fondneſs of a friendſhip)
The only virtue of the world to ſlander?
Is not this certain, was not ſhe a chaſte one,
And ſuch a one, that no compare dwelt with her?
One of ſo ſweet a virtue, that Aecius,
(Ev'n he himſelf, this friend that holds me from it)
Out of his worthy love to me, and juſtice,
Had it not been on Cæſar, had reveng'd her?
By Heav'n, he told me ſo! What ſhall I do then?

Enter a Servant.

Can other men affect it, and I cold?
I fear he muſt not live.
Serv. My lord, the general
Is come to ſeek you.
Max. Go, entreat him to enter. [*Exit Serv.*
Oh, brave Aecius, I could wiſh thee now
As far from friendſhip to me as from fears,
That I might cut thee off like that I weigh'd not.
Is there no way, without him, to come near it?
For out of honeſty he muſt deſtroy me,
If I attempt it. He muſt die, as others,
And I muſt loſe him; 'tis neceſſity;
Only the time, and means, is all the difference.
But yet I would not make a murder of him,
Take him directly for my doubts; he ſhall die;
I've found a way to do it, and a ſafe one;
It ſhall be honour to him too. I know not
What to determine certain, I'm ſo troubled,
And ſuch a deal of conſcience preſſes me:
'Would I were dead myſelf!

Enter Æcius.

Æcius. You run away well;
How got you from me, friend?
Max. That that leads mad men,
A ſtrong imagination, made me wander.
Æcius. I thought you had been more ſettled.
Max. I am well;

But

But you muſt give me leave a little ſometimes
To have a buzzing in my brains.
Æcius. You're dangerous, [*Aſide.*
But I'll prevent it if I can.—You told me
You'd go to th' army.
Max. Why? to have my throat cut?
Muſt he not be the braveſt man, Aecius,
That ſtrikes me firſt?
Æcius. You promis'd me a freedom
From all theſe thoughts. And why ſhould any ſtrike you?
Max. I am an enemy, a wicked one,
Worſe than the foes of Rome; I am a coward,
A cuckold, and a coward; that's two cauſes
Why every one ſhould beat me?
Æcius. You are neither;
And durſt another tell me ſo, he died for't.
For thus far on mine honour, I'll aſſure you,
No man more lov'd than you; and, for your valour,
And what elſe may be fair [33], no man more follow'd.
Max. A doughty man, indeed! But that's all one;
The emperor, nor all the princes living,
Shall find a flaw in my coat: I have ſuffer'd,
And can yet; let them find inflictions,
I'll find a body for 'em, or I'll break it.
'Tis not a wife can thruſt me out; ſome look'd for't,
But let 'em look 'till they are blind with looking;
They are but fools! Yet there is anger in me,
That I would fain diſperſe; and, now I think on't,
You told me, friend, the provinces are ſtirring;
We ſhall have ſport I hope then, and what's dangerous
A battle ſhall beat from me.
Æcius. Why d'you eye me
With ſuch a ſettled look?

[33] ——————*for your valour,*
And what ye *may be, fair; no man more follow'd.*] This does not ſeem intelligible, but the change of a monoſyllable will give a ſenſe agreeable to the context. *For your valour, and whatever elſe is fair or praiſe-worthy, no man is more follow'd.* *Seward.*

Max. Pray tell me this,
Do we not love extremely? I love you ſo.
Æcius. If I ſhould ſay I lov'd not you as truly,
I ſhould do that I never durſt do, lie.
Max. If I ſhould die, would it not grieve you much?
Æcius. Without all doubt.
Max. And could you live without me?
Æcius. It would much trouble me to live without you,
Our loves, and loving ſouls have been ſo us'd
But to one houſhold in us: But to die
Becauſe I could not make you live, were woman,
Far much too weak; were it to ſave your worth,
Or to redeem your name from rooting out,
To quit you bravely fighting from the foe,
Or fetch you off, where honour had engag'd you,
I ought, and would die for you.
Max. Truly ſpoken!—
What beaſt but I, that muſt, could hurt this man now?
'Would he had raviſh'd me! I would have paid him,
I would have taught him ſuch a trick, his eunuchs,
Nor all his black-ey'd boys, e'er dream'd of yet!
By all the gods I'm mad now! Now were Cæſar
Within my reach, and on his glorious top
The pile of all the world, he went to nothing!
The deſtinies, nor all the dames of hell,
Were I once grappled with him, ſhould relieve him,
No, not the hope of mankind, more; all periſh'd!
But this is words and weakneſs. [*Aſide.*
Æcius. You look ſtrangely.
Max. I look but as I am; I am a ſtranger.
Æcius. To me?
Max. To every one; I am no Roman,
Nor what I am do I know.
Æcius. Then I'll leave you.
Max. I find I'm beſt ſo. If you meet with Maximus,
Pray bid him be an honeſt man, for my ſake;
You may do much upon him: For his ſhadow,
Let me alone.

Æcius.

Æcius. You were not wont to talk thus,
And to your friend; you have ſome danger in you,
That willingly would run to action:
Take heed, by all our love, take heed!
Max. I danger?
I willing to do any thing? I die[34]?
Has not my wife been dead two days already?
Are not my mournings by this time moth-eaten?
Are not her ſins diſpers'd to other women,
And many a one e'en[35] raviſh'd to relieve her?
Have I ſhed tears theſe twelve hours?
Æcius. Now you weep.
Max. Some lazy drops that ſtay'd behind.
Æcius. I'll tell you,
(And I muſt tell you truth) were it not hazard,
And almoſt certain loſs of all the empire,
I would whine with you[36]: Were it any man's
But his life, that is life of us, he loſt it,
For doing of this miſchief; I would take it;
And to your reſt give you a brave revenge:
But as the rule now ſtands, and as he rules,
And as the nations hold, in diſobedience,
One pillar failing[37], all muſt fall, I dare not:
Nor is it juſt you ſhould be ſuffer'd in it;
Therefore again take heed! On foreign foes

[34] *I willing to do any thing? I* dig?] What the word *dig* has to do in this paſſage I cannot conceive. Perhaps the Author wrote *die*. Maximus immediately adds,

Has not my wife been dead *two days already?*

why then ſhould I *die?* 'I *die?*' *G.*

[35] *And many one raviſh'd.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[36] *I would* win *with ye.*] The firſt folio reads *wyne*, and the ſecond changes it to *join*, and the octavo into *win*. *Join* is good ſenſe, but *whine* being nearer the trace of the old reading, and equally ſenſe, ſeems the true word. For to *whine*, or participate with him in the ſame paſſion of grief, implies a deſign of joining with him in the ſame revenge. *Seward.*

The firſt folio gives, in old ſpelling, *whine*; which alludes to the weeping of Maximus, of which they were talking.

[37] *One pillar* failing, *all muſt fall.*] The Poet ſeems to have intended a repetition here,

One pillar falling, *all muſt* fall.

We

We are our own revengers; but at home,
On princes that are eminent, and ours,
'Tis fit the gods ſhould judge us[38]. Be not raſh,
Nor let your angry ſteel cut thoſe you know not;
For, by this fatal blow, if you dare ſtrike it,
(As I ſee great aims in you) thoſe unborn yet,
And thoſe to come, of them and theſe ſucceeding,
Shall bleed the wrath of Maximus. For me,
As you now bear yourſelf, I am your friend ſtill;
If you fall off, I will not flatter you,
And in my hands, were you my ſoul, you periſh'd.
Once more be careful, ſtand, and ſtill be worthy!
I'll leave you for this hour. [*Exit.*

Max. Pray do. 'Tis done:
And, friendſhip, ſince thou canſt not hold in dangers,
Give me a certain ruin, I muſt thro' it! [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Valentinian, Licinius, Chilax, and Balbus.

Val. DEAD?

Chi. So 'tis thought, Sir.

Val. How?

Licin. Grief, and diſgrace,
As people ſay.

Val. No more; I have too much on't,
Too much by you, you whetters of my follies,
Ye angel-formers of my ſins, but devils!

[38] *On princes that are eminent and ours,*
'Tis fit the gods ſhould judge us.] The doctrine of paſſive obedience to princes, ſo much encourag'd by King James the Firſt, and which is Ætius's chief heroiſm in this play, evidently requires the ſlight change [*us* to '*em*] I have here made. *Seward.*

The word *us* is clearly right: '*Abroad* we may revenge, but *at* '*home*, and on our kings, 'tis fit the gods ſhould prevent or puniſh *us* 'for taking vengeance.'

Where

Where is your cunning now? You would work wonders,
There was no chaſtity above your practice,
You'd undertake to make her love her wrongs,
And dote upon her rape! Mark what I tell ye,
If ſhe be dead——

Chi. Alas, Sir!

Val. Hang ye, raſcals,
Ye blaſters of my youth, if ſhe be gone,
'Twere better ye had been your fathers' camels,
Groan'd under daily weights of wood and water—
Am I not Cæſar?

Licin. Mighty, and our maker.——

Val. Than thus have given my pleaſures to deſtruction!
Look ſhe be living, ſlaves!

Licin. We are no gods, Sir,
If ſhe be dead, to make her new again.

Val. She cannot die! ſhe muſt not die! Are thoſe
I plant my love upon but common livers?
Their hours, as others, told 'em? can they be aſhes?
Why do ye flatter a belief into me,
That I am all that is, 'The world's my creature;
'The trees bring forth their fruits when I ſay 'ſummer;'
'The wind, that knows no limit but his wildneſs,
'At my command moves not a leaf; the ſea,
'With his proud mountain waters envying Heav'n,
'When I ſay, 'ſtill,' runs into chriſtal mirrors[39]?'
Can I do this, and ſhe die? Why, ye bubbles,
That with my leaſt breath break, no more remember'd,
Ye moths that fly about my flame and periſh,
Ye golden canker-worms, that eat my honours,
Living no longer than my ſpring of favour,
Why do ye make me god, that can do nothing?
Is ſhe not dead?

Chi. All women are not with her,

39 *When I ſay, ſtill,* run *into chriſtal mirror.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

Val.

Val. A common whore ſerves ye, and far above ye,
The pleaſures of a body lam'd with lewdneſs;
A mere perpetual motion makes ye happy:
Am I a man to traffick with diſeaſes?
Can any but a chaſtity ſerve Cæſar?
And ſuch a one that gods would kneel to purchaſe?
You think, becauſe you've bred me up to pleaſures,
And almoſt run me over all the rare ones,
Your wives will ſerve the turn: I care not for 'em,
Your wives are fencers' whores, and ſhall be footmens'!
Tho' ſometimes my nice will, or rather anger,
Have made ye cuckolds for variety,
I would not have ye hope, nor dream, ye poor ones,
Always ſo great a bleſſing from me. Go,
Get your own infamy hereafter, raſcals!
I've done too nobly for ye; ye enjoy
Each one an heir, the royal ſeed of Cæſar,
And I may curſe ye for't: Your wanton gennets,
That are ſo proud the wind gets 'em with fillies,
Taught me this foul intemperance. Thou, Licinius,
Haſt ſuch a Meſſalina, ſuch a Laïs,
The backs of bulls cannot content, nor ſtallions;
The ſweat of fifty men a-night does nothing.

Licin. Your grace but jeſts, I hope.

Val. 'Tis oracle.
The ſins of other women, put by hers,
Shew off like ſanctities. Thine's a fool, Chilax,
Yet ſhe can tell to twenty, and all lovers,
And all lien with her too, and all as ſhe is,
Rotten and ready for an hoſpital.
Yours is a holy whore, friend Balbus,

Bal. Well, Sir.

Val. One that can pray away the ſins ſhe ſuffers,
But not the puniſhments: She has had ten baſtards,
Five of 'em now are lictors, yet ſhe prays;
Sh'has been the ſong of Rome, and common Paſquil;
Since I durſt ſee a wench, ſhe was camp-miſtreſs,
And muſter'd all the cohorts, paid 'em too,
They have it yet to ſhew, and yet ſhe prays;

She's

She's now to enter old men that are children,
And have forgot their rudiments: Am I
Left for theſe wither'd vices? And but one,
But one of all the world, that could content me,
And ſnatch'd away in ſhewing? If your wives
Be not yet witches, or yourſelves, now be ſo,
And ſave your lives; raiſe me this noble beauty,
As when I forc'd her, full of conſtancy,
Or, by the gods——

Licin. Moſt ſacred Cæſar——

Val. Slaves——

Enter Proculus and Lycias.

Lycias. Good Proculus!

Proc. By Heav'n, you ſhall not ſee it;
It may concern the empire.

Val. Ha! what ſaidſt thou?
Is ſhe not dead?

Proc. Not any one I know, Sir:
I come to bring your Grace a letter, here
Scatter'd belike i'th' court: 'Tis ſent to Maximus,
And bearing danger in it.

Val. Danger? where?
Double our guard!

Proc. Nay, no where, but i' th' letter.

Val. What an afflicted conſcience do I live with,
And what a beaſt I'm grown! I had forgotten
To aſk Heav'n mercy for my fault, and was now
Ev'n raviſhing again her memory.
I find there muſt be danger in this deed:
Why do I ſtand diſputing then, and whining,
For what is not the gods' to give? they cannot,
Tho' they would link their powers in one, do miſchief!
This letter may betray me. Get ye gone, [*Exeunt.*
And wait me in the garden; guard the houſe well,
And keep this from the empreſs. The name Maximus
Runs thro' me like a fever! This may be
Some private letter, upon private buſineſs,
Nothing concerning me! Why ſhould I open't?

I've

I've done him wrong enough already. Yet,
It may concern me too; the time ſo tells me;
The wicked deed I've done, aſſures me 'tis ſo.
Be what it will, I'll ſee it; if that be not
Part of my fears, among my other ſins,
I'll purge it out in prayers. How! what's this?
'Lord Maximus, you love Aecius, [*Reads.*
'And are his noble friend too: Bid him be leſs,
'I mean leſs with the people; times are dangerous.
'The army's his, the emperor in doubts,
'And, as ſome will not ſtick to ſay, declining:
'You ſtand a conſtant man in either fortune:
'Perſuade him; he is loſt elſe. Tho' ambition
'Be the laſt ſin he touches at, or never [40],
'Yet what the people, mad with loving him,
'And as they willingly deſire another,
'May tempt him to, or rather force his goodneſs,
'Is to be doubted mainly. He is all
'(As he ſtands now) but the mere name of Cæſar,
'And ſhould the emperor enforce him leſſer,
'Not coming from himſelf, it were more dangerous:
'He's honeſt, and will hear you. Doubts are ſcatter'd,
'And almoſt come to growth in every houſhold;
'Yet, in my fooliſh judgment, were this maſter'd,
'The people that are now but rage, and his,
'Might be again obedience. You ſhall know me
'When Rome is fair again; 'till when, I love you.'
No name? This may be cunning; yet it ſeems not,
For there is nothing in it but is certain [41],
Beſides my ſafety. Had not good Germanicus,
That was as loyal and as ſtraight as he is,
If not prevented by Tiberius,
Been by the ſoldiers forc'd their emperor?

[40] *Be the laſt ſin he touches at, or never.*] The meaning may be made out here, 'that it is the ſin he would laſt of all, or perhaps 'never, be guilty of;' yet it is not improbable that the ſentiment was more fully opened, and that a line is loſt.

[41] Mr. Seward prints,

For there is nothing in it but is certain.
Beſides my ſafety —— Had not, &c.

He had, and 'tis my wiſdom to remember it.
And was not Corbulo, (even that Corbulo,
That ever-fortunate and living Roman,
That broke the heart-ſtrings of the Parthians,
And brought Arſaces' line upon their knees,
Chain'd to the awe of Rome) 'cauſe he was thought
(And but in wine once) fit to make a Cæſar,
Cut off by Nero? I muſt ſeek my ſafety;
For 'tis the ſame again, if not beyond it.
I know the ſoldier loves him more than Heav'n,
And will adventure all his gods to raiſe him;
Me he hates more than peace: What this may breed,
If dull ſecurity and confidence
Let him grow up, a fool may find, and laugh at.
But why lord Maximus, I injur'd ſo,
Should be the man to counſel him, I know not,
More than he has been friend, and lov'd allegiance:
What now he is, I fear; for his abuſes,
Without the people, dare draw blood. Who waits there?

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Your Grace.

Val. Call Phidias and Aretus hither. [*Exit Serv.*
I'll find a day for him too. 'Times are dangerous,
'The army his, the emperor in doubts:'
I find it is too true. Did he not tell me,
As if he had intent to make me odious [42],
And to my face and by a way of terror,
What vices I was grounded in, and almoſt
Proclaim'd the ſoldiers' hate againſt me? Is not
The ſacred name and dignity of Cæſar
(Were this Aecius more than man) ſufficient
To ſhake off all his honeſty? He's dangerous,
Tho' he be good; and, tho' a friend, a fear'd one;
And ſuch I muſt not ſleep by.—Are they come yet?—

[42] 1. *As if he had intent to make me odious,*
2. *And to my face; and by a way of terror.*] Here a marginal direction how to place the lines has been taken into the text, and continued through all the three editions. Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympſon concurred with me in obſerving this. *Seward.*

I do

I do believe this fellow, and I thank him.
'Twas time to look about: If I muſt periſh,
Yet ſhall my fears [43] go foremoſt.

Enter Phidias and Aretus.

Phid. Life to Cæſar!
Val. Is lord Aecius waiting?
Phid. Not this morning;
I rather think he's with the army.
Val. Army?
I do not like that army. Go unto him,
And bid him ſtraight attend me, and (d'you hear?)
Come private without any; I have buſineſs
Only for him.
Phid. Your Grace's pleaſure. [*Exit.*
Val. Go.
What ſoldier is the ſame (I have ſeen him often)
That keeps you company, Aretus?
Are. Me, Sir?
Val. Ay, you, Sir.
Are. One they call Pontius,
An't pleaſe your Grace.
Val. A captain?
Are. Yes, he was ſo;
But ſpeaking ſomething roughly in his want,
Eſpecially of wars, the noble general,
Out of a ſtrict allegiance, caſt his fortunes.
Val. H' has been a valiant fellow?
Are. So he's ſtill.
Val. Alas, the general might have pardon'd follies:
Soldiers will talk ſometimes.
Are. I'm glad of this.
Val. He wants preferment, as I take it?
Are. Yes, Sir;
And for that noble grace his life ſhall ſerve.
Val. I have a ſervice for him.
I ſhame a ſoldier ſhould become a beggar!
I like the man, Aretus.

[43] *My fears.*] i. e. *Thoſe whom I fear* ſhall periſh firſt.

Are.

Are. Gods protect you!
Val. Bid him repair to Proculus, and there
He ſhall receive the buſineſs, and reward for't:
I'll ſee him ſettled too, and as a ſoldier;
We ſhall want ſuch.
Are. The ſweets of Heav'n ſtill crown you! [*Exit.*
Val. I have a fearful darkneſs in my ſoul,
And, 'till I be deliver'd, ſtill am dying! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Maximus.

Max. My way has taken: All the court's in guard,
And buſineſs every where; and every corner
Full of ſtrange whiſpers. I am leaſt in rumour,

Enter Ætius and Phidias.

And ſo I'll keep myſelf. Here comes Aecius;
I ſee the bait is ſwallow'd: If he be loſt
He is my martyr, and my way ſtands open;
And, Honour, on thy head his blood is reckon'd[44].
Ætius. Why, how now, friend? what makes you here unarm'd?
Are you turn'd merchant?
Max. By your fair perſuaſions,
And ſuch a merchant trafficks without danger.
I have forgotten all, Aecius,
And, which is more, forgiven.
Ætius. Now I love you,
Truly I do; you are a worthy Roman.
Max. The fair repentance of my prince, to me
Is more than ſacrifice of blood and vengeance:
No eyes ſhall weep her ruins, but mine own.
Ætius. Still you take more love from me. Virtuous friend,
The gods make poor Aecius worthy of thee!

[44] *And honour on thy head his blood is reckon'd.*] This line ſeems quite inexplicable, unleſs we perſonify *Honour*. It was to Honour he firſt propoſed to ſacrifice his friend; ſee p. 325.

Max. Only in me you're poor, Sir, and I worthy
Only in being yours. But, why your arm thus?
Have you been hurt, Aecius?

Æcius. Bruis'd a little;
My horſe fell with me, friend, which 'till this morning
I never knew him do.

Max. Pray gods it bode well!
And, now I think on't better, you ſhall back;
Let my perſuaſions rule you.

Æcius. Back! why, Maximus?
The emperor commands me come.

Max. I like not
At this time his command.

Æcius. I do at all times,
And all times will obey it; why not now then?

Max. I'll tell you why, and, as I have been govern'd,
Be you ſo, noble friend: The court's in guard,
Arm'd ſtrongly; for what purpoſe let me fear:
I do not like your going.

Æcius. Were it fire,
And that fire certain to conſume this body,
If Cæſar ſent, I would go. Never fear, man;
If he take me, he takes his arms away.
I am too plain and true to be ſuſpected.

Max. Then I have dealt unwiſely.

Æcius. If the emperor,
Becauſe he merely may, will have my life,
That's all he has to work on, and all ſhall have;
Let him, he loves me better. Here I wither,
And happily may live, 'till ignorantly
I run into a fault worth death; nay more, diſhonour,
Now all my ſins, I dare ſay thoſe of duty,
Are printed here; and if I fall ſo happy,
I bleſs the grave I lie in, and the gods,
Equal as dying on the enemy,
Muſt take me up a ſacrifice.

Max. Go on then;
And I'll go with you.

Æcius. No, you may not, friend.

Max.

Max. He cannot be a friend bars me, Aecius:
Shall I forſake you in my doubts?
Æcius. You muſt.
Max. I muſt not, nor I will not. Have I liv'd
Only to be a carpet-friend, for pleaſure?
I can endure a death as well as Cato.
Æcius. There is no death nor danger in my going,
Nor none muſt go along.
Max. I have a ſword too,
And once I could have us'd it for my friend.
Æcius. I need no ſword, nor friend, in this. Pray leave me;
And, as you love me, do not over-love me.
I am commanded none ſhall come. At ſupper
I'll meet you, and we'll drink a cup or two;
You need good wine, you have been ſad. Farewell!
Max. Farewell, my noble friend! Let me embrace you
Ere you depart! It may be one of us
Shall never do the like again.
Æcius. Yes, often.
Max. Farewell, good dear Aecius!
Æcius. Farewell, Maximus,
'Till night! Indeed you doubt too much.
[*Exit with Phidias.*

Max. I do not.
Go, worthy innocent, and make the number
Of Cæſar's ſins ſo great, Heav'n may want mercy!
I'll hover hereabout, to know what paſſes;
And, if he be ſo dev'liſh to deſtroy thee,
In thy blood ſhall begin his tragedy. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.

Enter Proculus and Pontius.

Proc. Beſides this, if you do it, you enjoy
The noble name Patrician; more than that too,
The friend of Cæſar you are ſtil'd. There's nothing
Within the hopes of Rome, or preſent being,
But you may ſafely ſay is yours.

Pont. Pray ſtay, Sir;
What has Aecius done, to be deſtroy'd?
At leaſt, I'd have a colour.
Proc. You have more,
Nay, all that may be given; he's a traitor,
One any man would ſtrike that were a ſubject.
Pont. Is he ſo foul?
Proc. Yes, a moſt fearful traitor.
Pont. [*aſide.*] A fearful plague upon thee, for thou lieſt!——
I ever thought the ſoldier would undo him
With his too-much affection.
Proc. You have hit it;
They've brought him to ambition.
Pont. Then he's gone?
Proc. The emperor, out of a fooliſh pity,
Would ſave him yet.
Pont. Is he ſo mad?
Proc. He's madder—
Would go to th' army to him.
Pont. Would he ſo?
Proc. Yes, Pontius; but we conſider——
Pont. Wiſely?
Proc. How elſe, man?—that the ſtate lies in it,
Pont. And your lives too?
Proc. And every man's,
Pont. He did me
All the diſgrace he could.
Proc. And ſcurvily.
Pont. Out of a miſchief merely: Did you mark it?
Proc. Yes, well enough: Now you have means to quit it.
The deed done, take his place.
Pont. Pray let me think on't;
'Tis ten to one I do it.
Proc. Do, and be happy. [*Exit.*
Pont. This emperor is made of nought but miſchief:
Sure, Murder was his mother. None to lop,
But the main link he had? Upon my conſcience,

The

The man is truly honeſt, and that kills him;
For to live here, and ſtudy to be true,
Is all one to be traitors. Why ſhould he die?
Have they not ſlaves and raſcals for their off'rings,
In full abundance? Bawds more than beaſts for ſlaughter?
Have they not ſinging-whores enough, and knaves too,
And millions of ſuch martyrs, to ſink Charon,
But the beſt ſons of Rome muſt fail too? I will ſhew him
(Since he muſt die) a way to do it truly:
And, tho' he bears me hard, yet ſhall he know,
I'm born to make him bleſs me for a blow. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Æcius, Phidias, and Aretus.

Phid. Yet you may 'ſcape to th' camp; we'll hazard with you.

Are. Loſe not your life ſo baſely, Sir! You're arm'd;
And many, when they ſee your ſword out, and know why,
Muſt follow your adventure.

Æcius. Get ye from me!
Is not the doom of Cæſar on this body?
Do not I bear my laſt hour here, now ſent me?
Am I not old Aecius, ever dying?
You think this tenderneſs and love you bring me;
'Tis treaſon, and the ſtrength of diſobedience,
And, if ye tempt me further, ye ſhall feel it.
I ſeek the camp for ſafety, when my death
(Ten times more glorious than my life, and laſting)
Bids me be happy? Let the fool fear dying,
Or he that weds a woman for his honour,
Dreaming no other life to come but kiſſes:
Aecius is not now to learn to ſuffer.
If ye dare ſhew a juſt affection, kill me;
I ſtay but thoſe that muſt. Why do ye weep?
Am I ſo wretched to deſerve mens' pities?

Go, give your tears to thoſe that loſe their worths,
Bewail their miſeries; for me, wear garlands,
Drink wine, and much: Sing pæans to my praiſe;
I am to triumph, friends; and more than Cæſar;
For Cæſar fears to die, I love to die!
Phid. Oh, my dear lord!
Æcius. No more! Go, go, I ſay!
Shew me not ſigns of ſorrow; I deſerve none;
Dare any man lament I ſhould die nobly?
Am I grown old, to have ſuch enemies?
When I am dead, ſpeak honourably of me,
That is, preſerve my memory from dying;
There, if you needs muſt weep your ruin'd maſter,
A tear or two will ſeem well. This I charge ye,
(Becauſe ye ſay ye yet love old Aecius)
See my poor body burnt, and ſome to ſing
About my pile, and what I've done and ſuffer'd,
If Cæſar kill not that too: At your banquets,
When I am gone, if any chance to number
The times that have been ſad and dangerous,
Say how I fell, and 'tis ſufficient.
No more, I ſay; he that laments my end,
By all the gods, diſhonours me! Be gone,
And ſuddenly, and wiſely, from my dangers;
My death is catching elſe.
Phid. We fear not dying.
Æcius. Yet fear a wilful death; the juſt gods hate it:
I need no company to that that children
Dare do alone, and ſlaves are proud to purchaſe.
Live 'till your honeſties, as mine has done,
Make this corrupted age ſick of your virtues;
Then die a ſacrifice, and then ye know
The noble uſe of dying well, and Roman.
Are. And muſt we leave ye, Sir?
Æcius. We muſt all die,
All leave ourſelves; it matters not where, when,
Nor how, ſo we die well: And can that man that does ſo
Need lamentation for him? Children weep
Becauſe they have offended, or for fear;

Women

Women for want of will, and anger: Is there
In noble Man, that truly feels both poiſes
Of life and death, ſo much of this wet weakneſs,
To drown a glorious death in child and woman?
I am aſham'd to ſee ye! Yet ye move me,
And, were it not my manhood would accuſe me
For covetous to live, I ſhould weep with ye.
Phid. Oh, we ſhall never ſee you more!
Æcius. 'Tis true;
Nor I the miſeries that Rome ſhall ſuffer,
Which is a benefit life cannot reckon.
But what I have been, which is juſt and faithful,
One that grew old for Rome, when Rome forgot him,
And, for he was an honeſt man, durſt die,
Ye ſhall have daily with ye: Could that die too,
And I return no traffick of my travels,
No pay to have been ſoldier, but this ſilver,
No annals of Aecius, but 'he liv'd,'
My friends, ye had cauſe to weep, and bitterly:
The common overflows of tender women,
And children new-born crying, were too little
To ſhew me then moſt wretched. If tears muſt be,
I ſhould in juſtice weep 'em, and for you;
You are to live, and yet behold thoſe ſlaughters
The dry and wither'd bones of death would bleed at:
But, ſooner than I've time to think what muſt be,
I fear you'll find what ſhall be. If ye love me,
(Let that word ſerve for all) be gone and leave me:
I have ſome little practice with my ſoul,
And then the ſharpeſt ſword is welcom'ſt. Go,
Pray be gone; ye have obey'd me living,
Be not for ſhame now ſtubborn. So; I thank ye,
And fare ye well! a better fortune guide ye!
I am a little thirſty; not for fear,
[*Exeunt Phidias and Aretus.*
And yet it is a kind of fear I ſay ſo.
Is it to be a juſt man now again,
And leave my fleſh unthought-of? 'Tis departed!
I hear 'em come. Who ſtrikes firſt? I ſtay for ye!

Enter Balbus, Chilax, and Licinius.

Yet I will die a ſoldier, my ſword drawn,
But againſt none. Why do ye fear? come forward.
Bal. You were a ſoldier, Chilax.
Chi. Yes, I muſter'd,
But never ſaw the enemy.
Licin. He's drawn;
By Heav'n, I dare not do't!
Æcius. Why do ye tremble?
I am to die: Come ye not now from Cæſar,
To that end? ſpeak!
Bal. We do, and we muſt kill you;
'Tis Cæſar's will.
Chi. I charge ye put your ſword up,
That we may do it handſomely.
Æcius. Ha, ha, ha!
My ſword up? handſomely? Where were ye bred?
Ye are the merrieſt murderers, my maſters,
I ever met withal. Come forward, fools!
Why do ye ſtare? Upon mine honour, bawds,
I will not ſtrike ye.
Licin. I'll not be firſt.
Bal. Nor I.
Chi. You'd beſt die quietly: The emperor
Sees how you bear yourſelf.
Æcius. I would die, raſcals,
If you would kill me, quietly.
Bal. Pox o' Proculus,
He promis'd us to bring a captain hither,
That has been us'd to kill.
Æcius. I'll call the guard,
Unleſs you'll kill me quickly, and proclaim
What beaſtly, baſe, and cowardly companions,
The emperor has truſted with his ſafety:
Nay, I'll give out, ye fell of my ſide, villains.
Strike home, ye bawdy ſlaves!
Chi. By Heav'n, he'll kill us!
I mark'd his hand; he waits but time to reach us.

Now

Now do you offer.
Æcius. If ye do mangle me,
And kill me not at two blows, or at three,
Or not ſo ſtagger me my ſenſes fail me,
Look to yourſelves!
Chi. I told ye.
Æcius. Strike me manly,
And take a thouſand ſtrokes.

Enter Pontius.

Bal. Here's Pontius.
Pont. Not kill'd him yet?
Is this the love ye bear the emperor?
Nay then, I ſee ye're traitors all: Have at ye!
Chi. Oh, I am hurt! [*Licin. runs away.*
Bal. And I am kill'd. [*Exeunt Chi. and Bal.*
Pont. Die bawds,
As ye have liv'd and flouriſh'd!
Æcius. Wretched fellow,
What haſt thou done?
Pont. Kill'd them that durſt not kill;
And you are next.
Æcius. Art thou not Pontius?
Pont. I am the ſame you caſt, Aecius,
And in the face of all the camp diſgrac'd.
Æcius. Then ſo much nobler, as thou wert a ſoldier,
Shall my death be. Is it revenge provok'd thee,
Or art thou hir'd to kill me?
Pont. Both.
Æcius. Then do it.
Pont. Is that all?
Æcius. Yes.
Pont. Would you not live?
Æcius. Why ſhould I?
To thank thee for my life?
Pont. Yes, if I ſpare it.
Æcius. Be not deceiv'd; I was not made to thank,
For any courteſy but killing me,
A fellow of thy fortune. Do thy duty!

Pont.

Pont. Do not you fear me?
Æcius. No.
Pont, Nor love me for it?
Æcius. That's as thou doſt thy buſineſs.
Pont. When you're dead,
Your place is mine, Aecius.
Æcius. Now I fear thee;
And not alone thee, Pontius, but the empire.
Pont. Why, I can govern, Sir.
Æcius. I would thou couldſt,
And firſt thyſelf. Thou canſt fight well, and bravely,
Thou canſt endure all dangers, heats, colds, hungers;
Heav'n's angry flaſhes are not ſuddener
Than I have ſeen thee execute, nor more mortal;
The winged feet of flying enemies,
I've ſtood and view'd thee mow away like ruſhes,
And ſtill kill the killer: Were thy mind
But half ſo ſweet in peace as rough in dangers,
I died to leave a happy heir behind me.
Come, ſtrike, and be a general!
Pont. Prepare then:
And, for I ſee your honour cannot leſſen,
And 'twere a ſhame for me to ſtrike a dead man,
Fight your ſhort ſpan out.
Æcius. No, thou know'ſt I muſt not;
I dare not give thee ſo much 'vantage of me,
As diſobedience.
Pont. Dare you not defend you
Againſt your enemy?
Æcius. Not ſent from Cæſar;
I have no power to make ſuch enemies:
For, as I am condemn'd, my naked ſword
Stands but a hatchment by me; only held
To ſhew I was a ſoldier. Had not Cæſar
Chain'd all defence in this doom, 'Let him die,'
Old as I am, and quench'd with ſcars, and ſorrows,
Yet would I make this wither'd arm do wonders,
And open in an enemy ſuch wounds
Mercy would weep to look on.

Pont.

Pont. Then have at you;
And look upon me, and be ſure you fear not:
Remember who you are, and why you live,
And what I have been to you; cry not 'hold,'
Nor think it baſe injuſtice I ſhould kill you.
Æcius. I am prepar'd for all.
Pont. For now, Aecius,
Thou ſhalt behold and find I was no traitor,
And, as I do it, bleſs me! Die as I do! [*Pont kills himſelf.*
Æcius. Thou haſt deceiv'd me, Pontius, and I thank thee:
By all my hopes in Heaven, thou'rt a Roman!
Pont. To ſhew you what you ought to do, this is not;
For Slander's ſelf would ſhame to find you coward,
Or willing to out-live your honeſty:
But, noble Sir, you have been jealous of me,
And held me in the rank of dangerous perſons;
And I muſt dying ſay, it was but juſtice,
Ye caſt me from my credit: Yet, believe me,
(For there is nothing now but truth to ſave me,
And your forgiveneſs) tho' you held me heinous,
And of a troubled ſpirit, that like fire
Turns all to flames it meets with, you miſtook me:
If I were foe to any thing, 'twas eaſe,
Want of the ſoldiers' due, the enemy;
The nakedneſs we found at home, and ſcorn,
Children of peace and pleaſures; no regard
Nor comfort for our ſcars, but how we got 'em;
To ruſty time, that eat our bodies up,
And e'en began to prey upon our honours;
To wants at home, and more than wants, abuſes;
To them that, when the enemy invaded,
Made us their ſaints, but now the ſores of Rome;
To ſilken flattery, and pride plum'd over[45],

[45] *To ſilken flattery, and pride* plain'd *over,*
Forgetting with what wind their feathers ſail.] Though *pride plain'd over* is a juſt metaphor, taken ſingly, yet *plum'd* being near the trace of the letters, leſs vulgar, and perfectly conſiſtent with the context, which the other is not, I hope the reader will permit the inſertion of it in the text, as moſt probably the true reading. *Seward.*

Forgetting

Forgetting with what wind their feathers ſail,
And under whoſe protection their ſoft pleaſures
Grow full and numberleſs: To this I'm foe,
Not to the ſtate, or any point of duty.
And, let me ſpeak but what a ſoldier may,
(Truly I ought to be ſo) yet I err'd,
Becauſe a far more noble ſufferer
Shew'd me the way to patience, and I loſt it:
This is the end I die, Sir! To live baſely,
And not the follower of him that bred me
In full account and virtue, Pontius dare not,
Much leſs to out-live what is good, and flatter.

Æcius. I want a name to give thy virtue, ſoldier,
For only *good* is far below thee, Pontius;
The gods ſhall find thee one! Th'haſt faſhion'd death
In ſuch an excellent and beauteous manner,
I wonder men can live! Canſt thou ſpeak once more?
For thy words are ſuch harmony, a ſoul
Would chuſe to fly to Heaven in.

Pont. A farewell[46].
Good noble general, your hand! Forgive me,
And think whatever was diſpleaſing you,
Was none of mine. You cannot live.

Æcius. I will not!
Yet one word more.

Pont. Die nobly! Rome, farewell!
And, Valentinian, fall! th'haſt broke thy baſis.
In joy you've given me a quiet death:
I would ſtrike more wounds, if I had more breath.
[*Dies.*

Æcius. Is there an hour of goodneſs beyond this?
Or any man would out-live ſuch a dying?
Would Cæſar double all my honours on me,
And ſtick me o'er with favours, like a miſtreſs,

[46] A *farewel.*] The change of this ſubſtantive into a verb, ſeems not only to make it more natural, but would give infinitely more dignity in the action. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward therefore omits the article *a*; but ſurely the old reading is full as natural, and perhaps more pathetic: 'Can you ſpeak once 'more?' 'Yes; a farewell. Your hand! forgive me! &c.'

Yet

Yet would I grow to this man! I have lov'd,
But never doted on a face 'till now.
Oh, death, thou'rt more than beauty, and thy pleaſure
Beyond poſterity!—Come, friends, and kill me.
Cæſar, be kind, and ſend a thouſand ſwords;
The more, the greater is my fall. Why ſtay ye?
Come, and I'll kiſs your weapons. Fear me not:
By all the gods, I'll honour ye for killing!
Appear, or thro' the court, and world, I'll ſearch ye!
My ſword is gone [47]. [*Throws it from him.*] Ye're traitors if ye ſpare me,
And Cæſar muſt conſume ye! All baſe cowards?
I'll follow ye, and, ere I die, proclaim ye
The weeds of Italy, the droſs of Nature!
Where are ye, villains, traitors, ſlaves? [*Exit.*

Enter Proculus and three others, running over the ſtage.

Proc. I knew
H' had kill'd the captain.

1. Here's his ſword.

Proc. Let it alone; 'twill fight itſelf elſe, friends.
An hundred men are not enough to do it:
I'll to the emperor, and get more aid.

Ætius [*within*]. None ſtrike a poor condemn'd man?

Proc. He is mad:
Shift for yourſelves, my maſters! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Ætius.

Ætius. Then, Aecius, [*Takes up his ſword.*
See what thou dar'ſt thyſelf. Hold, my good ſword;
Thou haſt been kept from blood too long. I'll kiſs thee,
For thou art more than friend now, my preſerver!

[47] *My ſword is gone.*] The directions, *Throws it from him*, and *Takes up his ſword*, are now firſt introduced: One of the fugitives ſaying, *Here's his ſword*, we think, ſufficiently warrants them, as well as, *My ſword* IS GONE, which appeared to us corrupt, till the directions were inſerted.

Shew

Shew me the way to happineſs; I ſeek it.
And, all you great ones, that have fall'n as I do,
To keep your memories and honours living,
Be preſent in your virtues, and aſſiſt me,
That, like ſtrong Cato, I may put away
All promiſes, but what ſhall crown my aſhes.
Rome, fare thee well! Stand long, and know to conquer,
Whilſt there is people, and ambition.
Now for a ſtroke ſhall turn me to a ſtar!
I come, ye bleſſed ſpirits! make me room
To live for ever in Elyſium! [*Kills himſelf.*
Do men fear this? Oh, that poſterity
Could learn from him but this, that loves his wound,
There is no pain at all in dying well,
Nor none are loſt, but thoſe that make their hell! [*Dies.*

Enter Proculus and two others.

1 [*within*]. He's dead; draw in the guard again,
Proc. He's dead indeed,
And I am glad he's gone: He was a devil!
His body, if his eunuchs come, is theirs;
The emperor, out of his love to virtue,
Has given 'em that: Let no man ſtop their entrance.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Phidias and Aretus.

Phid. Oh, my moſt noble lord! Look here, Aretus;
Here's a ſad ſight!
Are. Oh, cruelty! oh, Cæſar!
Oh, times that bring forth nothing but deſtruction,
And overflows of blood! Why waſt thou kill'd?
Is it to be a juſt man now again,
(As when Tiberius and wild Nero reign'd)
Only aſſurance of his overthrow?
Phid. It is, Aretus: He that would live now,
Muſt, like the toad, feed only on corruptions,
And grow with thoſe to greatneſs. Honeſt virtue,
And the true Roman honour, faith and valour,
That have been all the riches of the empire,
Now,

Now, like the fearful tokens of the plague,
Are mere fore-runners of their ends that owe 'em.
Are. Never-enough-lamented lord! dear maſter!

Enter Maximus.

Of whom now ſhall we learn to live like men?
From whom draw out our actions juſt and worthy?
Oh, thou art gone, and gone with thee all goodneſs,
The great example of all equity,
Oh, thou alone a Roman, thou art periſh'd,
Faith, fortitude, and conſtant nobleneſs!
Weep, Rome! weep, Italy! weep, all that knew him!
And you that fear'd him as a noble foe,
(If enemies have honourable tears)
Weep this decay'd Aecius, fall'n and ſcatter'd,
By foul and baſe ſuggeſtion!
Phid. Oh, lord Maximus!
This was your worthy friend.
Max. The gods forgive me!—
Think not the worſe, my friends, I ſhed not tears;
Great griefs lament within. Yet, now I've found 'em.
'Would I had never known the world, nor women,
Nor what that curſed name of honour was,
So this were once again Aecius!
But I am deſtin'd to a mighty action,
And beg my pardon[48], friend; my vengeance taken,
I will not be long from thee.—Ye've a great loſs,
But bear it patiently; yet, to ſay truth,
In juſtice 'tis not ſufferable. I am next,
And were it now, I would be glad on't. Friends,
Who ſhall preſerve ye now?
Are. Nay, we are loſt too.
Max. I fear ye are; for likely ſuch as love
The man that's fall'n, and have been nouriſh'd by him,
Do not ſtay long behind: 'Tis held no wiſdom.
I know what I muſt do. Oh, my Aecius,

[48] *And beg* my *pardon.*] Mr. Seward, without authority or remark, reads, THY *pardon.* It is ſcarcely neceſſary to add, the old text means, 'I beg you, friend, *to grant me* MY *pardon.*'

Canſt

Canſt thou thus periſh, pluck'd up the roots,
And no man feel thy worthineſs? From boys
He bred you both, I think.
Phid. And from the pooreſt.
Max. And lov'd ye as his own?
Are. We found it, Sir.
Max. Is not this a loſs then?
Phid. Oh, a loſs of loſſes!
Our lives, and ruins of our families,
The utter being nothing of our names,
Were nothing near it.
Max. As I take it too,
He put ye to the emperor?
Are. He did ſo.
Max. And kept ye ſtill in credit?
Phid. 'Tis moſt true, Sir.
Max. He fed your fathers too, and made them means;
Your ſiſters he preferr'd to noble wedlocks;
Did he not, friends?
Are. Oh, yes, Sir.
Max. As I take it,
This worthy man would not be now forgotten.
I tell ye, to my grief, he was baſely murder'd;
And ſomething would be done, by thoſe that lov'd him;
And ſomething may be. Pray ſtand off a little;
Let me bewail him private.—Oh, my deareſt——
Phid. Aretus, if we be not ſudden, he out-does us;
I know he points at vengeance; we are cold
And baſe ungrateful wretches, if we ſhun it.
Are we to hope for more rewards or greatneſs,
Or any thing but death, now he is dead?
Dar'ſt thou reſolve?
Are. I'm perfect.
Phid. Then like flowers
That grew together all, we'll fall together[49],

And

49 Phi. *Then like flowers*
That grew together all *we'll fall together,*
And with us *that that bore us.*] As *Phidias* and *Aretus* mean only their own deaths, without a junction with *Maximus*, inſtead of *all*

And with us that that bore us: When 'tis done,
The world ſhall ſtile us two deſerving ſervants.
I fear he'll be before us.

Are. This night, Phidias——

Phid. No more.

Max. Now, worthy friends, I've done my mournings.
Let's burn this noble body: Sweets as many
As ſun-burnt Meroe breeds, I'll make a flame of,
Shall reach his ſoul in Heav'n. He that ſhall live
Ten ages hence, but to rehearſe this ſtory,
Shall with the ſad diſcourſe on't darken Heaven,
And force the painful burdens from the wombs,
Conceiv'd a-new, with ſorrow: Ev'n the grave
Where mighty Sylla ſleeps ſhall rend aſunder,
And give her ſhadow up, to come and groan
About our piles; which will be more, and greater,
Than green Olympus, Ida, or old Latmus
Can feed with cedar, or the Eaſt with gums,
Greece with her wines, or Theſſaly with flowers,
Or willing Heav'n can weep for in her ſhowers. [*Exe.*

---

all I read *ſtill*. The laſt line ſeems to be much more corrupt. They ſay, that that bore them ſhould fall with them; but *Ætius* was already fall'n, and they would not call *Valentinian* the *root* or *ſtalk* that bore them. This character only belongs to *Ætius*. I ſuppoſe a monoſyllable loſt in the manuſcript, and that the line there ſtood thus;

And with that that bore us.

In correcting this, I ſuppoſe, the editors to have repeated the *us* when they ſhould have repeated the *fall* from the former line. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's reading is,

——*Then like flowers*
That grew together ſtill, *we'll fall together,*
And fall *with that that bore us.*

Mr. Seward's alteration is too violent: From the turn of the expreſſion one might conclude that they meant to declare their reſolution of falling with Ætius, whoſe followers they were: In which ſpirit they immediately ſubjoin,

——*When 'tis done,*
The world ſhall ſtile us two deſerving ſervants.

Yet at the opening of the next act, they re-appear, having given the means of death both to themſelves and to the Emperor, and exhorting each other to

Remember WHO DIES WITH THEE, *and deſpiſe death:*

From this circumſtance it ſeems probable, that by *falling with that that bore us* they mean the Emperor.

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Phidias with his dagger in him, and Aretus poiſoned.

Are. HE has his laſt.
Phid. Then, come the worſt of danger!
Aecius, to thy ſoul we give a Cæſar.
How long is't ſince you gave it him?
Are. An hour;
Mine own two hours before him. How it boils me!
Phid. It was not to be cur'd, I hope.
Are. No, Phidias;
I dealt above his antidotes: Phyſicians
May find the cauſe, but where the cure?
Phid. Done bravely;
We're got before his tyranny, Aretus.
Are. We'd loſt our worthieſt end elſe, Phidias.
Phid. Canſt thou hold out a while?
Are. To torture him,
Anger would give me leave to live an age yet:
That man is poorly ſpirited, whoſe life
Runs in his blood alone, and not in's wiſhes.
And yet I ſwell and burn like flaming Etna;
A thouſand new-found fires are kindled in me,
But yet I muſt not die theſe four hours, Phidias.
Phid. Remember who dies with thee, and deſpiſe death.
Are. I need no exhortation: The joy in me,
Of what I've done, and why, makes poiſon pleaſure,
And my moſt killing torments, miſtreſſes.
For how can he have time to die, or pleaſure,
That falls as fools unſatisfied, and ſimple?
Phid. This that conſumes my life, yet keeps it in me,
Nor do I feel the danger of a dying;
And if I but endure to hear the curſes
Of this fell tyrant dead, I've half my Heav'n.

Are.

Are. Hold thy ſoul faſt but four hours, Phidias,
And thou ſhalt ſee to wiſhes beyond ours,
Nay more, beyond our meanings.
Phid. Thou haſt ſteel'd me.
Farewell, Aretus; and the ſouls of good men,
That, as ours do, have left their Roman bodies
In brave revenge for virtue, guide our ſhadows!
I would not faint yet.
Are. Farewell, Phidias;
And, as we have done nobly, gods look on us!
[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE II.

Enter Lycias and Proculus.

Lycias. Sicker and ſicker, Proculus?
Proc. Oh, Lycias,
What ſhall become of us? 'Would we had died
With happy Chilax, or with Balbus bed-rid,
And made too lame for juſtice!

Enter Licinius.

Licin. The ſoft muſick;
And let one ſing to faſten ſleep upon him.
Oh, friends, the emperor!
Proc. What ſay the doctors?
Licin. For us a moſt ſad ſaying; he is poiſon'd,
Beyond all cure too.
Lycias. Who?
Licin. The wretch Aretus,
That moſt unhappy villain.
Lycias. How do you know it?
Licin. He gave him drink laſt. Let's diſperſe, and find him;
And ſince h' has open'd miſery to all,
Let it begin with him firſt. Softly; he ſlumbers.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Valentinian, ſick in a chair, with Eudoxia, Phyſicians and Attendants.

Muſick and ſong.

Care-charming Sleep, thou eaſer of all woes
Brother to death, ſweetly thyſelf diſpoſe
On this afflicted prince; fall like a cloud,
In gentle ſhowers; give nothing that is loud,
Or painful to his ſlumbers; eaſy, ſweet,
And as a purling ſtream, thou ſon of night,
Paſs by his troubled ſenſes; ſing his pain[50],
Like hollow murmuring wind, or ſilver rain.
Into this prince gently, oh, gently ſlide,
And kiſs him into ſlumbers like a bride!

Val. Oh, gods[51], gods! Drink, drink! colder, colder
Than ſnow on Scythian mountains! Oh, my heart-ſtrings!
Eud. How does your Grace?
Phyſ. The empreſs ſpeaks, Sir.
Val. Dying,
Dying, Eudoxia, dying.
Phyſ. Good Sir, patience.
Eud. What have you given him?
Phyſ. Precious things, dear lady,
We hope ſhall comfort him.
Val. Oh, flatter'd fool,
See what thy god-head's come to! Oh, Eudoxia!
Eud. Oh, patience, patience, Sir.
Val. Danubius
I'll have brought thro' my body——

[50] Sings *his pain.*] Firſt folio. Other copies *ſing.* We apprehend the true reading to be either *ſoothe* or *'ſuage.*

[51] *Oh, Gods,* &c.] This deſerves to be compared with the celebrated poiſoning ſcene in King John, to which however it will hardly be deemed equal. In another play, A Wife for a Month, the reader will find our Authors again emulating Shakeſpeare on the ſame ſubject, and we think with greater ſucceſs. *R.*

The ſimilarity of theſe ſeveral paſſages are mentioned by Mr. Seward in his Preface.

Eud.

Eud. Gods give comfort!

Val. And Volga, on whoſe face the North wind freezes.
I am an hundred hells[52]! an hundred piles
Already to my funeral are flaming!
Shall I not drink?

Phyſ. You muſt not, Sir.

Val. By Heaven,
I'll let my breath out, that ſhall burn ye all,
If ye deny me longer! Tempeſts blow me,
And inundations that have drunk up kingdoms;
Flow over me, and quench me! Where's the villain?
Am I immortal now, ye ſlaves? By Numa,
If he do 'ſcape—Oh! oh!

Eud. Dear Sir!

Val. Like Nero;
But far more terrible, and full of ſlaughter;
I'th' midſt of all my flames, I'll fire the empire!
A thouſand fans, a thouſand fans to cool me!
Invite the gentle winds, Eudoxia.

Eud. Sir!

Val. Oh, do not flatter me; I am but fleſh,
A man, a mortal man. Drink; drink, ye dunces!
What can your doſes now do, and your ſcrapings,
Your oils, and Mithridates? If I do die,
You only words of health, and names of ſickneſs,
Finding no true diſeaſe in man but money,
That talk yourſelves into revenues—oh!—
And, ere you kill your patients, beggar 'em,
I'll have ye flea'd and dried!

Enter Proculus and Licinius, with Aretus.

Proc. The villain, Sir;
The moſt accurſed wretch.

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[52] *I find an hundred hells.*] The old folio reads,
I and an hundred hells;
The late editions chang'd this into good ſenſe; but ſeem to have fallen much ſhort of the ſpirit and energy of the true reading.
I am an hundred hells. *Seward.*

Val. Be gone, my queen;
This is no ſight for thee: Go to the veſtals,
Caſt holy incenſe in the fire, and offer
One powerful ſacrifice to free thy Cæſar.
Proc. Go, go, and be happy. [*Exit Eudoxia.*
Are. Go; but give no eaſe.
The gods have ſet thy laſt hour, Valentinian;
Thou art but man, a bad man too, a beaſt,
And like a ſenſual bloody thing thou dieſt!
Proc. Oh, curſed traitor!
Are. Curſe yourſelves, ye flatterers,
And howl your miſeries to come, ye wretches!
You taught him to be poiſon'd.
Val. Yet no comfort?
Are. Be not abus'd with prieſts, nor 'pothecaries;
They cannot help thee: Thou haſt now to live
A ſhort half-hour, no more, and I ten minutes.
I gave thee poiſon for Aecius' ſake,
Such a deſtroying poiſon would kill Nature;
And, for thou ſhalt not die alone, I took it.
If mankind had been in thee at this murder,
No more to people earth again, the wings
Of old Time clip'd for ever, Reaſon loſt,
In what I had attempted, yet, oh, Cæſar,
To purchaſe fair revenge, I'd poiſon'd them too.
Val. Oh, villain!—I grow hotter, hotter.
Are. Yes;
But not near my heat yet. What thou feel'ſt now
(Mark me with horror, Cæſar) are but embers
Of luſt and lechery thou haſt committed;
But there be flames of murder!
Val. Fetch out tortures.
Are. Do, and I'll flatter thee; nay more, I'll love thee.
Thy tortures, to what now I ſuffer, Cæſar,
At which thou muſt arrive too, ere thou dieſt,
Are lighter, and more full of mirth, than laughter.
Val. Let 'em alone. I muſt drink.
Are. Now be mad;
But not near me yet.

Val.

Val. Hold me, hold me, hold me!
Hold me, or I ſhall burſt elſe!
Are. See me, Cæſar,
And ſee to what thou muſt come for thy murder.
Millions of womens' labours, all diſeaſes——
Val. Oh, my afflicted ſoul too!
Are. Womens' fears, horrors,
Deſpairs, and all the plagues the hot ſun breeds——
Val. Aecius, oh, Aecius! Oh, Lucina!
Are. Are but my torments' ſhadows!
Val. Hide me, mountains!
The gods have found my ſins. Now break!
Are. Not yet, Sir;
Thou haſt a pull beyond all theſe.
Val. Oh, hell!
Oh, villain, curſed villain!
Are. Oh, brave villain!
My poiſon dances in me at this deed!
Now, Cæſar, now behold me; this is torment,
And this is thine before thou dieſt: I'm wildfire!
The brazen bull of Phalaris was feign'd,
The miſeries of ſouls deſpiſing Heav'n,
But emblems of my torment——
Val. Oh, quench me, quench me, quench me!
Are. Fire a flattery,
And all the poets' tales of ſad Avernus,
To my pains, leſs than fictions. Yet, to ſhew thee
What conſtant love I bore my murder'd maſter,
Like a South wind I've ſung thro' all theſe tempeſts.
My heart, my wither'd heart! Fear, fear, thou monſter!
Fear the juſt gods! I have my peace! [*Dies.*
Val. More drink!
A thouſand April ſhowers fall in my boſom!
How dare ye let me be tormented thus?
Away with that prodigious body[53]. Gods,

[53] *Away with that* prodigious *body.*] Thus read all the editions; but as there ſeems no cauſe for applying the epithet *prodigious* to the body of Aretus, it is probable that this reading is corrupt, and that the original was *perfidious.*

Gods, let me aſk ye what I am, ye lay
All your inflictions on me? Hear me, hear me!
I do confeſs I am a raviſher,
A murderer, a hated Cæſar: Oh!
Are there not vows enough, and flaming altars,
The fat of all the world for ſacrifice,
And, where that fails, the blood of thouſand captives,
To purge thoſe ſins, but I muſt make the incenſe?
I do deſpiſe ye all! ye have no mercy,
And wanting that, ye are no gods! Your párole
Is only preach'd abroad to make fools fearful,
And women made of awe, believe your Heav'n!
Oh, torments, torments, torments! Pains above pains!
If ye be any thing but dreams, and ghoſts,
And truly hold the guidance of things mortal;
Have in yourſelves times paſt, to come, and preſent;
Faſhion the ſouls of men, and make fleſh for 'em,
Weighing our fates and fortunes beyond reaſon;
Be more than all, ye gods [54], great in forgiveneſs!
Break not the goodly frame ye build in anger,
For you are things, men teach us, without paſſions.
Give me an hour to know ye in! Oh, ſave me!
But ſo much perfect time ye make a ſoul in,
Take this deſtruction from me!—No, ye cannot;
The more I would believe ye, more I ſuffer.
My brains are aſhes! now my heart, my eyes! Friends,
I go, I go! More air, more air!—I'm mortal! [*Dies.*

Proc. Take in the body. Oh, Licinius,
The miſery that we are left to ſuffer!
No pity ſhall find us.

Licin. Our lives deſerve none.
Would I were chain'd again to ſlavery,
With any hope of life!

54 *Be more than* all the *gods, great in forgiveneſs*] If this be the true reading the ſenſe ſeems very obſcure; but the ſlight change I have made will clear it.

Be more than all, ye gods,

i. e. If you are great in creating and governing us, be greater ſtill in forgiving us. *Steward.*

Proc.

Proc. A quiet grave,
Or a conſumption now, Licinius,
That we might be too poor to kill, were ſomething.
Licin. Let's make our beſt uſe; we have money, Proculus.
And if that cannot ſave us, we have ſwords.
Proc. Yes, but we dare not die.
Licin. I had forgot that.
There's other countries then.
Proc. But the ſame hate ſtill,
Of what we are.
Licin. Think any thing; I'll follow.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Proc. How now? what news?
Meſſ. Shift for yourſelves; ye're loſt elſe.
The ſoldier is in arms, for great Aecius,
And their lieutenant-general, that ſtopp'd 'em
Cut in a thouſand pieces: They march hither.
Beſide, the women of the town have murder'd
Phorba, and looſe Ardelia, Cæſar's ſhe-bawds.
Licin. Then here's no ſtaying, Proculus!
Proc. Oh, Cæſar,
That we had never known thy luſts! Let's fly,
And where we find no woman's man let's die. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Maximus.

Max. Gods, what a ſluice of blood have I let open!
My happy ends are come to birth; he's dead,
And I reveng'd; the empire's all a-fire,
And deſolation every where inhabits.
And ſhall I live, that am the author of it,
To know Rome, from the awe o'th' world, the pity?
My friends are gone before too, of my ſending;
And ſhall I ſtay? is aught elſe to be liv'd for?
Is there another friend, another wife,
Or any third, holds half their worthineſs,

To

To linger here alive for? Is not Virtue,
In their two everlaſting ſouls, departed?
And in their bodies' firſt flame fled to Heav'n?
Can any man diſcover this, and love me?
For, tho' my juſtice were as white as Truth,
My way was crooked to it; that condemns me.
And now, Aecius, and my honour'd lady,
That were preparers to my reſt and quiet,
The lines to lead me to Elyſium;
You that but ſtept before me, on aſſurance
I would not leave your friendſhip unrewarded;
Firſt ſmile upon the ſacrifice I've ſent ye,
Then ſee me coming boldly!—Stay; I'm fooliſh,
Somewhat too ſudden to mine own deſtruction;
This great end of my vengeance may grow greater:
Why may not I be Cæſar? Yet no dying:
Why ſhould not I catch at it? Fools and children
Have had that ſtrength before me, and obtain'd it,
And, as the danger ſtands, my reaſon bids me;
I will, I dare. My dear friends, pardon me;
I am not fit to die yet, if not Cæſar.
I'm ſure the ſoldier loves me, and the people,
And I will forward; and, as goodly cedars,
Rent from Oeta by a ſweeping tempeſt,
Jointed again, and made tall maſts, defy
Thoſe angry winds that ſplit 'em, ſo will I
New-piece again, above the fate of women,
And made more perfect far, than growing private,
Stand and defy bad fortunes. If I riſe,
My wife was raviſh'd well: If then I fall,
My great attempt honours my funeral. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter three Senators and Afranius.

1 *Sen.* Guard all the poſterns to the camp, Afranius,
And ſee 'em faſt; we ſhall be rifled elſe.
Thou art an honeſt and a worthy captain.

2 *Sen.* Promiſe the ſoldier any thing.

3 *Sen.*

3 *Sen.* Speak gently,
And tell 'em we are now in council for 'em,
Labouring to chuſe a Cæſar fit for them,
A ſoldier, and a giver.
1 *Sen.* Tell 'em further,
Their free and liberal voices ſhall go with us.
2 *Sen.* Nay more, a negative (ſay) we allow 'em.
3 *Sen.* And if our choice diſpleaſe 'em, they ſhall name him.
1 *Sen.* Promiſe three donatives, and large, Afranius.
2 *Sen.* And, Cæſar once elected, preſent foes,
With diſtribution of all neceſſaries,
Corn, wine and oil.
3 *Sen.* New garments, and new arms,
And equal portions of the provinces
To them, and to their families for ever.
1 *Sen.* And ſee the city ſtrengthen'd.
Afr. I ſhall do it. [*Exit.*
2 *Sen.* Sempronius, theſe are woful times.
3 *Sen.* Oh, Brutus,
We want thy honeſty again: Theſe Cæſars,
What noble conſuls got with blood, in blood
Conſume again and ſcatter.
1 *Sen.* Which way ſhall we?
2 *Sen.* Not any way of ſafety I can think on.
3 *Sen.* Now go our wives to ruin, and our daughters,
And we beholders, Fulvius.
1 *Sen.* Every thing
Is every man's that will.
2 *Sen.* The veſtals now
Muſt only feed the ſoldier's fire of luſt,
And ſenſual gods be glutted with thoſe offerings;
Age, like the hidden bowels of the earth,
Open'd with ſwords for treaſure. Gods defend us!
We're chaff before their fury elſe.
1 *Sen.* Away,
Let's to the temples.
2 *Sen.* To the capitol;
'Tis not a time to pray now; let's be ſtrengthen'd.

Enter

Enter Afranius.

3 *Sen.* How now, Afranius? What good news?

Afr. A Cæſar!

1 *Sen.* Oh, who?

Afr. Lord Maximus is with the ſoldier,
And all the camp rings, 'Cæſar, Cæſar, Cæſar!'
He forc'd the empreſs with him, for more honour.

2 *Sen.* A happy choice: Let's meet him.

3 *Sen.* Bleſſed fortune!

1 *Sen.* Away, away! Make room there, room there, room! [*Exeunt Senators. Flouriſh.*

Within. Lord Maximus is Cæſar, Cæſar, Cæſar!
Hail, Cæſar Maximus!

Afr. Oh, turning people!
Oh, people excellent in war, and govern'd!
In peace more raging than the furious North [55],

[55] ——— *than the furious North,*
When he ploughs up the ſea, and makes him brine.] Mr. Sympſon tells me, that this paſſage puzzled him even to vexation, and ſomething like it happened to me. In concluſion, we both retain the old reading, but differ *toto cælo* in the explanation. He ſays, *brine* in the Saxon ſignifies *fire*, and allowing, therefore, its genuine ſignification, that the ſentiment is noble. I think his ſolution extremely ingenious; but that our Authors would not uſe a common word and apply it to its common ſubject; (as *brine* was as much uſed in their age for ſea-water, as it is at preſent) and deſign it to be underſtood in its old and totally-obſolete ſignification. I therefore, though perhaps from ſelf-partiality, prefer the ſolution which occur'd to me before I receiv'd this: Every one knows that the ſpray of the ſea in ſtormy weather tinges the whole incumbent atmoſphere, and makes it taſte ſalt and *briny*. I ſuppoſe, therefore, the Poets by a ſmall grammatical inaccuracy to have made the relative *him* in the laſt line relate to the *North-wind*, and not to its immediate antecedent the *ſea*; ſo that the ſenſe will then be full as nervous and poetical. *More raging than the North wind, when he ploughs up the ſea, and turns himſelf and the whole air into* brine. *Seward.*

Theſe gentlemen have gone 'about it, and about it,' for uncouth alluſions, when it required a deal of ingenuity to overlook the Poet's meaning. The *ſea* is the antecedent to *him*. Every one knows that ſtrong winds (aſſiſted by the ſun) produce *brine*: Afranius, therefore, by a fine rhetorical figure, ſays, 'The people are more raging than 'the North wind, even when he is ſo furious as to render the whole 'ſea *brine*.'

When

When he ploughs up the ſea, and makes him brine,
Or the loud falls of Nile. I muſt give way,
Altho' I neither love nor hoped this [56];
Or, like a rotten bridge that dares a current
When he is ſwell'd and high, crack and farewell [57].

Enter Maximus, Eudoxia, Senators, and Soldiers.

Sen. Room for the emperor!
Sold. Long life to Cæſar!
Afr. Hail, Cæſar Maximus!
Max. Your hand, Afranius.
Lead to the palace; there my thanks, in general,
I'll ſhower among ye all. Gods, give me life,
Firſt to defend the empire, then you, fathers.
And, valiant friends, the heirs of ſtrength and virtue,
The rampiers of old Rome, of us the refuge,
To you I open this day all I have,
Even all the hazard that my youth hath purchas'd;
Ye are my children, family, and friends,
And ever ſo reſpected ſhall be.—Forward.
There's a proſcription [58], grave Sempronius,
'Gainſt all the flatterers, and lazy bawds,
Led looſe-liv'd Valentinian to his vices.
See it effected. [*Flouriſh.*
Sen. Honour wait on Cæſar!

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[56] Hope *this.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[57] ——————*that dares a current,*
When he is ſwell'd and high crackt, *and farewel.*] Corrected in 1750.

[58] *There's a* preſcription.] Former editions, corrected by all the three. *Seward.*

Were it fact, that *preſcription* was the reading of the 'former editions,' it would not have required any great ingenuity in 'all the three,' to have ſeen that it ſhould be *proſcription*; which word, however, appears in the ſecond folio. In the ſame ſtyle, we are told, that the former editions read (p. 280, line 33) *here* inſtead of *heard*; (p. 281, laſt line but one) *clad* inſtead of *call'd*; (p. 286, line 33) *vain* of *filing* inſtead of *vein* of *fidling*; (p. 331, line 11) *ground* inſtead of *groan'd*; (p. 356, line 5) *thy life* inſtead of *thyſelf*; and that the proper words have been inſerted or propoſed by one or other of 'the three,' though the ſecond folio has the true reading in *every one of theſe inſtances*, and both folios in *ſome of them!!!*

Sol.

Sold. Make room for Cæſar there! [*Exe. all but Aſr.*
Aſr. Thou haſt my fears,
But Valentinian keeps my vows. Oh, gods!
Why do we like to feed the greedy ravin
Of theſe blown men, that muſt, before they ſtand,
And fix in eminence, caſt life on life,
And trench their ſafeties in with wounds, and bodies?
Well, froward Rome, thou wilt grow weak with changing,
And die without an heir, that lov'ſt to breed
Sons for the killing hate of ſons. For me,
I only live to find an enemy. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Paulus and Licippus.

Pau. When is the inauguration?
Licippus. Why, to-morrow.
Pau. 'Twill be ſhort time.
Licippus. Any device that's handſome,
A Cupid, or the god o' th' place, will do it,
Where he muſt take the faſces.
Pau. Or a Grace.
Licippus. A good Grace has no fellow.
Pau. Let me ſee;
Will not his name yield ſomething? Maximus,
By th' way of anagram? I've found out *axis*;
You know he bears the empire.
Licippus. Get him wheels too;
'Twill be a cruel carriage elſe.
Pau. Some ſongs too?
Licippus. By any means, ſome ſongs; but very ſhort ones,
And honeſt language, Paulus, without burſting,
The air will fall the ſweeter.
Pau. A Grace muſt do it.
Licippus. Why, let a Grace then.
Pau. Yes, it muſt be ſo;

And

And in a robe of blue too, as I take it.

Licippus. This poet is a little kin to th' painter
That could paint nothing but a ramping lion;
So all his learned fancies are Blue Graces. [*Aſide.*

Pau. What think you of a ſea-nymph? and a Heaven?

Licippus. Why, what ſhould ſhe do there, man? There's no water.

Pau. By th' maſs, that's true; it muſt be a Grace; and yet,
Methinks, a rainbow——

Licippus. And in blue?

Pau. Oh, yes!
Hanging in arch above him, and i' th' middle——

Licippus. A ſhower of rain?

Pau. No, no; 'it muſt be a Grace.

Licippus. Why prithee grace him then.

Pau. Or Orpheus,
Coming from hell——

Licippus. In blue too?

Pau. 'Tis the better.——
And, as he riſes, full of fires——

Licippus. Now bleſs us!
Will not that ſpoil his lute-ſtrings, Paulus?

Pau. Singing,
And croſſing of his arms——

Licippus. How can he play then?

Pau. It ſhall be a Grace; I'll do it.

Licippus. Prithee do,
And with as good a grace as thou canſt poſſible,
Good Fury Paulus! Be i' th' morning with me;
And pray take meaſure of his mouth that ſpeaks it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Maximus and Eudoxia.

Max. Come, my beſt-lov'd Eudoxia.—Let the ſoldier
Want neither wine, nor any thing he calls for;

And

And when the ſenate's ready, give us notice.
In the mean time, leave us.——
Oh, my dear ſweet!
Eud. Is't poſſible your Grace
Should undertake ſuch dangers for my beauty,
If it were excellent?
Max. By Heav'n, 'tis all
The world has left to brag of!
Eud. Can a face
Long ſince bequeath'd to wrinkles with my ſorrows,
Long ſince raz'd out o' th' book of youth and pleaſure,
Have power to make the ſtrongeſt man o' th' empire,
Nay, the moſt ſtay'd, and knowing what is woman,
The greateſt aim of perfectneſs men liv'd by,
The moſt true, conſtant lover of his wedlock,
Such a ſtill-blowing beauty earth was proud of,
Loſe ſuch a noble wife, and wilfully?
Himſelf prepare the way? nay, make the rape?
Did you not tell me ſo?
Max. 'Tis true, Eudoxia.
Eud. Lay deſolate his deareſt piece of friendſhip,
Break his ſtrong helm he ſteer'd by, ſink that virtue,
That valour, that even all the gods can give us,
Without whom he was nothing, with whom worthieſt;
Nay more, arrive at Cæſar, and kill him too,
And for my ſake? Either you love too dearly,
Or deeply you diſſemble, Sir.
Max. I do ſo;
And, 'till I am more ſtrengthen'd, ſo I muſt do:
Yet 'would my joy and wine had faſhion'd out
Some ſafer lie! [*Aſide.*]—Can theſe things be, Eudoxia,
And I diſſemble? Can there be but goodneſs,
And only thine, dear lady; any end,
Any imagination but a loſt one,
Why I ſhould run this hazard? Oh, thou virtue!
Were it to do again, and Valentinian
Once more to hold thee, ſinful Valentinian,
In whom thou wert ſet, as pearls are in ſalt oyſters,
As roſes are in rank weeds, I would find

Yet

Yet to thy ſacred ſelf a dearer danger:
The gods know how I honour thee!
Eud. What love, Sir,
Can I return for this, but my obedience?
My life, if ſo you pleaſe, and 'tis too little.
Max. 'Tis too much to redeem the world.
Eud. From this hour,
The ſorrows for my dead lord, fare ye well!
My living lord has dried ye. And, in token
As emperor this day I honour you,
And the great caſter-new of all my wiſhes,
The wreath of living laurel, that muſt compaſs
That ſacred head, Eudoxia makes for Cæſar.
I am, methinks, too much in love with fortune;
But with you, ever royal Sir, my maker,
The once-more-ſummer of me, mere *in love*
Is poor expreſſion of my doting.
Max. Sweeteſt!
Eud. Now, of my troth, you have bought me dear, Sir.
Max. No,
Had I at loſs of mankind.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Eud. Now you flatter.
Meſſ. The ſenate waits your Grace.
Max. Let 'em come on,
And in a full form bring the ceremony.
This day I am your ſervant, dear, and proudly
I'll wear your honour'd favour.
Eud. May it prove ſo! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Enter Paulus and Licippus.

Licippus. Is your Grace done?
Pau. 'Tis done.
Licippus. Who ſpeaks?

Pau. A boy.

Licippus. A dainty blue boy, Paulus?

Pau. Yes.

Licippus. Have you view'd
The work above?

Pau. Yes; and all up, and ready.

Licippus. The empreſs does you ſimple honour, Paulus;
The wreath your Blue Grace muſt preſent, ſhe made.
But, hark you, for the ſoldiers?

Pau. That's done too:
I'll bring 'em in, I warrant you.

Licippus. A Grace too?

Pau. The ſame Grace ſerves for both.

Licippus. About it then.
I muſt to th' cup-board; and [59] be ſure, good Paulus,
Your Grace be faſting, that he may hang cleanly.
If there ſhould need another voice, what then?

Pau. I'll hang another Grace in.

Licippus. Grace be with you! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

A ſynnet, with trumpets: A barquet prepared, with muſick.

Enter, in ſtate, Maximus, Eudoxia, Senators, Gentlemen, and Soldiers, rods and axes borne before them.

3 *Sen.* Hail to thy imperial honour, ſacred Cæſar!
And from the old Rome take theſe wiſhes.
You holy gods, that hitherto have held,
As juſtice holds her ballance, equal pois'd,
This glory of our nation, this full Roman,
And made him fit for what he is, confirm him!
Look on this ſon, oh, Jupiter, our helper,

---

59 ——— *be ſure,*
Your grace be faſting, that he may hang cleanly.] This probably refers to a cuſtom of ſuſpending their gods, goddeſſes, graces, *&c.* in ropes, which might make the caution of being faſting in order *to hang cleanly*, perfectly neceſſary and very humourous. *Seward.*

And,

And, Romulus, thou father of our honour,
Preſerve him like thyſelf, juſt, valiant, noble,
A lover and encreaſer of his people!
Let him begin with Numa, ſtand with Cato,
The firſt five years of Nero be his wiſhes,
Give him the age and fortune of Emilius,
And his whole reign, renew a great Auguſtus!

SONG.

Honour, that is ever living,
Honour, that is ever giving,
Honour, that ſees all, and knows
Both the ebbs of man, and flows;
Honour, that rewards the beſt,
Sends thee thy rich labour's reſt;
Thou haſt ſtudied ſtill to pleaſe her,
Therefore now ſhe calls thee Cæſar.

Chorus. Hail, hail, Cæſar, hail, and ſtand,
And thy name out-live the land!
Noble fathers, to his brows
Bind this wreath, with thouſand vows!

All. Stand to eternity!

Max. I thank ye, fathers;
And as I rule, may it ſtill grow or wither!
Now, to the banquet; ye are all my gueſts;
This day be liberal, friends; to wine we give it,
And ſmiling pleaſures. Sit, my queen of beauty.
Fathers, your places. Theſe are fair wars, ſoldiers,
And thus I give the firſt charge to ye all.
You are my ſecond, ſweet. To every cup,
I add unto the ſenate a new honour,
And to the ſons of Mars a donative.

SONG.

God Lyæus, ever young[60],
Ever honour'd, ever ſung;

[60] *God* Lizus *ever young.*] Firſt folio. Second folio, and octavo 1711, *Lyeus*; and Mr. Seward, *Lycus.*

Stain'd with blood of luſty grapes,
In a thouſand luſty ſhapes,
Dance upon the mazer's brim [61],
In the crimſon liquor ſwim;
From thy plenteous hand divine,
Let a river run with wine.
God of youth, let this day here
Enter neither care nor fear!

Boy. Bellona's feed, the glory of old Rome,
Envy of conquer'd nations, nobly come,
And, to the fulneſs of your warlike noiſe,
Let your feet move; make up this hour of joys.
Come, come, I ſay; range your fair troop at large,
And your high meaſure turn into a charge.

3 Sen. The emperor's grown heavy with his wine.
Afr. The ſenate ſtays, Sir, for your thanks.
3 Sen. Great Cæſar!
Eud. I have my wiſh!
Afr. Will't pleaſe your grace ſpeak to him?
Eud. Yes; but he will not hear, lords.
3 Sen. Stir him, Lucius;
The ſenate muſt have thanks.
2 Sen. Your grace! Sir! Cæſar!
Eud. Did I not tell you he was well: He's dead!
3 Sen. Dead? Treaſon! guard the court! let no man paſs!
Soldiers, your Cæſar's murder'd.
Eud. Make no tumult,
Nor arm the court; ye have his killer with ye,
And the juſt cauſe, if ye can ſtay the hearing:
I was his death! That wreath that made him Cæſar,
Has made him earth.
Sold. Cut her in thouſand pieces!
Eud. Wiſe man would know the reaſon firſt. To die
Is that I wiſh for, Romans, and your ſwords

[61] Mazer's *brim.*] *Mazer* ſignifies the old-faſhion flat ſilver cup. *Seward.*

The

The readieſt way of death[62]: Yet, ſoldiers, grant me
(That was your Empreſs once, and honour'd by ye)
But ſo much time to tell ye why I kill'd him,
And weigh my reaſons well, if man be in you;
Then, if ye dare, do cruelly condemn me.

Afr. Hear her, ye noble Romans! 'Tis a woman;
A ſubject not for ſwords, but pity. Heaven,
If ſhe be guilty of malicious murder,
Has given us laws to make example of her;
If only of revenge, and blood hid from us,
Let us conſider firſt, then execute.

3 *Sen.* Speak, bloody woman!

Eud. Yes: This Maximus,
That was your Cæſar, lords and noble ſoldiers,
(And if I wrong the dead, Heav'n periſh me,
Or ſpeak, to win your favours, but the truth!)
Was to his country, to his friends, and Cæſar,
A moſt malicious traitor.

3 *Sen.* Take heed, woman.

Eud. I ſpeak not for compaſſion. Brave Aecius,
(Whoſe bleſſed ſoul, if I lie, ſhall afflict me)
The man that all the world lov'd, you ador'd,
That was the maſter-piece of arms, and bounty,
(Mine own grief ſhall come laſt) this friend of his,
This ſoldier, this your right arm, noble Romans,
By a baſe letter to the emperor,
Stuff'd full of fears, and poor ſuggeſtions,
And by himſelf unto himſelf directed,
Was cut off baſely, baſely, cruelly!
Oh, loſs! oh, innocent! Can ye now kill me?
And the poor ſtale, my noble lord, that knew not
More of this villain, than his forced fears,
Like one foreſeen to ſatisfy, died for it:

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62 ——— *and your ſwords*
The heavieſt *way of death.*] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympſon both agree with me in diſcarding this word, the context plainly requiring a word of almoſt oppoſite ſignification; and we all prefer *readieſt* as the beſt amongſt ſeveral words that have occur'd all pretty near the trace of the letters, as *eaſieſt*, *happieſt*; and Mr. Theobald adds *heavenlieſt*. *Seward.*

There was a murder too, Rome would have bluſh'd at!
Was this worth being Cæſar? or my patience? Nay, his wife,
(By Heav'n, he told it me in wine, and joy,
And ſwore it deeply!) he himſelf prepar'd
To be abus'd. How? Let me grieve, not tell ye,
And weep the ſins that did it: And his end
Was only me, and Cæſar: But me he lied in.
Theſe are my reaſons, Romans, and my ſoul
Tells me ſufficient; and my deed is juſtice!
Now, as I have done well or ill, look on me.

Afr. What leſs could nature do? What leſs had we done,
Had we known this before? Romans, ſhe's righteous;
And ſuch a piece of juſtice Heav'n muſt ſmile on!
Bend all your ſwords on me, if this diſpleaſe ye,
For I muſt kneel, and on this virtuous hand
Seal my new joy and thanks. Thou haſt done truly.

3 *Sen.* Up with your arms; ye ſtrike a ſaint elſe, Romans.
Mayſt thou live ever ſpoken our protector:
Rome yet has many noble heirs. Let's in,
And pray before we chuſe; then plant a Cæſar
Above the reach of envy, blood, and murder!

Afr. Take up the body, nobly to his urn,
And may our ſins and his together burn.

[*Exeunt. A dead march.*

EPILOGUE.

WE would fain pleaſe ye, and as fain be pleas'd;
'Tis but a little liking, both are eas'd:
We have your money, and you have our ware,
And, to our underſtanding, good and fair:
For your own wiſdom's ſake, be not ſo mad
T' acknowledge ye have bought things dear and bad:
Let not a brack i'th' ſtuff, or here and there
The fading gloſs, a general loſs appear!
We know ye take up worſe commodities,
And dearer pay, yet think your bargains wiſe;
We know, in meat and wine ye fling away
More time and health[63], which is but dearer pay,
And with the reckoning all the pleaſure loſt.
We bid ye not unto repenting coſt:
The price is eaſy, and ſo light the play,
That ye may new-digeſt it every day:
Then, noble friends, as ye would chuſe a miſs[64],
Only to pleaſe the eye a while, and kiſs,
'Till a good wife be got; ſo let this play,
Hold ye a while, until a better may.

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63 ——————*ye fling away*
More time and wealth, *which is but dearer pay.*] The change of a letter ſeems here to have turn'd a beautiful ſentiment into the groſſeſt tautology. As it has hitherto ſtood, the ſenſe muſt be, '*You take up* '*with worſe commodities, and pay dearer for them; for you ſpend more* '*of your time and more of your wealth in meat and drink, and conſe-* '*quently ye pay dearer for them.*' How flat and unneceſſary is the concluſion? But if we read *health* inſtead of *wealth*, as I doubt not the Poets did, the ſenſe will be perfectly poetical: '*You not only fling* '*away more time, but even health too on meats and wine; and this is* '*a much dearer purchaſe than that which you buy of us for a little* '*money. The pleaſure eatables give is loſt the moment you are fill'd;* '*whereas the food we treat with may be a thouſand times digeſted and* '*will never load or diſeuſe the mind.*' *Seward.*

64 *Then noble friends, as ye would chuſe a* miſtreſs,
Only to pleaſe the eye a while, and kiſs.] This is the reading of the firſt folio; but is it not ſurprizing that after the ſecond folio (by much the beſt authority for this play) had exhibited the obvious word, *miſs*, the ſucceeding Editors ſhould again introduce *miſtreſs*, as was done in 1711, and by Mr. Seward.

BOMBAY BRANCH OF THE ASIATIC SOC.

From elves, hobs, and fairies, that trouble our dairies,
From fire-drakes, and fiends, & such as the de'il sends,
Defend us, good Heaven! Act IV.

J. J. Barralet delin. J. Golder sculp.

MONSIEUR THOMAS.

A COMEDY.

The quarto 1639 (the first edition of this excellent Comedy) mentions Fletcher's name only in the title. Monsieur Thomas has not been performed in its original state for many, many years; but an alteration of it by Tom Durfey appeared in the year 1678, under the title of Trick for Trick, or the Debauch'd Hypocrite.

DRAMATIS

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Valentine, *a gentleman lately returned from travel.*
Monſieur Thomas, *his fellow-traveller.*
Sebaſtian, *his father.*
Francis, *Valentine's ſon, in love with Cellide.*
Hylas, *a general lover.*
Sam, *a gentleman, his friend.*
Launcelot, *Monſieur Thomas's man.*
Michael, *a gentleman, Valentine's neighbour.*
Three Phyſicians, and an Apothecary.

WOMEN.

Alice, *Valentine's ſiſter.*
Cellide, *beloved by Valentine, in love with Francis.*
Mary, *niece to Valentine and Alice, in love with Monſieur Thomas.*
Dorothea, *Monſieur Thomas's ſiſter.*
Abbeſs, Maids, &c.

SCENE, ENGLAND.

MONSIEUR THOMAS.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Alice and Valentine.

Alice. HOW dearly welcome you are!
Val. I know it;
And, my beſt ſiſter, you as dear to my ſight,
And pray let this comfirm it: How you've govern'd
My poor ſtate in my abſence, how my ſervants,
I dare, and muſt believe (elſe I ſhould wrong ye)
The beſt and worthieſt.
Alice. As my woman's wit, Sir,
Which is but weak and crazy.
Val. But, good Alice,
Tell me how fares the gentle Cellide,
The life of my affection, ſince my travel,
My long and lazy travel? Is her love ſtill
Upon the growing hand? does it not ſtop
And wither at my years? has ſhe not view'd
And entertain'd ſome younger ſmooth behaviour,
Some youth but in his bloſſom, as herſelf is?
There lie my fears.
Alice. They need not; for, believe me,
So well you've manag'd her, and won her mind,
Ev'n from her hours of childhood to this ripeneſs,
(And, in your abſence, that by me enforc'd ſtill)
So well diſtill'd your gentleneſs into her,
Obſerv'd her, fed her fancy, liv'd ſtill in her,

And,

And, tho' Love be a boy, and ever youthful,
And young and beauteous objects ever aim'd at,
Yet here you've gone beyond Love, better'd Nature,
Made him appear in years, in grey years fiery,
His bow at full bent ever. Fear not, brother;
For tho' your body has been far off from her,
Yet every hour your heart, which is your goodneſs,
I have forc'd into her, won a place prepar'd too,
And willingly to give it ever harbour;
Believe ſhe's ſo much your's, and won by miracle,
(Which is by age) ſo deep a ſtamp ſet on her
By your obſervances, ſhe cannot alter.
Were the child living now you loſt at ſea
Among the Genoa gallies, what a happineſs!
What a main bleſſing!

Val. Oh, no more, good ſiſter;
Touch no more that ſtring, 'tis too harſh and jarring!
With that child all my hopes went, and, you know,
The root of all thoſe hopes, the mother too,
Within few days.

Alice. 'Tis too true, and too fatal;
But peace be with their ſouls!

Val. For her loſs,
I hope the beauteous Cellide——

Alice. You may, Sir,
For all ſhe is, is yours.

Val. For the poor boy's loſs,
I've brought a noble friend I found in travel;
A worthier mind, and a more temperate ſpirit,
If I have ſo much judgment to diſcern 'em,
Man yet was never maſter of.

Alice. What is he?

Val. A gentleman, I do aſſure myſelf,
And of a worthy breeding, tho' he hide it.
I found him at Valentia, poor and needy,
Only his mind the maſter of a treaſure:
I ſought his friendſhip, won him by much violence,
His honeſty and modeſty ſtill fearing
To thruſt a charge upon me. How I love him,

He

He ſhall now know, where want and he hereafter
Shall be no more companions. Uſe him nobly;
It is my will, good ſiſter; all I have
I make him free companion in, and partner,
But only——

Alice. I obſerve you; hold your right there;
Love and high rule allow no rivals, brother.
He ſhall have fair regard, and all obſervance.

Enter Hylas.

Hylas. You're welcome, noble Sir.

Val. What, monſieur Hylas!
I'm glad to ſee your merry body well yet.

Hylas. I'faith you're welcome home! What news beyond ſeas?

Val. None, but new men expected, ſuch as you are,
To breed new admirations. 'Tis my ſiſter;
'Pray you know her, Sir.

Hylas. With all my heart. Your leave, lady?

Alice. You have it, Sir.

Hylas. A ſhrewd ſmart touch! which does prognoſticate
A body keen and active: Somewhat old,
But that's all one; age brings experience
And knowledge to diſpatch. I muſt be better,
And nearer in my ſervice, with your leave, Sir,
To this fair lady.

Val. What[1], the old 'Squire of Dames ſtill?

Hylas. Still the admirer of their goodneſs. With all my heart now,
I love a woman of her years, a pacer,
That, lay the bridle on her neck, will travel——
Forty, and ſomewhat fulſome, is a fine diſh;
Theſe young colts are too ſkittiſh.

[1] *What, the old* ſquire of dames *ſtill!*] Alluding to the *ſquire of dames*, who, in the Seventh Canto of the Legend of Chaſtity, in Spenſer's Fairy Queen, tells Satyrane, that, by order of his miſtreſs Columbel, (after having ſerved the ladies for a year) he was ſent out a ſecond time, not to return till he could find three hundred women incapable of yielding to any temptation. *R.*

Enter

Enter Mary.

Alice. My couſin Mary,
In all her joy, Sir, to congratulate
Your fair return.
Val. My loving and kind couſin,
A thouſand welcomes!
Mary. A thouſand thanks to Heav'n, Sir,
For your ſafe voyage, and return!
Val. I thank you.
But where's my bleſſed Cellide? Her ſlackneſs
In viſitation——
Mary. Think not ſo, dear uncle;
I left her on her knees, thanking the gods
With tears and prayers.
Val. You have given me too much comfort.
Mary. She will not be long from you.
Hylas. Your fair couſin?
Val. It is ſo, and a bait you cannot balk, Sir,
If your old rule reign in you. You may know her.
Hylas. A happy ſtock you have. Right worthy lady,
The pooreſt of your ſervants vows his duty
And oblig'd faith.
Mary. Oh, 'tis a kiſs you would, Sir;
Take it, and tie your tongue up.
Hylas. I'm an aſs,
I do perceive now, a blind aſs, a blockhead;
For this is handſomeneſs, this that that draws us,
Body and bones. Oh, what a mounted forehead,
What eyes and lips, what every thing about her!
How like a ſwan ſhe ſwims her pace, and bears
Her ſilver breaſts! This is the woman, ſhe,
And only ſhe, that I will ſo much honour
As to think worthy of my love; all older idols
I heartily abhor, and give to gunpowder,
And all complexions beſides hers, to gypſies.

[a] *A happy ſtock ye have*, &c.] This is made a continuation of *Valentine's* ſpeech, by an omiſſion of *Hylas's* name, in the former editions. *Seward.*

Enter

Enter Francis at one door, and Cellide at another.

Val. Oh, my dear life, my better heart! all dangers,
Diſtreſſes in my travel, all misfortunes,
Had they been endleſs like the hours upon me,
In this kiſs had been buried in oblivion.
How happy have you made me, truly happy!

Cel. My joy has ſo much over-maſter'd me,
That, in my tears for your return——

Val. Oh, deareſt!
My noble friend too? What a bleſſedneſs
Have I about me now! how full my wiſhes
Are come again! A thouſand hearty welcomes
I once more lay upon you! All I have,
The fair and liberal uſe of all my ſervants
To be at your command, and all the uſes
Of all within my power.

Fran. You're too munificent;
Nor am I able to conceive thoſe thanks, Sir——

Val. You wrong my tender love now, even my ſervice;
Nothing excepted [3], nothing ſtuck between us
And our entire affections, but this woman;

[3] Val. *Ye wrong my tender love now, even my ſervice,*
Nothing accepted, *nothing ſtuck between us*
And our intire affections but this woman.] The firſt line is very obſcure: Whoever conſiders the turn of the period will ſee that it is not to be joined with the ſecond, as if his modeſty would not *accept* his ſervice. It is evident that the word *accepted* is a corruption, and ſhould be *excepted*. There are two ways of ſolving the difficulty of the firſt line; either by making it no more than ſaying, *Ye wrong my tender love and ſervice*. But then the enhancing particle *even* is ſuperfluous. I therefore turn this particle into a verb, and read,

Ye wrong my tender love now. Even my ſervice,
Nothing excepted, *&c.*

i. e. *You ſhall be ſerved equal with myſelf; or expect a ſervice equal to that which is pay'd to me.* The expreſſion is, I allow, obſcure, but the beſt poets are not always free from obſcurity; brevity is the ſoul of poetry, but it often begets difficulties of conſtruction. *Seward.*

The change of *accepted* to *excepted* is admirable: But the converſion of the *particle* into a *verb*, together with the new punctuation, is uncouth and almoſt unintelligible.

This

This I beſeech ye, friend——
Fran. It is a jewel,
I do confeſs, would make a thief, but never
Of him that's ſo much yours, and bound your ſervant;
That were a baſe ingratitude.
Val. You're noble!
'Pray be acquainted with her. Keep your way, Sir;
My couſin, and my ſiſter.
Alice. You're moſt welcome.
Mary. If any thing in our poor pow'rs, fair Sir,
To render you content, and liberal welcome,
May but appear, command it.
Alice. You ſhall find us
Happy in our performance.
Fran. The poor ſervant
Of both your goodneſſes preſents his ſervice.
Val. Come, no more compliment; cuſtom has made it
Dull, old, and tedious: You are once more welcome
As your own thoughts can make ye, and the ſame ever;
And ſo we'll in to ratify it.
Hylas. Hark ye, Valentine:
Is Wild-Oats yet come over?
Val. Yes, with me, Sir.
Mary. How does he bear himſelf?
Val. A great deal better.
Why do you bluſh? The gentleman will do well.
Mary. I ſhould be glad on't, Sir.
Val. How does his father?
Hylas. As mad a worm as e'er he was.
Val. I look'd for't:
Shall we enjoy your company?
Hylas. I'll wait on ye:
Only a thought or two.
Val. We bar all prayers. [*Exeunt all but Hylas.*
Hylas. This laſt wench! ay, this laſt wench was a fair one,
A dainty wench, a right one! A devil take it,
What do I ail? to have fifteen now in liking!
Enough, a man would think, to ſtay my ſtomach:
But

But what's fifteen, or fifteen ſcore, to my thoughts?
And wherefore are mine eyes made, and have lights,
But to encreaſe my objects? This laſt wench
Sticks plaguy cloſe unto me; a hundred pound
I were as cloſe to her! If I lov'd now,
As many fooliſh men do, I ſhould run mad. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sebaſtian and Launcelot.

Seb. Sirrah, no more of your French ſhrugs, I adviſe you!
If you be louſy, ſhift yourſelf.

Laun. May it pleaſe your worſhip——

Seb. Only to ſee my ſon; my ſon, good Launcelot;
Your maſter and my ſon! Body o' me, Sir,
No money, no more money, monſieur Launcelot,
Not a denier, ſweet ſignior! Bring the perſon,
The perſon of my boy, my boy Tom, Monſieur Thomas,
Or get you gone again! *Du gata whee*[4], Sir!
Baſſa mi cu, good Launcelot! *valetote*[5]!
My boy or nothing!

Laun. Then, to anſwer punctually.

Seb. I ſay, to th' purpoſe.

Laun. Then I ſay to th' purpoſe;
Becauſe your worſhip's vulgar underſtanding
May meet me at the neareſt: Your ſon, my maſter,
Or Monſieur Thomas, (for ſo his travel ſtiles him)
Thro' many foreign plots that virtue meets with,
And dangers (I beſeech you give attention)
Is at the laſt arriv'd,
To aſk your (as the Frenchman calls it ſweetly)
Benediction *de jour en jour.*

[4] *Du gata whee.*] The expreſſion *Du cat a whee* occurs in the Cuſtom of the Country; upon which we have ſaid (note 18) that 'we were aſſured it was not Welch,' as Theobald had aſſerted, though without declaring its ſignification. The genuine Welch, of which this is a vitiation, is, *Duw cadw chwi*, God bleſs or preſerve you. *Duw cadw ni* is, God bleſs or preſerve us.

[5] *Valetote.*] A corruption of *voila tout!*

Seb. Sirrah, don't conjure me with your French furies[6].

Laun. Che ditt'a vou, monſieur?

Seb. Che doga vou, raſcal!

Leave me your rotten language, and tell me plainly,
And quickly, ſirrah, leſt I crack your French crown,
What your good maſter means. I have maintain'd
You and your Monſieur, as I take it, Launcelot,
Theſe two years at your *ditty vous*, your *jours!*
Jour me no more; for not another penny
Shall paſs my purſe.

Laun. Your worſhip is erroneous;
For, as I told you, your ſon Tom, or Thomas,
My maſter and your ſon, is now arriv'd
To aſk you (as our language bears it neareſt)
Your quotidian bleſſing; and here he is in perſon.

Enter Thomas.

Seb. What, Tom, boy! welcome with all my heart, boy!
Welcome, 'faith! thou haſt gladded me at ſoul, boy!
Infinite glad I am. I have pray'd too, Thomas,
For you, wild Thomas. Tom, I thank thee heartily
For coming home.

Tho. Sir, I do find your prayers
Have much prevail'd above my ſins——

Seb. How's this?

Tho. Elſe certain I had periſh'd with my rudeneſs,
Ere I had won myſelf to that diſcretion
I hope you ſhall hereafter find.

Seb. Humh, humh!
Diſcretion? is it come to that? the boy's ſpoil'd.

[6] *Don't conjure me with your French* furies.] The old man not underſtanding the expreſſion *de jour en jour*, repeats the Engliſh words that are neareſt it in ſound; and in the old quarto of this play, it is hard to diſtinguiſh whether the laſt word be *juries* or *furies*; I prefer the former, and think the ſimilitude of ſounds more in character than any alluſion between the *furies* and conjuration. *Seward.*

Furies is the *legible* lection of the old quarto, and every edition prior to M[illegible]d's; it is alſo good ſenſe and natural; and [illegible] *me* is [illegible] upon Launcelot's *de* JOUR *a* JOUR.

Tho.

Tho. Sirrah, you rogue, look for't! for I will make thee
Ten times more miſerable than thou thought'ſt thyſelf
Before thou travell'dſt: Thou haſt told my father
(I know it, and I find it) all my rogueries,
By mere way of prevention, to undo me.
Laun. Sir, as I ſpeak eight languages, I only
Told him you came to aſk his benediction,
De jour en jour!
Tho. But that I muſt be civil,
I'd beat thee like a dog.—Sir, howſoever
The time I have miſpent, may make you doubtful,
Nay, harden your belief 'gainſt my converſion——
Seb. A pox o' travel, I ſay!
Tho. Yet, dear father,
Your own experience in my after courſes——

Enter Dorothea.

Seb. Prithee no more; 'tis ſcurvy! There's thy ſiſter.
Undone, without redemption! he eats with picks;
Utterly ſpoil'd, his ſpirit baffled in him!
How have I ſin'd, that this affliction
Should light ſo heavy on me? I've no more ſons,
And this no more mine own; no ſpark of nature
Allows him mine now; he's grown tame. My grand curſe
Hang o'er his head that thus transform'd thee! Travel!
I'll ſend my horſe to travel next!—*We Monſieur!*—
Now will my moſt canonical dear neighbours
Say, I have found my ſon, and rejoice with me,
Becauſe he has mew'd his mad tricks off. I know not,
But I am ſure this Monſieur, this fine gentleman,
Will never be in my books like mad Thomas[7].
I muſt

[7] *Will never be* in my books, *like mad Thomas.*] In Shakeſpeare's Much Ado about Nothing this expreſſion occurs:

'I ſee, lady, the gentleman is not *in your books*;'

upon which Dr. Johnſon and Mr. Stevens have thus commented: This is a phraſe uſed, I believe, by more than underſtand it.

I muſt go ſeek an heir; for my inheritance
Muſt not turn ſecretary. My name and quality
Have kept my land three hundred years in madneſs:
An it ſlip now, may't ſink! [*Exit.*

Tho. Excellent ſiſter,
I'm glad to ſee thee well—But where's my father?

Dor. Gone diſcontent, it ſeems.

Tho. He did ill in it,
As he does all; for I was uttering
A handſome ſpeech or two, I have been ſtudying
E'er ſince I came from Paris. How glad to ſee thee!

Dor. I'm gladder to ſee you (with more love too,
I dare maintain it) than my father's ſorry
To ſee (as he ſuppoſes) your converſion;
And I am ſure he's vex'd; nay more, I know it;
H'has pray'd againſt it mainly: But it appears, Sir,
You'd rather blind him with that poor opinion
Than in yourſelf correct it. Deareſt brother,
Since there is in our uniform reſemblance
No more to make us two but our bare ſexes,
And ſince one happy birth produc'd us hither,
Let one more happy mind——

Tho. It ſhall be, ſiſter;
For I can do it when I liſt, and yet, wench,
Be mad too when I pleaſe; I have the trick on't:
Beware a traveller.

---

be in one's books is to be in one's codicils *or* will, *to be among friends ſet down for legacies.* *Johnſon.*

I rather think that the *books* alluded to, are memorandum-books, like the viſiting books of the preſent age.

Such another expreſſion occurs in Middleton's Comedy of Blurt Maſter Conſtable, 1602.

'I'd ſcratch her eyes out, if my man ſtood *in her tables.*'

Again, in Shirley's School of Compliment, 1637.

'——There's a man *in her tables* more than I look'd for.'

Hamlet ſays,

'——My *tables*, meet it is I ſet it down——'

when he pulls out his *pocket-book.*

Probably the phraſe was originally adopted from the tradeſman's language. To [illegible] *tradeſman's books*, might formerly have been an expreſſion in [illegible] converſation for *a truſt* of any other kind. *Steevens.*

Dor.

Dor. Leave that trick too.

Tho. Not for the world. But where's my miſtreſs[8]?
And prithee ſay how does ſhe? I melt to ſee her,
And preſently: I muſt away.

Dor. Then do ſo,
For o' my faith ſhe will not ſee you, brother.

Tho. Not ſee me? I'll——

Dor. Now you play your true ſelf;
How would my father love this! I'll aſſure you
She will not ſee you; ſhe has heard (and loudly)
The gambols that you play'd ſince your departure,
In every town you came, your ſeveral miſchiefs,
Your rouſes and your wenches; all your quarrels,
And the no-cauſes of 'em; theſe, I take it,
Altho' ſhe love you well, to modeſt ears,
To one that waited for your reformation,
To which end travel was propounded by her uncle,
Muſt needs, and reaſon for it, be examin'd,
And by her modeſty; and fear'd too light too,
To file with her affections: You have loſt her,
For any thing I ſee, exil'd yourſelf.

Tho. No more of that, ſweet Doll; I will be civil.

Dor. But how long?

Tho. Wouldſt thou have me loſe my birth-right?
For yond old thing will diſinherit me,
If I grow too demure. Good ſweet Doll, prithee,
Prithee, dear ſiſter, let me ſee her!

Dor. No.

Tho. Nay, I beſeech thee. By this light——

Dor. Ay, ſwagger.

Tho. Kiſs me, and be my friend; we two were twins,
And ſhall we now grow ſtrangers?

Dor. 'Tis not my fault.

Tho. Well, there be other women; and remember you,
You were the cauſe of this; there be more lands too,
And better people in 'em; fare ye well!

[8] *Not for the world. But where's my miſtreſs.*] This line halting a little, Mr. Seward, with admirable preciſion, reads,

Not for the world; but where's my miſtreſs?

And other loves. What ſhall become of me,
And of my vanities, becauſe they grieve you?
Dor. Come hither, come; d'you ſee that cloud that flies there?
So light are you, and blown with every fancy.
Will you but make me hope you may be civil?
I know your nature's ſweet enough, and tender,
Not grated on, nor curb'd: D'you love your miſtreſs?
Tho. He lies that ſays I do not.
Dor. Would you ſee her?
Tho. If you pleaſe, for it muſt be ſo.
Dor. And appear to her
A thing to be belov'd?
Tho. Yes.
Dor. Change then
A little of your wildneſs into wiſdom,
And put on a more ſmoothneſs.
I'll do the beſt I can to help you; yet
I do proteſt ſhe ſwore, and ſwore it deeply,
She would ne'er ſee you more. Where's your man's heart now?
What, do you faint at this?
Tho. She is a woman:
But he ſhe entertains next for a ſervant,
I ſhall be bold to quarter!
Dor. No thought of fighting.
Go in, and there we'll talk more; be but rul'd,
And what lies in my power, ye ſhall be ſure of. [*Exe.*

SCENE III.

Enter Alice and Mary.

Alice. He cannot be ſo wild ſtill!
Mary. 'Tis moſt certain;
I've now heard all, and all the truth.
Alice. Grant all that;
Is he the firſt that has been giv'n a loſt man,
And yet come fairly home? He's young and tender,
And fit for that impreſſion your affection

ſhall

Shall ſtamp upon him. Age brings on diſcretion;
A year hence, theſe mad toys that now poſſeſs him
Will ſhew like bugbears to him, ſhapes to fright him;
Marriage diſſolves all theſe like miſts.
Mary. They're grounded
Hereditary in him, from his father,
And to his grave they'll haunt him.
Alice. 'Tis your fear,
Which is a wiſe part in you; yet your love,
However you may ſeem to leſſen it
With theſe diſlikes, and choak it with theſe errors,
Do what you can, will break out to excuſe him:
You have him in your heart, and planted, couſin,
From whence the power of reaſon, nor diſcretion,
Can ever root him.
Mary. Planted in my heart, aunt?
Believe it, no; I never was ſo liberal.
What tho' he ſhew a ſo-ſo-comely fellow,
Which we call pretty, or ſay it may be handſome;
What tho' his promiſes may ſtumble at
The power of goodneſs in him, ſometimes uſe too—
Alice. How willingly thy heart betrays thee! Couſin,
Cozen thyſelf no more: Th' haſt no more power
To leave off loving him, than he that's thirſty
Has to abſtain from drink, ſtanding before him.
His mind is not ſo monſtrous; for his ſhape,
If I have eyes, I have not ſeen his better;
A handſome brown complexion——
Mary. Reaſonable,
Inclining to a tawny.
Alice. Had I ſaid ſo
You would have wiſh'd my tongue out. Then his making——
Mary. Which may be mended; I have ſeen legs ſtraighter,
And cleaner made.
Alice. A body too——
Mary. Far neater,
And better ſet together.

Alice. God forgive thee!
For 'gainſt thy conſcience thou lieſt ſtubbornly.
Mary. I grant 'tis neat enough.
Alice. 'Tis excellent;
And where the outward parts are fair and lovely,
(Which are but moulds o' th' mind) what muſt the ſoul be?
Put caſe youth has his ſwing, and fiery nature
Flames to mad uſes many times——
Mary. All this
You only uſe to make me ſay I love him:
I do confeſs I do; but that my fondneſs
Should fling itſelf upon his deſperate follies——
Alice. I do not counſel that; ſee him reclaim'd firſt,
Which will not prove a miracle: Yet, Mary,
I am afraid 'twill vex thee horribly
To ſtay ſo long.
Mary. No, no, aunt; no, believe me.
Alice. What was your dream to-night[9]? for I obſerv'd you
Hugging of me, with, 'Good, dear, ſweet Tom!'
Mary. Fy, aunt!
Upon my conſcience——
Alice. On my word 'tis true, wench.
And then you kiſs'd me, Mary, more than once too,
And ſigh'd, and 'Oh, ſweet Tom' again. Nay, do not bluſh;
You have it at the heart, wench.
Mary. I'll be hang'd firſt;
But you muſt have your way.

Enter Dorothea.

Alice. And ſo will you too,
Or break down hedges for it. Dorothea!

9 *What was your dream*, &c.] We have had occaſion to obſerve before, that Congreve was much obliged to our Authors upon ſeveral occaſions; and we cannot but think he had been reading this ſcene before he wrote the third ſcene in the ſecond act of the Old Batchelor.

The welcom'ſt woman living. How does thy brother?
I hear he's turn'd a wondrous civil gentleman,
Since his ſhort travel.

Dor. 'Pray Heav'n he make it good, Alice.

Mary. How do you, friend? I have a quarrel to you;
You ſtole away and left my company.

Dor. Oh, pardon me, dear friend; it was to welcome
A brother, that I have ſome cauſe to love well.

Mary. Prithee how is he? thou ſpeak'ſt truth.

Dor. Not perfect;
I hope he will be.

Mary. Never, H' has forgot me,
I hear, wench, and his hot love too——

Alice. Thou wouldſt howl then.

Mary. And I am glad it ſhould be ſo: His travels
Have yielded him variety of miſtreſſes,
Fairer in his eye far.

Alice. Oh, cogging raſcal!

Mary. I was a fool, but better thoughts, I thank
Heav'n——

Dor. 'Pray do not think ſo, for he loves you dearly,
Upon my troth, moſt firmly; would fain ſee you.

Mary. See me, friend! Do you think it fit?

Dor. It may be,
Without the loſs of credit too: He's not
Such a prodigious thing, ſo monſtrous,
To fling from all ſociety.

Mary. He's ſo much contrary
To my deſires, ſuch an antipathy,
That I muſt ſooner ſee my grave.

Dor. Dear friend,
He was not ſo before he went.

Mary. I grant it,
For then I daily hop'd his fair converſion.

Alice. Come, do not maſk yourſelf, but ſee him freely;
You have a mind.

Mary. That mind I'll maſter then.

Dor. And is your hate ſo mortal?

Mary. Not to his perſon,

But

But to his qualities, his map-cap follies,
Which ſtill like Hydra's heads grow thicker on him.
I have a credit, friend; and maids of my ſort
Love where their modeſties may live untainted.
Dor. I give up that hope then: Pray, for your friehd's ſake,
If I have any intereſt within you,
Do but this courteſy, accept this letter.
Mary. From him?
Dor. The ſame. 'Tis but a minute's reading;
And, as we look on ſhapes of painted devils,
Which for the preſent may diſturb our fancy,
But with the next new object loſe 'em, ſo,
If this be foul, you may forget it. 'Pray!
Mary. Have you ſeen it, friend?
Dor. I will not lie, I have not;
But I preſume, ſo much he honours you,
The worſt part of himſelf was caſt away
When to his beſt part he writ this.
Mary. For your ſake;
Not that I any way ſhall like his ſcribbling——
Alice. A ſhrewd diſſembling quean!
Dor. I thank you, dear friend.
I know ſhe loves him.
Alice. Yes, and will not loſe him,
Unleſs he leap into the moon, believe that,
And then ſhe'll ſcramble too. Young wenches' loves
Are like the courſe of quartans; they may ſhift,
And ſeem to ceaſe ſometimes, and yet we ſee
The leaſt diſtemper pulls 'em back again,
And ſeats 'em in their old courſe: Fear her not,
Unleſs he be a devil.
Mary. Now Heav'n bleſs me!
Dor. What has he writ?
Mary. Out, out upon him!
Dor. Ha! what has the madman done?
Mary. Worſe, worſe, and worſe ſtill!
Alice. Some Northern toy, a little broad.
Mary. Still fouler!

Hey, hey, boys! Goodneſs keep me! Oh!
Dor. What ail you?
Mary. Here, take your ſpell again; it burns my fingers.
Was ever lover writ ſo ſweet a letter,
So elegant a ſtile? Pray look upon't;
The rareſt inventory of rank oaths
That ever cut-purſe caſt.
Alice. What a mad boy is this!
Mary. Only i' th' bottom
A little julep gently ſprinkled over
To cool his mouth, leſt it break out in bliſters;
'Indeed law, yours for ever.'
Dor. I am ſorry.
Mary. You ſhall be welcome to me, come when you pleaſe,
And ever may command me virtuouſly;
But for your brother, you muſt pardon me:
'Till I am of his nature, no acceſs, friend,
No word of viſitation, as you love me.
And ſo for now I'll leave you. [*Exit.*
Alice. What a letter
Has this thing written! how it roars like thunder!
With what a ſtate he enters into ſtile!
'Dear miſtreſs!'
Dor. Out upon him, bedlam!
Alice. Well, there be ways to reach her yet: Such likeneſs
As you two carry, methinks——
Dor. I am mad too,
And yet can apprehend you. Fare you well!
The fool ſhall now fiſh for himſelf.
Alice. Be ſure then,
His tewgh be tith and ſtrong; and next, no ſwearing;
He'll catch no fiſh elſe. Farewell, Dol!
Dor. Farewell, Alice! [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Valentine, Alice, and Cellide.

Cel. INDEED he is much chang'd, extremely alter'd,
His colour faded ſtrangely too.
Val. The air,
The ſharp and nipping air of our new climate,
I hope, is all, which will as well reſtore
To health again th' affected body by it,
And make it ſtronger far, as leave it dangerous.
How does my ſweet? Our bleſſed hour comes on now
Apace, my Cellide, (it knocks at door)
In which our loves and long deſires, like rivers
Riſing aſunder far, ſhall fall together.
Within theſe two days, dear——
Cel. When Heav'n and you, Sir,
Still think it fit; for by your wills I'm govern'd.
Alice. 'Twere good ſome preparation——

Enter Francis

Val. All that may be;
It ſhall be no blind wedding: And all the joy
Of all our friends, I hope. He looks worſe hourly;
How does my friend? myſelf? He ſweats too coldly;
His pulſe, like the ſlow dropping of a ſpout,
Scarce gives his function. How is't man? Alas, Sir,
You look extreme ill: Is it any old grief,
The weight of which——
Fran. None, gentle Sir, that I feel;
Your love is too, too tender. Nay, believe, Sir—
Cel. You cannot be the maſter of your health——
Either ſome fever lies in wait to catch you,
Whoſe harbingers already in your face
We ſee preparing, or ſome diſcontent,

Which

Which, if it lie in this houſe, (I dare ſay,
Both for this noble gentleman, and all
That live within it) ſhall as readily
Be purg'd away, and with as much care ſoften'd,
And where the cauſe is——
Fran. 'Tis a joy to be ill,
Where ſuch a virtuous fair phyſician
Is ready to relieve: Your noble cares
I muſt, and ever ſhall, be thankful for;
And would my ſervice—(I dare not look upon her)—
But be not fearful; I feel nothing dangerous;
A grudging, caus'd by th' alteration
Of air, may hang upon me: My heart's whole.—
I would it were!——
Val. I knew the cauſe to be ſo.
Fran. No, you ſhall never know it.
Alice. Some warm broths,
To purge the blood, and keep your bed a day, Sir,
And ſweat it out.
Cel. I have ſuch cordials,
That, if you will but promiſe me to take 'em,
Indeed you ſhall be well, and very quickly.
I'll be your doctor; you ſhall ſee how finely
I'll fetch you up again.
Val. He ſweats extremely;
Hot, very hot: His pulſe beats like a drum now.
Feel, ſiſter, feel! feel, ſweet!
Fran. How that touch ſtung me!
Val. My gown there!
Cel. And thoſe juleps in the window!
Alice. Some ſee his bed made.
Val. This is moſt unhappy!
Take courage, man; 'tis nothing but an ague.
Cel. And this ſhall be the laſt fit.
Fran. Not by thouſands!
Now what 'tis to be truly miſerable,
I feel at full experience.
Alice. He grows fainter.
Val. Come, lead him in; he ſhall to bed. A vomit;

I'll

I'll have a vomit for him.
Alice. A purge firſt;
And if he breath'd a vein——
Val. No, no, no bleeding;
A clyſter will cool all.
Cel. Be of good chear, Sir!
Alice. He's loth to ſpeak.
Cel. How hard he holds my hand, aunt!
Alice. I do not like that ſign.
Val. Away to's chamber,
Softly; he's full of pain; be diligent,
With all the care ye have. 'Would I had 'ſcus'd him!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Dorothea and Thomas.

Dor. Why do you rail at me? Do I dwell in her,
To force her to do this or that? Your letter!
A wild-fire on your letter, your ſweet letter!
You are ſo learned in your writs! You ſtand now
As if y' had worried ſheep. You muſt turn tippet,
And ſuddenly, and truly, and diſcreetly,
Put on the ſhape of order and humanity,
Or you muſt marry Malkyn the May-lady;
You muſt, dear brother. Do you make me carrier
Of your confound-me's, and your culverins?
Am I a ſeemly agent for your oaths?
Who would have writ ſuch a deboſh'd——
Tho. Your patience;
May not a man profeſs his love?
Dor. In blaſphemies?
Rack a maid's tender ears with damns and devils?
Out[10], out upon thee!
Tho. How would you have me write?
Begin with 'My love premiſed; ſurely,

[10] Tho. *Out, out upon thee.*] This ſeems the concluſion of *Dorothea's* ſpeech, not the beginning of *Thomas's*, whoſe ſtile widely differs from this.

And

'And by my truly, miſtreſs?'

Dor. Take your own courſe,
For I ſee all perſuaſion's loſt upon you,
Humanity all drown'd: From this hour fairly
I'll waſh my hands of all you do. Farewell, Sir!

Tho. Thou art not mad?

Dor. No; if I were, dear brother,
I would keep you company. Get a new miſtreſs,
Some ſuburb ſaint[11], that ſixpence and ſome oaths
Will draw to parley; carouſe her health in cans
And candles' ends[12], and quarrel for her beauty;
Such a ſweetheart muſt ſerve your turn: Your old love
Releaſes you of all your ties, diſclaims you,
And utterly abjures your memory,
'Till time has better manag'd you. Will you command me——

Tho. What, bobb'd of all ſides?

Dor. Any worthy ſervice
Unto my father, Sir, that I may tell him,
Even to his peace of heart, and much rejoicing,
You are his true ſon Tom ſtill? Will it pleaſe you
To beat ſome half-a-dozen of his ſervants preſently,
That I may teſtify you have brought the ſame faith

---

[11] *Some ſuburb ſaint, that ſixpence and ſome* others
Will draw to parley.] The neceſſity of reading *oaths* here inſtead of *others* is too evident to need a proof. The miſtake probably aroſe from ſpelling *oaths* with an *othes*, which I have often met with in our Authors, and in other writings of their age. *Seward.*

[12] ——— *Carouſe her health in cans*
And candles' ends.]
'To drink off *candles' ends* for flap-dragons,'
is one of the qualifications which Falſtaff aſſigns for Prince Henry's love for Poins. It ſeems to have been a cant phraſe amongſt drinkers, which hitherto has not been ſatisfactorily explained. The only illuſtration we can give of it, is that quoted by Mr. Steevens, from Nath, in Pierce Pennyleſs his Supplication to the Devil, who adviſes hard drinkers 'to have ſome ſhoeing-horns to pull on their wine, as 'a raſher on the coals, or a red herring; or to ſtir it about with a 'candle's *end* to make it taſte better, &c.' *R.*

From this paſſage it ſhould ſeem to have been a piece of gallantry to drink off the liquor with the *candles' ends* in it; and the paſſage in Shakeſpeare proves it was cuſtomary 'to drink off *candles' ends.*'

Unblemiſh'd

Unblemiſh'd home, you carried out? Or, if it like you,
There be two chambermaids within, young wenches,
Handſome, and apt for exerciſe: You have been good, Sir,
And charitable, tho' I ſay it, ſignior,
To ſuch poor orphans. And now, by th' way, I think on't,
Your young rear-admiral, I mean your laſt baſtard,
Don John, you had by lady Blanch the dairy-maid,
Is by an academy of learned gypſies,
Foreſeeing ſome ſtrange wonder in the infant,
Stol'n from the nurſe, and wanders with thoſe prophets.
There is plate in the parlour, and good ſtore, Sir,
When you want [13], ſhall ſupply it. So moſt humbly
(Firſt rend'ring my due ſervice) I take leave, Sir!
[*Exit.*

Tho. Why, Doll! why, Doll, I ſay! My letter fubb'd too,
And no acceſs without I mend my manners?
All my deſigns in limbo? I will have her,
Yes, I will have her, tho' the devil roar,
I am reſolv'd that, if ſhe live above ground.
I'll not be bobb'd i' th' noſe with every bobtail.
I will be civil too, now I think better,
Exceeding civil, wondrous finely carried;
And yet be mad upon occaſion,
And ſtark mad too, and ſave my land: My father,
I'll have my will of him, howe'er my wench goes.
[*Exit.*

Enter Sebaſtian and Launcelot.

Seb. Sirrah, I ſay ſtill you have ſpoil'd your maſter:
Leave your ſtitches [14]!
I ſay, thou haſt ſpoil'd thy maſter.

Laun. I ſay, how, Sir?

Seb. Marry, th' haſt taught him, like an arrant raſcal,

[13] *When* your wants *ſhall ſupply it.*] Former ed.

[14] *Leave your* ſtitches.] Probably we ſhould read

First,

Firſt, to read perfectly, which on my bleſſing
I warn'd him from; for I knew if he read once,
He was a loſt man. Secondly, Sir Launcelot,
Sir lowſy Launcelot, you have ſuffer'd him,
Againſt my power firſt, then againſt my precept,
To keep that ſimpering ſort of people company,
That ſober men call civil: Mark you that, Sir?

Laun. An't pleaſe your worſhip——

Seb. It does not pleaſe my worſhip,
Nor ſhall not pleaſe my worſhip! Third and laſtly,
Which, if the law were here, I would hang thee for,
(However, I will lame thee) like a villain,
Thou haſt wrought him
Clean to forget what 'tis to do a miſchief,
A handſome miſchief, ſuch as thou knew'ſt I lov'd well.
My ſervants all are ſound now, my drink ſour'd,
Not a horſe pawn'd, nor play'd away; no warrants
Come for the breach of peace;
Men travel with their money, and nothing meets 'em.
I was accurs'd to ſend thee! thou wert ever
Leaning to lazineſs, and loſs of ſpirit;
Thou ſlept'ſt ſtill like a cork upon the water.

Laun. Your worſhip knows, I ever was accounted
The moſt deboſh'd—And, pleaſe you to remember,
(Every day drunk too, for your worſhip's credit)
I broke the butler's head too.

Seb. No, baſe palliard [15],
I do remember yet that onſlaught; thou waſt beaten,
And fled'ſt before the butler, a black jack
Playing upon thee furiouſly; I ſaw it;
I ſaw thee ſcatter'd, rogue. Behold thy maſter!

Enter Thomas, with a Book.

Tho. What ſweet content dwells here!

Laun. Put up your book, Sir;
We are all undone elſe.

Seb. Tom, when is the horſe-race?

[15] *Baſe* palliard] *Palliard*, a *debauchee*, a *whore maſter*; from the *French. Skinner.* *Seward.*

Tho. I know not, Sir.
Seb. You will be there?
Tho. Not I, Sir;
I have forgot thoſe journies.
Seb. Spoil'd for ever!
The cocking holds at Derby, and there will be
Jack Wild-Oats, and Will Purſer.
Tho. I am ſorry, Sir,
They ſhould employ their time ſo ſlenderly;
Their underſtandings will bear better courſes.
Seb. Yes, I will marry again!—But, Monſieur Thomas,
What ſay you to the gentleman that challeng'd you
Before ye went *, and the fellow ye fell out with?
Tho. Oh, good Sir,
Remember not thoſe follies. Where I have wrong'd, Sir,
(So much I've now learn'd to diſcern myſelf)
My means, and my repentance ſhall make even;
Nor do I think it any imputation
To let the law perſuade me.
Seb. Any woman;
I care not of what colour, or complexion;
Any that can bear children! Reſt you merry! [*Exit.*
Laun. Ye have utterly undone, clean diſcharg'd me;
I'm for the ragged regiment.
Tho. Eight languages,
And wither at an old man's words?
Laun. Oh, pardon me!
I know him but too well. Eightſcore, I take it,
Will not keep me from beating, if not killing:
I'll give him leave to break a leg, and thank him.
You might have ſav'd all this, and ſworn a little;
What had an oath or two been? or a head broke,
Tho' 't had been mine, to have ſatisfied the old man?
Tho. I'll break it yet.
Laun. Now 'tis too late, I take it.
Will you be drunk to night, (a leſs entreaty

* *Before* he *went.*] So all copies; but ſurely erroneouſly, as the leaſt attention will demonſtrate. The corruption is very eaſy. *J. N.*

Has

Has ſerv'd your turn) and ſave all yet? not mad drunk,
For then you are the devil; yet the drunker,
The better for your father ſtill. Your ſtate is deſperate,
And with a deſperate cure you muſt recover it:
Do ſomething, do, Sir; do ſome drunken thing,
Some mad thing, or ſome any thing to help us.

Tho. Go for a fidler then; the poor old fidler
That ſays his ſongs. But firſt, where lies my miſtreſs?
Did you enquire out that?

Laun. I'th' lodge, alone, Sir,
None but her own attendants.

Tho. 'Tis the happier:
Away then, find this fidler, and do not miſs me
By nine o'clock.

Laun. Via[16]! [*Exit.*

Tho. My father's mad now,
And ten to one will diſinherit me:
I'll put him to his plunge, and yet be merry.
What, Rybabalde?

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Hylas. Don Thomaſio!
De bene venew *.

Tho. I do embrace your body.
How doſt thou, Sam?

Sam. The ſame Sam ſtill; your friend, Sir.

Tho. And how is't, bouncing boys?

Hylas. Thou art not alter'd;
They ſaid thou wert all Monſieur.

Tho. Oh, believe it,
I am much alter'd, much another way;
The civil'ſt gentleman in all your country:
Do not ye ſee me alter'd? 'Yea and nay,' gentlemen;

[16] *Via.*] *i. e.* Away!

'Avaunt, ill flat-cap then!
'*Via*, the curtain that ſhadowed Borgia!
'There he, thou huſk of my envaſſall'd ſtate.'
Eaſtward Hoe, act ii.

'Come now, *vid*, aloune to Celia.'
Marſton's What You Will, act ii. *R.*

* *Bene venew.*] A corruption of *bien venue.*

A much-converted man. Where's the beſt wine, boys?
Hylas. A ſound convertite!
Tho. What, haſt thou made up twenty yet?
Hylas. By'r lady,
I've giv'n a ſhrewd puſh at it, for, as I take it,
The laſt I fell in love with ſcor'd ſixteen.
Tho. Look to your ſkin; Rambaldo the ſleeping giant
Will rouſe and rent thee piece-meal.
Sam. He ne'er perceives 'em
Longer than looking on.
Tho. Thou never mean'ſt then
To marry any that thou lov'ſt?
Hylas. No ſurely,
Nor any wiſe man, I think. Marriage?
Would you have me now begin to be prentice,
And learn to cobble other mens' old boots?
Sam. Why, you may take a maid.
Hylas. Where? can you tell me?
Or, if 'twere poſſible I might get a maid,
To what uſe ſhould I put her? look upon her,
Dandle her upon my knee, and give her ſugar-ſops?
All the new gowns i'th' pariſh will not pleaſe her,
If ſhe be high bred, (for there's the ſport ſhe aims at)
Nor all the feathers in the Fryars.
Tho. Then take a widow,
A good ſtaunch wench, that's tith.
Hylas. And begin a new order?
Live in a dead man's monument? Not I, Sir.
I'll keep mine old road, a true mendicant;
What pleaſure this day yields me, I ne'er covet
To lay up for the morrow: And methinks ever
Another man's cook dreſſes my diet neateſt.
Tho. Thou waſt wont to love old women, fat and flat-nos'd,
And thou wouldſt ſay they kiſs'd like flounders, flat
All the face over.
Hylas. I have had ſuch damſels,
I muſt confeſs.
Tho. Thou haſt been a precious rogue.

Sam.

Sam. Only his eyes; and, o' my conſcience,
They lie with half the kingdom.

Enter over the ſtage, Phyſicians and others.

Tho. What's the matter?
Whither go all theſe men-menders, theſe phyſicians?
Whoſe dog lies ſick o'th' mulligrubs?
Sam. Oh, the gentleman,
The young ſmug ſignior, maſter Valentine
Brought out of travel with him, as I hear,
Is fall'n ſick o'th' ſudden, deſperate ſick;
And likely they go thither.
Tho. Who? young Frank?
The only temper'd ſpirit, ſcholar, ſoldier,
Courtier, and all in one piece? 'tis not poſſible.

Enter Alice.

Sam. There's one can better ſatisfy you.
Tho. Miſtreſs Alice,
I joy to ſee you, lady.
Alice. Good Monſieur Thomas,
You're welcome from your travel. I am haſty;
A gentleman lies ſick, Sir.
Tho. And how doſt thou?
I muſt know, and I will know.
Alice. Excellent well;
As well as may be, thank you.
Tho. I am glad on't;
And, prithee hark!
Alice. I cannot ſtay.
Tho. A while, Alice!
Sam. Ne'er look ſo narrowly; the mark's in her mouth ſtill.
Hylas. I'm looking at her legs; prithee be quiet.
Alice. I cannot ſtay.
Tho. Oh, ſweet Alice!
Hylas. A clean inſtep,
And that I love as life[17]. I did not mark

[17] *And that I love* a *life.*] I don't diſcard this as nonſenſe, *a life*, for *all my life long*, or for *a great deal*, might poſſibly be admitted; but

This woman half ſo well before; how quick
And nimble, like a ſhadow, there her leg ſhew'd!
By th' maſs, a neat one! the colour of her ſtocking,
A much-inviting colour.
Alice. My good Monſieur,
I have no time to talk now.
Hylas. Pretty breeches,
Finely becoming too.
Tho. By Heav'n——
Alice. She will not,
I can aſſure you that, and ſo——
Tho. But this word!
Alice. I cannot, nor I will not. Good Lord! [*Exit.*
Hylas. Well, you ſhall hear more from me.
Tho. We'll go viſit;
'Tis charity; beſides, I know ſhe is there;
And under viſitation I ſhall ſee her.
Will ye along?
Hylas. By any means.
Tho. Be ſure then
I be a civil man. I've ſport in hand, boys,
Shall make mirth for a marriage-day.
Hylas. Away then. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter three Phyſicians, with an urinal.

1 *Phyſ.* A pleuriſy, I ſee it.
2 *Phyſ.* I rather hold it
For *tremor cordis.*
3 *Phyſ.* Do you mark the *fæces?*
'Tis a moſt peſtilent contagious fever;
A ſurfeit, a plague ſurfeit; he muſt bleed.
1 *Phyſ.* By no means.
3 *Phyſ.* I ſay bleed.
1 *Phyſ.* I ſay 'tis dangerous,
The perſon being ſpent ſo much before-hand,

but 'tis moſt probable that the Authors made uſe of a common expreſſion rather than ſo abſtruſe a one, unleſs the latter happened to be a phraſe of that age now become obſolete. *Seward.*

And

And nature drawn ſo low; clyſters, cool clyſters—

2 *Phyſ.* Now, with your favours, I ſhould think a vomit;

For, take away the cauſe, the effect muſt follow:
The ſtomach's foul and furr'd, the pot's enflam'd yet[18].

3 *Phyſ.* No, no, we'll rectify that part by mild means;
Nature ſo ſunk muſt find no violence.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Will't pleaſe ye draw near? The weak gentleman
Grows worſe and worſe ſtill.

1 *Phyſ.* Come, we will attend him.

2 *Phyſ.* He ſhall do well, my friend.

Serv. My maſter's love, Sir.

1 *Phyſ.* Excellent well, I warrant thee; right and ſtraight, friend.

3 *Phyſ.* There's no doubt in him, none at all; ne'er fear him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Valentine and Michael.

Mich. That he is deſperate ſick, I do believe well,
And that without a ſpeedy cure it kills him;
But that it lies within the help of phyſick
Now to reſtore his health, or art to cure him,
Believe it you are cozen'd; clean beſide it.
I'd tell you the true cauſe too, but 'twould vex you,
Nay, run you mad.

Val. May all I have reſtore him?
So dearly and ſo tenderly I love him—
(I do not know the cauſe why) yea, my life too?

Mich. Now I perceive ye ſo well ſet, I'll tell you;

[18] *The pot's* unflam'd *yet.*] The ſtomach by a coarſe metaphor is here call'd the *pot*, but *unflam'd* ſhould either be *enflam'd* or *unclean'd*; the former is nearer the trace of the letters, the latter makes the metaphor more conſiſtent, and is the more common expreſſion. I prefer the latter, but think it not material which takes place. *Seward.*

We prefer the former, it being nearer the old text, and as good ſenſe.

Hei mihi quod nullis amor eſt medicabilis herbis!

Val. 'Twas that I only fear'd! Good friend, go from me;
I find my heart too full for further conference.
You are aſſur'd of this?

Mich. 'Twill prove too certain;
But bear it nobly, Sir; youth hath his errors.

Val. I ſhall do, and I thank you; 'pray you no words on't.

Mich. I do not uſe to talk, Sir. [*Exit.*

Val. You are welcome.
Is there no conſtancy in earthly things,
No happineſs in us but what muſt alter?
No life without the heavy load of fortune?
What miſeries we are, and to ourſelves!
Ev'n then when full content ſeems to ſit by us,
What daily ſores and ſorrows!

Enter Alice.

Alice. Oh, dear brother!
The gentleman, if ever you will ſee him
Alive, as I think——

Enter Cellide.

Cel. Oh, he faints! For Heav'n's ſake,
For Heav'n's ſake, Sir——

Val. Go comfort him, dear ſiſter. [*Exit Alice.*
And one word, ſweet, with you; then we'll go to him.
What think you of this gentleman?

Cel. My pity thinks, Sir,
'Tis great misfortune that he ſhould thus periſh.

Val. It is, indeed; but, Cellide, he muſt die.

Cel. That were a cruelty, when care may cure him.
Why do you wish so, Sir? he may recover.

Val. He may, but with much danger. My ſweet Cellide,
You have a powerful tongue.

Cel. To do you ſervice.

Val. I will betray his grief: He loves a gentlewoman,
A friend

A friend of yours, whoſe heart another holds;
He knows it too; yet ſuch a ſway blind fancy,
And his not daring to deliver it,
Have won upon him, that they muſt undo him:
Never ſo hopeful and ſo ſweet a ſpirit
Misfortune fell ſo foul on.
Cel. Sure ſhe's hard-hearted,
That can look on and not relent, and deeply,
At ſuch a miſery. She is not married?
Val. Not yet.
Cel. Nor near it?
Val. When ſhe pleaſe.
Cel. And pray, Sir,
Does he deſerve her truly, that ſhe loves ſo?
Val. His love may merit much, his perſon little,
For there the match lies mangled.
Cel. Is he your friend?
Val. He ſhould be, for he is near me.
Cel. Will not he die then,
When th' other ſhall recover?
Val. You have pos'd me.
Cel. Methinks he ſhould go near it, if he love her,
If ſhe love him.
Val. She does, and would do equal.
Cel. 'Tis a hard taſk you put me; yet, for your ſake,
I will ſpeak to her: All the art I have;
My beſt endeavours; all his youth and perſon,
His mind more full of beauties; all his hopes;
The memory of ſuch a ſad example,
Ill ſpoken of, and never old; the curſes
Of loving maids, and what may be alledg'd,
I'll lay before her. What's her name? I'm ready.
Val. But will you deal effectually?
Cel. Moſt truly;
Nay, were it myſelf, at your entreaty.
Val. And could you be ſo pitiful?
Cel. So dutiful,
Becauſe you urge it, Sir.
Val. It may be then

It is yourſelf.

Cel. It is indeed; I know it,
And now know how you love me.

Val. Oh, my deareſt,
Let but your goodneſs judge; your own part's pity;
Set but your eyes on his afflictions;
He's mine, and ſo becomes your charge: But think
What ruin Nature ſuffers in this young man,
What loſs humanity, and noble manhood;
Take to your better judgment my declining,
My age hung full of impotence and ills,
My body budding now no more; ſeer winter
Hath ſeal'd that ſap up; at the beſt and happieſt
I can but be your infant, you my nurſe,
And how unequal, deareſt! where his years,
His ſweetneſs, and his ever ſpring of goodneſs,
My fortunes growing in him, and myſelf too,
Which makes him all your old love—Miſconceive not;
I ſay not this as weary of my bondage,
Or ready to infringe my faith; bear witneſs,
Thoſe eyes that I adore ſtill, thoſe lamps that light me
To all the joy I have!

Cel. You've ſaid enough, Sir,
And more than e'er I thought that tongue could utter;
But you're a man, a falſe man too!

Val. Dear Cellide!

Cel. And now, to ſhew you that I am a woman
Robb'd of her reſt, and fool'd out of her fondneſs,
The gentleman ſhall live, and, if he love me,
Ye ſhall be both my triumphs. I will to him;
And, as you [illegible] fling off your fortune,
And now gr[illegible] weary of my eaſy winning,
So will I lo[illegible] name of Valentine,
From hen[illegible] all his flatteries; and, believe it,
Since you've [illegible]lightly parted with affection,
And that affection you have pawn'd your faith for,
From this hour no repentance, vows, nor prayers,
Shall pluck me back again: What I ſhall do,
(Yet I will undertake his cure) expect it,

Shall

Shall miniſter no comfort, no content,
To either of ye, but hourly more vexations!
Val. Why, let him die then.
Cel. No; ſo much I've lov'd
To be commanded by you, that ev'n now,
Ev'n in my hate, I will obey your wiſhes,
Val. What ſhall I do?
Cel. Die like a fool unſorrow'd,
A bankrupt fool, that flings away his treaſure!
I muſt begin my cure.
Val. And I my croſſes. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Francis ſick, Phyſicians, and an Apothecary.

1 *Phyſ.* CLAP on the cataplaſm.
Fran. Good gentlemen,
Good learned gentlemen——
2 *Phyſ.* And ſee thoſe broths there,
Ready within this hour. Pray keep your arms in;
The air is raw, and miniſters much evil.
Fran. Pray leave me; I beſeech ye leave me, gentlemen;
I have no other ſickneſs but your preſence.
Convey your cataplaſms to thoſe that need 'em,
Your vomits, and your clyſters.
3 *Phyſ.* Pray be rul'd, Sir.
1 *Phyſ.* Bring in the lettice cap: You muſt be ſhav'd, Sir,
And then how ſuddenly we'll make you ſleep!
Fran. 'Till dooms-day. What unneceſſary nothings
Are theſe about a wounded mind?
2 *Phyſ.* How do ye?
Fran. What queſtions they propound too! How do you, Sir?
I'm glad to ſee you well.

3 *Phyſ.*

3 *Phyſ.* A great diſtemper; it grows hotter ſtill.
1 *Phyſ.* Open your mouth, I pray, Sir.
Fran. And can you tell me
How old I am then? There's my hand; pray ſhew me
How many broken ſhins within this two year.
Who would be thus in fetters? Good maſter doctor,
And you, dear doctor, and the third ſweet doctor,
And precious maſter apothecary, I do pray ye
To give me leave to live a little longer:
Ye ſtand before me like my blacks.
2 *Phyſ.* 'Tis dangerous;
For now his fancy turns too.

Enter Cellide.

Cel. By your leave, gentlemen;
And pray ye your leave a while too; I have ſomething
Of ſecret to impart unto the patient.
1 *Phyſ.* With all our hearts.
3 *Phyſ.* Ay, marry, ſuch a phyſick
May chance to find the humour. Be not long, lady,
For we muſt miniſter within this half-hour.
Cel. You ſhall not ſtay for me. [*Exeunt Phyſicians.*
Fran. 'Would you were all rotten,
That ye might only intend one another's itches!
Or would the gentlemen, with one conſent,
Would drink ſmall beer but ſeven years, and aboliſh
That wildfire of the blood, unſatiate wenching,
That your two Indies, ſprings and falls, might fail ye!
What torments theſe intruders into bodies——
Cel. How do you, worthy Sir?
Fran. Bleſs me, what beams
Flew from thoſe angel eyes! Oh, what a miſery,
What a moſt ſtudied torment, 'tis to me now
To be an honeſt man! Dare you ſit by me?
Cel. Yes, and do more than that too, comfort you;
I ſee you've need.
Fran. You are a fair phyſician:
You bring no bitterneſs gilt o'er, to gull us,
No danger in your looks; yet there my death lies!

Cel.

Cel. I would be ſorry, Sir, my charity,
And my good wiſhes for your health, ſhould merit
So ſtubborn a conſtruction. Will it pleaſe you
To taſte a little of this cordial?

Enter Valentine, privately.

For this I think muſt cure you.
Fran. Of which, lady?—
Sure ſhe has found my grief.—Why do you bluſh ſo?
Cel. Do you not underſtand? of this, this cordial.
Val. Oh, my afflicted heart! She's gone for ever.
Fran. What Heaven you have brought me, lady!
Cel. Do not wonder:
For 'tis not impudence, nor want of honour,
Makes me do this; but love, to ſave your life, Sir,
Your life too excellent to loſe in wiſhes;
Love, virtuous love.
Fran. A virtuous bleſſing crown you!
Oh, goodly ſweet, can there be ſo much charity,
So noble a compaſſion in that heart,
That's fill'd up with another's fair affections?
Can mercy drop from thoſe eyes?
Can miracles be wrought upon a dead man,
When all the power you have [19], and perfect object,
Lies in another's light, and his deſerves it?
Cel. Do not deſpair; nor do not think too boldly
I dare abuſe my promiſe: 'Twas your friend's,
And ſo faſt tied I thought no time could ruin:
But ſo much has your danger, and that ſpell
The powerful name of Friend, prevail'd above him [20]
To whom I ever owe obedience,
That here I am, by his command, to cure ye;

[19] *When all the power ye have,* and *perfect object*
Lies in another's light.] The latter part of the firſt line ſeems to have a very fine thought very ſtifly expreſs'd. I have ventur'd therefore upon the change of a monoſyllable which I hope will render it clear, and was probably the original. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, THIS *perfect object*; but the old reading was equally clear, and not more ſtifly expreſſed.

[20] *Prevail'd* above him.] *Above him,* in this place, ſeems to ſignify *on him,* or *over him.*

Nay

Nay more, for ever, by his full reſignment;
And willingly I ratify it.
Fran. Hold, for Heaven ſake!
Muſt my friend's miſery make me a triumph?
Bear I that noble name, to be a traitor?
Oh, virtuous goodneſs, keep thyſelf untainted:
You have no power to yield, nor he to render,
Nor I to take: I am reſolv'd to die firſt!
Val. Ha! ſay'ſt thou ſo? Nay, then thou ſhalt not periſh.
Fran. And tho' I love ye above the light ſhines on me;
Beyond the wealth of kingdoms, free content[21];
Sooner would ſnatch at ſuch a bleſſing offer'd
Than at my pardon'd life by the law forfeited;
Yet, yet, oh, noble beauty, yet, oh, Paradiſe,
(For you are all the wonder reveal'd of it)
Yet is a gratitude to be preſerv'd,
A worthy gratitude, to one moſt worthy
The name and nobleneſs of friends.
Cel. Pray tell me,
If I had never known that gentleman,
Would you not willingly embrace my offer?
Fran. D'you make a doubt?
Cel. And can you be unwilling,
He being old and impotent? his aim too
Levell'd at you, for your good? not conſtrain'd,
But out of cure, and counſel? Alas, conſider,

[21] *Beyond the wealth of kingdoms, free* content.] If *content* be a ſubſtantive it ſeems unneceſſary, and an anticlimax: For though *content* be philoſophically preferable to the wealth of kingdoms, it will not be allow'd ſo in poetry, as it is not in common life. The old quarto reads *content* with a ſmall *c*; I therefore make it an adjective, taken as the former adverbially, and connect it with the following ſentence. *I would freely and contentedly ſooner ſnatch at ſuch a bleſſing.* *Seward.*

Mr. Seward prints thus;

Beyond the wealth of kingdoms; free, content,
Sooner would ſnatch at ſuch a bleſſing, &c.

In the old quarto, ſubſtantives are not diſtinguiſhed by capitals; that, therefore, is no argument; and the old reading is better ſenſe, and moſt poetical: Mr. Seward's is hard, ſtiff, cold, and uncouth.

Play

Play but the woman with me[22], and conſider,
As he himſelf does, and I now dare ſee it,
Truly conſider, Sir, what miſery——
Fran. For Virtue's ſake, take heed!
Cel. What loſs of youth,
What everlaſting baniſhment from that
Our years do only covet to arrive at,
Equal affections[23], born and ſhot together?
What living name can dead age leave behind him,
What act of memory[24], but fruitleſs doting?
Fran. This cannot be.
Cel. To you, unleſs you apply it
With more and firmer faith, and ſo digeſt it;
I ſpeak but of things poſſible, not done,
Nor like to be; a poſſet cures your ſickneſs,
And yet I know you grieve this; and howſoever
The worthineſs of friend may make you ſtagger,
(Which is a fair thing in you) yet, my patient,
My gentle patient, I would fain ſay more,
If you would underſtand.
Val. Oh, cruel woman!
Cel. Yet ſure your ſickneſs is not ſo forgetful,
Nor you ſo willing to be loſt!
Fran. Pray ſtay there:
Methinks you are not fair now; methinks more,
That modeſt virtue, men deliver'd of you,
Shews but like ſhadow to me, thin and fading!
Val. Excellent friend!
Fran. You have no ſhare in goodneſs;
You are belied; you are not Cellide,

---

[22] *Play but the woman with me.*] *i. e.* Suppoſe yourſelf, as I am, a woman.

[23] *Equal affections and ſhot together.*] Thus the quarto and folio. Mr. Seward,

Equal affections, and ſhot up *together.*

We think it more probable that the word *born* ſhould ſupply the void;

Equal affections, born *and ſhot together.*

[24] *What* art *of memory.*] Mr. Theobald recommends reading, ACT *of memory*, and we think him right.

The

The modeſt, the immaculate[25]! Who are you?
For I will know! What devil, to do miſchief
Unto my virtuous friend, hath ſhifted ſhapes
With that unblemiſh'd beauty?
Cel. Do not rave, Sir,
Nor let the violence of thoughts diſtract you:
You ſhall enjoy me; I am yours; I pity,
By thoſe fair eyes I do.
Fran. Oh, double-hearted!
Oh, woman, perfect woman! what diſtraction
Was meant to mankind when thou waſt made a devil!
What an inviting hell invented! Tell me,
And, if you yet remember what is goodneſs,
Tell me by that, and truth, can one ſo cheriſh'd,
So ſainted in the ſoul of him whoſe ſervice
Is almoſt turn'd to ſuperſtition,
Whoſe every day endeavours and deſires
Offer themſelves like incenſe on your altar,
Whoſe heart holds no intelligence but holy
And moſt religious with his love, whoſe life
(And let it ever be remember'd, lady)
Is drawn out only for your ends——
Val. Oh, miracle!——
Fran. Whoſe all, and every part of man (pray mark me[26])
Like ready pages wait upon your pleaſures,
Whoſe breath is but your bubble.—Can you, dare you,
Muſt you, caſt off this man, (tho' he were willing,
Tho', in a nobleneſs to croſs my danger,
His friendſhip durſt confirm it) without baſeneſs,
Without the ſtain of honour? Shall not people
Say liberally hereafter, 'There's the lady
'That loſt her father, friend, herſelf, her faith too,
'To fawn upon a ſtranger;' for aught you know
As faithleſs as yourſelf, in love as fruitleſs?
Val. Take her, with all my heart! Thou art ſo honeſt

[25] *The modeſt, immaculate.*] So quarto; the folio, *immaculate*; and Mr. Seward adds the article *the*, to complete the verſe.

[26] *Pray* make *me.*] Corrected by Mr. Seward.

That

That 'tis moſt neceſſary I be undone.
With all my ſoul poſſeſs her[27]. [*Exit.*
Cel. 'Till this minute,
I ſcorn'd and hated you, and came to cozen you;
Utter'd thoſe things might draw a wonder on me,
To make you mad.
Fran. Good Heav'n, what is this woman?
Cel. Nor did your danger, but in charity,
Move me a whit; nor you appear unto me
More than a common object: Yet now truly,
Truly, and nobly, I do love you dearly,
And from this hour you are the man I honour;
You are the man, the excellence, the honeſty,
The only friend: And I am glad your ſickneſs
Fell ſo moſt happily at this time on you,
To make this truth the world's.
Fran. Whither d' you drive me?
Cel. Back to your honeſty; make that good ever;
'Tis like a ſtrong-built caſtle, ſeated high,
That draws on all ambitions; ſtill repair it,
Still fortify it: There are thouſand foes,
Beſides the tyrant Beauty, will aſſail it:
Look to your centinels that watch it hourly,
Your eyes, let them not wander!
Fran. Is this ſerious,
Or does ſhe play ſtill with me?
Cel. Keep your ears,
The two main ports that may betray you, ſtrongly
From light belief firſt, then from flattery,
Eſpecially where woman beats the parley;
The body of your ſtrength, your noble heart,
From ever yielding to diſhoneſt ends,
Ridg'd round about with virtue, that no breaches,
No ſubtle mines may meet you!
Fran. How like the ſun
Labouring in his eclipſe, dark, and prodigious,

[27] Cel. *With all my ſoul poſſeſs her.*] The giving this to *Collide* is a very groſs error which has run through all the editions.

Seward.

She ſhew'd 'till now! when having won his way,
How full of wonder he breaks out again,
And ſheds his virtuous beams! Excellent angel,
For no leſs can that heav'nly mind proclaim thee,
Honour of all thy ſex, let it be lawful
(And like a pilgrim thus I kneel to beg it,
Not with profane lips now, nor burnt affections,
But, reconcil'd to faith, with holy wiſhes),
To kiſs that virgin hand!

Cel. Take your deſire, Sir,
And in a nobler way, for I dare truſt you;
No other fruit my love muſt ever yield you,
I fear, no more! Yet your moſt conſtant memory
(So much I'm wedded to that worthineſs)
Shall ever be my friend, companion, huſband.
Farewell, and fairly govern your affections;
Stand, and deceive me not! Oh, noble young man,
I love thee with my ſoul, but dare not ſay it!
Once more, farewell, and proſper! [*Exit.*

Fran. Goodneſs guide thee!
My wonder, like to fearful ſhapes in dreams,
Has waken'd me out of my fit of folly,
But not to ſhake it off. A ſpell dwells in me,
A hidden charm, ſhot from this beauteous woman,
That fate can ne'er avoid, nor phyſick find;
And, by her counſel ſtrengthen'd, only this
Is all the help I have, 'I love fair Virtue.'
Well, ſomething I muſt do, to be a friend;
Yet I am poor, and tardy: Something for her too,
Tho' I can never reach her excellence,
Yet but to give an offer at a greatneſs.

Enter Valentine, Thomas, Hylas, and Sam.

Val. Be not uncivil, Tom, and take your pleaſure.

Tho. D'you think I'm mad? You'll give me leave
To try her fairly?

Val. Do your beſt.

Tho. Why there, boy——
But where's the ſick man?

Hylas,

Hylas. Where are the gentlewomen
That ſhould attend him? there's the patient.
Methinks theſe women——

Tho. Thou think'ſt nothing elſe.

Val. Go to him, friend, and comfort him; I'll lead ye.
Oh, my beſt joy, my worthieſt friend, pray pardon me.
I am ſo over-joy'd I want expreſſion:
I may live to be thankful. Bid your friends welcome!
[*Exit.*

Tho. How doſt thou, Frank? how doſt thou, boy?
Bear up, man!
What, ſhrink i' th' ſinews for a little ſickneſs?
Deavolo morte.

Fran. I am o' th' mending hand.

Tho. How like a flute thou ſpeak'ſt! 'O' th' mending hand,' man?
'Gogs bores, I'm well!' Speak like a man of worſhip.

Fran. Thou art a mad companion; never ſtaid, Tom?

Tho. Let rogues be ſtaid that have no habitation[28];
A gentleman may wander. Sit thee down, Frank,
And ſee what I have brought thee. Come, diſcover;
Open the ſcene, and let the work appear.
A friend, at need, you rogue, is worth a million.

Fran. What haſt thou there? a julep?

Hylas. He muſt not touch it;
'Tis preſent death.

Tho. You are an aſs, a twirepipe,
A Jeffery John Bo-peep! Thou miniſter*?
Thou mend a left-handed pack-ſaddle. Out, puppy!
My friend, Frank, but a very fooliſh fellow.
Doſt thou ſee that bottle? View it well.

Fran. I do, Tom.

---

[28] *Let rogues be ſtaid that have* no *habitation.*] The negative, here, is certainly put inſtead of its reverſe, but it has run through all the editions, though it quite ſpoils the humour of the paſſage. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward, who ſeems to have overlooked both *the humour* and the ſenſe *of the paſſage*, reads,

Let rogues be ſtaid, that have an *habitation.*

No is clearly right, and *a gentleman may wander* confirms it.

* *Miniſter.*] So all the editions. The following words prove the propriety of our alteration.

Tho. There be as many lives in't as a cat carries;
'Tis everlaſting liquor.
Fran. What?
Tho. Old ſack, boy,
Old reverend ſack[29], which, for aught that I can read yet,
Was that philoſopher's ſtone the wiſe king Ptolomeus
Did all his wonders by.
Fran. I ſee no harm, Tom,
Drink with a moderation.
Tho. Drink with ſugar,
Which I have ready here, and here a glaſs, boy.
Take me without my tools?
Sam. Pray, Sir, be temperate;
You know your own ſtate beſt.
Fran. Sir, I much thank you,
And ſhall be careful: Yet a glaſs or two,
So fit I find my body, and that ſo needful——
Tho. Fill it, and leave your fooling. Thou ſay'ſt true, Frank——
Hylas. Where are theſe women, I ſay?
Tho. 'Tis moſt neceſſary;
Hang up your juleps, and your Portugal poſſets,
Your barley broths, and ſorrel ſops[30]; they're mangy,
And breed the ſcratches only: Give me ſack!
(I wonder where this wench is tho'.) Have at thee!
Hylas. So long, and yet no bolting?
Fran. Do; I'll pledge thee.
Tho. Take it off thrice, and then cry 'heigh!' like a huntſman,
With a clear heart; and no more fits I warrant thee:
The only cordial, Frank. [*Phyſ. and Serv. within.*
1 *Phyſ.* Are the things ready?
And is the barber come?

[29] *Old reverend ſack, which,* &c.] Alluding to the grand elixir of the alchymiſts, which they pretended would reſtore youth and confer immortality. *R.*

[30] *Sorrel ſops.*] Theſe are now the green ſauce uſed to green geeſe; but as this expreſſion often occurs in our Authors for ſome liquor drunk in ſickneſs, it was probably a cuſtom to make a ſort of tea of ſorrel in feveriſh diſorders. *Seward.*

Serv.

Serv. An hour ago, Sir.
1 *Phyſ.* Bring out the oils then.
Fran. Now or never, gentlemen,
Do me a kindneſs, and deliver me.
Tho. From whom, boy?
Fran. From theſe things that talk within there;
Phyſicians, Tom, phyſicians, ſcow'ring-ſticks:
They mean to read upon me.

Enter three Phyſicians, Apothecary, and Barber.

Hylas. Let 'em enter.
Tho. And be thou confident we will deliver thee.
For, look ye, doctor; ſay the devil were ſick now,
His horns ſaw'd off, and his head bound with a biggen,
Sick of a calenture, taken by a ſurfeit
Of ſtinking ſouls at his nephew's at St. Dunſtans [31],
What would you miniſter upon the ſudden?
Your judgment, ſhort and ſound.
1 *Phyſ.* A fool's head.
Tho. No, Sir,
It muſt be a phyſician's, for three cauſes:
The firſt, becauſe it is a bald-head likely,
Which will down eaſily without applepap.
3 *Phyſ.* A main cauſe!
Tho. So it is, and well conſider'd.
The ſecond, for 'tis fill'd with broken Greek, Sir,
Which will ſo tumble in his ſtomach, doctor,
And work upon the crudities, (conceive me)
The fears and the fiddle-ſtrings within it,
That thoſe damn'd ſouls muſt diſembogue again.
Hylas. Or meeting with the Stygian humour——
Tho. Right, Sir.
Hylas. Forc'd with a cataplaſm of crackers——
Tho. Ever.
Hylas. Scour all before him, like a ſcavenger.
Tho. Satisfeciſti, domine. My laſt cauſe,
My laſt is, and not leaſt, moſt learned doctors,

[31] *At his nephews,* and *St. Dunſtans.*] The neceſſity of the ſlight change made here muſt appear to every reader. *Seward.*

Becauſe in moſt phyſicians' heads (I mean thoſe
That are moſt excellent, and old withal,
And angry, tho' a patient ſay his prayers,
And Paracelſians that do trade with poiſons,
We have it by tradition of great writers)
There is a kind of toad-ſtone bred, whoſe virtue,
The doctor being dried——

1 Phyſ. We are abus'd, Sirs.

Hylas. I take it ſo, or ſhall be. For, ſay the belly-ake,
Caus'd by an inundation of peaſe-porridge,
Are we therefore to open the port vein,
Or the port eſquiline?

Sam. A learned queſtion!

Or grant the diaphragma by a rupture,
The ſign being then in the head of Capricorn——

Tho. Meet with the paſſion Huperchondriaca,
And ſo cauſe a carnoſity in the kidnies,
Muſt not the brains, being butter'd with this humour—
Anſwer me that.

Sam. Moſt excellently argued!

2 Phyſ. The next fit you will have, my moſt fine ſcholar,
Bedlam ſhall find a ſalve for. Fare you well, Sir!
We came to do you good, but theſe young doctors
It ſeems have bor'd our noſes.

3 Phyſ. Drink hard, gentlemen,
And get unwholeſome drabs: 'Tis ten to one then
We ſhall hear further from ye, your note alter'd.

[*Exeunt Phyſ. Apoth. & Barber.*

Tho. And wilt thou be gone, ſays one?

Hylas. And wilt thou be gone, ſays t' other?

Tho. Then take the odd crown,
To mend thy old gown.

Sam. And we'll be gone all together.

Fran. My learned Tom!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, the young gentlewomen
Sent me to ſee what company you had with you;

They

They much deſire to viſit you.
Fran. Pray you thank 'em,
And tell 'em my moſt ſickneſs is their abſence:
You ſee my company.
Tho. Come hither, Crab;
What gentlewomen are theſe? my miſtreſs?
Serv. Yes, Sir.
Hylas. And who elſe?
Serv. Miſtreſs Alice.
Hylas. Oh!
Tho. Hark you, ſirrah,
No word of my being here, unleſs ſhe know it.
Serv. I do not think ſhe does.
Tho. Take that, and mum then.
Serv. You've tied my tongue up. [*Exit.*
Tho. Sit you down, good Francis,
And not a word of me till you hear from me;
And, as you find my humour, follow it.
You two come hither, and ſtand cloſe, unſeen, boys,
And do as I ſhall tutor you.
Fran. What, new work?
Tho. Prithee no more, but help me now.
Hylas. I would fain talk
Wi'th' gentlewomen.
Tho. Talk wi'th' gentlewomen?
Of what, forſooth? whoſe maidenhead the laſt maſk
Suffer'd impreſſion? or whoſe clyſter wrought beſt?
Take me as I ſhall tell thee.
Hylas. To what end?
What other end came we along?
Sam. Be rul'd tho'.
Tho. Your weaſel face muſt needs be ferreting
About the farthingale! Do as I bid you, or by this light--
Hylas. Come then.
Tho. Stand cloſe, and mark me.
Fran. All this forc'd foollery will never do it.

Enter Alice and Mary.

Alice. I hope we bring you health, Sir: How is't with you?

Mary. You look far better, truſt me. The freſh colour
Creeps now again into his cheeks.
Alice. Your enemy,
I ſee, has done his worſt. Come, we muſt have you
Luſty again, and frolick, man; leave thinking.
Mary. Indeed it does you harm, Sir.
Frank. My beſt viſitants,
I ſhall be govern'd by you.
Alice. You ſhall be well then,
And ſuddenly, and ſoundly well.
Mary. This air, Sir,
Having now ſeaſon'd you, will keep you ever.
Tho. No, no, I have no hope! nor is it fit, friends,
(My life has been ſo lewd, my looſe condition,
Which I repent too late, ſo lamentable)
That any thing but curſes light upon me;
Exorbitant in all my ways!
Alice. Who's that, Sir?
Another ſick man?
Mary. Sure I know that voice well.
Tho. In all my courſes cureleſs diſobedience [12]!
Fran. What a ſtrange fellow's this?
Tho. No counſel, friends,
No look before I leap'd.
Alice. D'you know the voice, Sir?
Fran. Yes; 'tis a gentleman's that's much afflicted
In's mind: Great pity, ladies.
Alice. Now Heav'n help him!
Fran. He came to me, to aſk free pardon of me,
For ſome things done long ſince, which his diſtemper
Made to appear like wrong, but 'twas not ſo.
Mary. Oh, that this could be truth!
Hylas. Perſuade yourſelf!
Tho. To what end, gentlemen? when all is periſh'd
Upon a wreck, is there a hope remaining
The ſea, that ne'er knew ſorrow, may be pitiful?
My credit's ſplit, and ſunk, nor is it poſſible,
Were my life lengthened out as long as——

[12] Cureleſs *diſobedience.*] Old quarto; other copies, CARELESS *diſobedience.*

Mary.

Mary. I like this well.
Sam. Your mind is too miſtruſtful.
Tho. I have a virtuous ſiſter, but I ſcorn'd her;
A miſtreſs too, a noble gentlewoman,
For goodneſs all out-going——
Alice. Now I know him.
Tho. Which theſe eyes, friends, my eyes muſt never ſee more [33].
Alice. This is for your ſake, Mary: Take heed, couſin;
A man is not ſo ſoon made.
Tho. Oh, my fortune!
But it is juſt, I be deſpis'd and hated.
Hylas. Deſpair not, 'tis not manly: One hour's goodneſs
Strikes off an infinite of ills.
Alice. Weep truly,
And with compaſſion, couſin.
Fran. How exactly
This cunning young thief plays his part!
Mary. Well, Tom,
My Tom again, if this be truth.
Hylas. She weeps, boy.
Tho. Oh, I ſhall die!
Mary. Now Heav'n defend!
Sam. Thou haſt her.
Tho. Come, lead me to my friend, to take his farewell;
And then what fortune ſhall befall me, welcome!—
How does it ſhew?
Hylas. Oh, rarely well.
Mary. Say you ſo, Sir?
Fran. Oh, you grand aſs!
Mary. And are you there, my juggler?

[33] With *theſe eyes*.] I take *with*, here, to have been put for *whom*, or *which*. The former is more correct Engliſh, the latter nearer the trace of the letters and the old Engliſh writers as often apply *which* to men and women as to inanimate things. *Seward.*

Away;

Away; we are abus'd, Alice.

Alice. Fool be with thee! [*Exe. Mary and Alice.*

Tho. Where is ſhe?

Fran. Gone; ſhe found you out, and finely;
In your own nooſe ſhe halter'd you: You muſt be whiſp'ring,
To know how things ſhew'd; not content to fare well,
But you muſt roar out roaſt-meat. 'Till that ſuſpicion,
You carried it moſt neatly; ſhe believ'd too,
And wept moſt tenderly; had you continued,
Without doubt you had brought her off.

Tho. This was thy roguing,
For thou wert ever whiſpering: Fy upon thee!
Now could I break thy head.

Hylas. You ſpoke to me firſt.

Tho. Do not anger me,
For by this hand I'll beat thee buzzard-blind then[34]!
She ſhall not 'ſcape me thus: Farewell for this time.

Fran. Good-night! 'Tis almoſt bed time; yet no ſleep
Muſt enter theſe eyes, 'till I work a wonder. [*Exit.*

Tho. Thou ſhalt along too, for I mean to plague thee
For this night's ſins; I'll ne'er leave walking of thee
'Till I have worn thee out.

Hylas. Your will be done, Sir.

Tho. You will not leave me, Sam?

Sam. Not I.

Tho. Away then;
I'll be your guide. Now, if my man be truſty,
My ſpiteful dame, I'll pipe you ſuch a hunts-up
Shall make you dance a *tipvaes*[35]. Keep cloſe to me.
[*Exeunt.*

[34] *I'll beat* the buzzard blind *then.*] We ſhould not have made the variation here (though ſlight) had it not been much for the better, and probably genuine.

[35] *Tipvaes.*] Perhaps we ſhould read, *tiptoes*; unleſs there be ſome dance called *tipvaes*; which, however, we never heard of.

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Sebaſtian and Dorothea.

Seb. Never perſuade me; I will marry again!
What, ſhould I leave my ſtate to pins and poking-ſticks [36],
To farthingales, and flounces? To fore horſes [37],
And an old leather bawdy-houſe behind 'em?
To thee?
Dor. You have a ſon, Sir.
Seb. Where? what is he?
Who is he like?
Dor. Yourſelf.
Seb. Thou lieſt; th'haſt marr'd him,
Thou, and thy prayer-books: I do diſclaim him!
Did not I take him ſinging yeſternight
A godly ballad, to a godly tune too,
And had a catechiſm in's pocket, damſel?
One of your dear diſciples, I perceive it.
When did he ride abroad ſince he came over?
What tavern has he us'd to? what things done
That ſhews a man, and mettle? When was my houſe
At ſuch a ſhame before, to creep to bed
At ten o'clock, and twelve, for want of company?

---

[36] *Poaking-ſticks.*] 'Poking-ſticks, ſays Mr. Steevens, were heated 'in the fire, and made uſe of to adjuſt the plaits of ruffs. In Marſton's 'Malecontent, 1604, is the following inſtance. ——'There is ſuch "a deale of pinning, theſe ruffes, when the fine clean fall is worth "them all.' And again, 'If you ſhould chance to take a nap in "the afternoon, your falling band requires no *poking-ſtick* to recover "his form, &c.' So in Middleton's comedy of Blurt Maſter Conſtable, 1602, 'Your ruff muſt ſtand in print, and for that purpoſe "get *poking ſticks* with fair long handles, leſt they ſcorch your hands." Note on Winter's Tale.

[37] ——— *to* fore-horſes,
And an old leather bawdy-houſe behind *'em.*] I read FOUR *horſes, viz.* to a coach and four. Calling the former a leathern bawdy-houſe is quite in character. *Seward.*

Perhaps the Author intended FORE *horſes* to ſtand in oppoſition to *leather bawdy houſe* BEHIND *'em. Fore-horſes* occurs too in other plays of our Authors.

No

No ſinging, nor no dancing, nor no drinking?
Thou think'ſt not of theſe ſcandals. When, and where,
Has he but ſhew'd his ſword of late?
Dor. Deſpair not,
I do beſeech you, Sir, nor tempt your weakneſs;
For, if you like it ſo, I can aſſure you,
He is the ſame man ſtill.
Seb. Would thou wert aſhes
On that condition! But, believe it, goſſip,
You ſhall know you have wrong'd——
Dor. You never, Sir;
So well I know my duty. And, for Heav'n ſake,
Take but this counſel with you ere you marry;
(You were wont to hear me) take him, and confeſs him,
Search him to th' quick, and if you find him falſe,
Do as you pleaſe; a mother's name I honour.
Seb. He's loſt and ſpoil'd; I am reſolv'd my roof
Shall never harbour him: And for you, minion,
I'll keep you cloſe enough, leſt you break looſe,
And do more miſchief. Get you in! Who waits?
[*Exit Dorothea.*

Enter Servant.

Serv. Do you call, Sir?
Seb. Seek the boy, and bid him wait
My pleaſure in the morning: Mark what houſe
He is in, and what he does; and truly tell me.
Serv. I will not fail, Sir.
Seb. If you do, I'll hang you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Thomas, Hylas, and Sam.

Tho. Keep you the back-door there, and be ſure
None of her ſervants enter, or go out.
If any woman paſs, ſhe's lawful prize, boys;
Cut off all convoys.
Hylas. Who ſhall anſwer this?
Tho. Why, I ſhall anſwer it, you fearful widgeon;
I ſhall

I ſhall appear to th' action.
Hylas. May we diſcourſe too,
On honourable terms?
Tho. With any gentlewoman
That ſhall appear at window: You may rehearſe too,
By your commiſſion ſafely, ſome ſweet parcels
Of poetry to a chambermaid.
Hylas. May we ſing too?
For there's my maſter-piece.
Tho. By no means; no, boys;
I am the man reſerv'd for air, 'tis my part;
And if ſhe be not rock, my voice ſhall reach her,
Ye may record a little [38], or ye may whiſtle,
As time ſhall miniſter; but, for main ſinging,
Pray ye ſatisfy yourſelves. Away; be careful!
Hylas. But hark you; one word, Tom! we may be beaten.
Tho. That's as you think good yourſelves: If you deſerve it,
Why, 'tis the eaſieſt thing to compaſs. Beaten?
What bugbears dwell in thy brains? who ſhould beat thee?
Hylas. Sh'has men enough.
Tho. Art not thou man enough too?
Thou haſt fleſh enough about thee: If all that maſs
Will not maintain a little ſpirit, hang it,
And dry it too for dogs-meat. Get you gone;
I have things of moment in my mind. That door,
Keep it as thou wouldſt keep thy wife from a ſerving-man.
No more, I ſay: Away, Sam!
Sam. At your will, Sir. [*Exeunt Hylas and Sam.*

Enter Launcelot and Fidler.

Laun. I have him here; a rare rogue. Good ſweet maſter,
Do ſomething of ſome favour ſuddenly,
That we may eat, and live; I am almoſt ſtarv'd:

[38] *Ye may record a little.*] *i. e.* Play on the muſick; a *recorder* (as appears in Hamlet) ſignifying a pipe.

No

No point manieur, no point devein, no Signieur [39],
Not by the virtue of my languages;
Nothing at my old maſter's to be hop'd for!
Oh, Signieur Du! nothing to line my life with,
But cold pies, with a cudgel, 'till you help us!
Tho. Nothing but famine frights thee. Come hither, Fidler;
What ballads are you ſeen in beſt? Be ſhort, Sir.
Fid. Under your maſterſhip's correction, I can ſing
'The duke of Norfolk; or the merry ballad
'Of Diverus and Lazarus; the Roſe of England;
'In Crete when Dedimus firſt began;
'Jonas his Crying-out againſt Coventry——'
Tho. Excellent!
Rare matters all.
Fid. 'Mawdlin the Merchant's Daughter [40];
'The Devil, and ye dainty Dames——'
Tho. Rare ſtill!
Fid. 'The Landing of the Spaniards at Bow,
'With the bloody Battle at Mile-End.'
Tho. All excellent!
No tuning, as ye love me; let thy fiddle
Speak Welch, or any thing that's out of all tune;
The viler ſtill the better, like thyſelf,
For I preſume thy voice will make no trees dance.
Fid. Nay truly, you ſhall have it ev'n as homely—
Tho. Keep ye to that key. Are they all a-bed, trow?
Laun. I hear no ſtirring any where, no light
In any window; 'tis a night for the nonce, Sir.
Tho. Come, ſtrike up then, and ſay the Merchant's Daughter;
We'll bear the burthen: Proceed to inciſion, fidler. [*Song.*

[39] *No point manieur, no point devein, no ſignieur.*] Unleſs Launcelot may be here ſuppoſed to ſpeak a ſort of *Lingua Franca*, or medley of languages; theſe words are ſo ill wrote, that it may be difficult to tell what was the original. *Seward.*

He is purpoſely repreſented as ſpeaking barbarouſly, and the words plainly import, that, 'no wine or good cheer is to be had at his old 'maſter's.'

[40] *Mawdlin*, &c.] Mawdlin, the Merchant's Daughter of Briſtol. This and ſeveral others before mentioned are the titles of ballads, ſome of which have been lately reprinted. *R.*

Enter

Enter Servant, above.

Serv. Who's there? what noiſe is this? what rogue
at theſe hours?

Tho. 'Oh, what is that to you, my fool?
'Oh, what is that to you?
'Pluck in your face,
'You bawling aſs,
'Or I will break your brow.
'Hey down, down, a-down.'
A new ballad, a new, a new!

Fid. 'The twelfth of April, on May-day,
'My houſe and goods were burnt away,' &c.

Maid [*above*]. Why, who is this?

Laun. Oh, damſel dear,
Open the door, and it ſhall appear;
Open the door!

Maid. Oh, gentle ſquire[41],
I'll ſee thee hang firſt; farewell, my dear!—
'Tis maſter Thomas; there he ſtands.

Enter Mary, above.

Mary. 'Tis ſtrange
That nothing can redeem him. Rail him hence,
Or ſing him out in's own way; any thing
To be deliver'd of him.

Maid. Then have at him.
'My man Thomas
'Did me promiſe,
'He would viſit me this night.

Tho. 'I am here, love;
'Tell me, dear love,
'How I may obtain thy ſight.

Maid. 'Come up to my window, love;
'Come, come, come!
'Come to my window, my dear:
'The wind nor the rain
'Shall trouble thee again,
'But thou ſhalt be lodged here.'

[41] *Open the door,*
Oh, gentle 'ſquire.] We take *Oh, gentle 'ſquire* to be part of the *Maid's* anſwer; who leaves off ſinging at, *'Tis maſter Thomas.*

Tho.

Tho. And art thou ſtrong enough?
Laun. Up, up; I warrant you.
Mary. What doſt thou mean to do?
Maid. Good miſtreſs, peace;
I'll warrant you we'll cool him. Madge!
Madge [*above*]. Lam ready.
Tho. 'The love of Greece, and it tickled him ſo,
'That he deviſed a way to go.'
Now ſing the Duke of Northumberland!
Fid. 'And climbing to promotion,
'He fell down ſuddenly.'
[*Madge, with a devil's vizard, roaring, offers to kiſs him, and he falls down.*
Maid. Farewell, Sir!
Mary. What haſt thou done? Th' haſt broke his neck.
Maid. Not hurt him;
He pitch'd upon his legs like a cat.
Tho. Oh, woman!
Oh, miſerable woman! I am ſpoil'd!
My leg, my leg, my leg! Oh, both my legs!
Mary. I told thee what th' hadſt done; miſchief go with thee!
Tho. Oh, I am lam'd for ever! Oh, my leg,
Broken in twenty places! Oh, take heed,
Take heed of women, Fidler! Oh, a ſurgeon,
A ſurgeon, or I die! Oh, my good people!
No charitable people? all deſpiteful?
Oh, what a miſery am I in! Oh, my leg!
Laun. Be patient, Sir, be patient: Let me bind it.

Enter Sam, and Hylas with his head broken.

Tho. Oh, do not touch it, rogue.
Hylas. My head, my head!
Oh, my head's kill'd!
Sam. You muſt be courting wenches
Thro' key-holes, captain Hylas! Come, and be comforted;
The ſkin is ſcarce broke.
Tho. Oh, my leg!

Sam.

Sam. How do you, Sir?
Tho. Oh, maim'd for ever with a fall. He's ſpoil'd too;
I ſee his brains.
Hylas. Away with me, for God's ſake!
A ſurgeon!
Sam. Here's a night indeed,
Hylas. A ſurgeon! [*Exe. all but Fidler and Thomas.*

Enter Mary and Servant below.

Mary. Go; run for help.
Tho. Oh!
Mary. Run all, and all too little.
Oh, curſed beaſt that hurt him! Run, run, fly,
He will be dead elſe!
Tho. Oh!
Mary. Good friend, go you too.
Fid. Who pays me for my muſick?
Mary. Pox o' your muſick!
There's twelve pence for you.
Fid. There's two groats again, forſooth,
I never take above, and reſt you merry! [*Exit.*
Mary. A greaſe-pot gild your fiddle-ſtrings!—How do you?
How is my dear?
Tho. Why, well, I thank you, ſweetheart.
Shall we walk in; for now there's none to trouble us?
Mary. Are you ſo crafty, Sir? I ſhall meet with you.—
I knew your trick, and I was willing, my Tom,
Mine own Tom, now to ſatisfy thee. Welcome, welcome!
Welcome, my beſt friend, to me; all my deareſt!
Tho. Now you're my noble miſtreſs. We loſe time, ſweet.
Mary. I think they are all gone.
Tho. All; you did wiſely.
Mary. And you as craftily.
Tho. We're well met, miſtreſs.
Mary. Come, let's go in then lovingly.—Oh, my ſcarf, Tom!

I loſt it thereabout; find it, and wear it
As your poor miſtreſs' favour. [*Exit.*

Tho. I am made now;
I ſee no venture is in no hand—I have it[42].
How now? the door lock'd, and ſhe in before?
Am I ſo trimm'd?

Mary [*above*]. One parting word, ſweet Thomas:
Tho', to ſave your credit, I diſcharg'd your fidler,
I muſt not ſatisfy your folly too, Sir.
You're ſubtle; but, believe it, fox, I'll find you.
The ſurgeons will be here ſtraight; roar again, boy,
And break thy legs, for ſhame; thou wilt be ſport elſe.
Good night!

Tho. She ſays moſt true; I muſt not ſtay: Sh'has bobb'd me;
Which, if I live, I'll recompence, and ſhortly.
Now for a ballad to bring me off again:

All young men, be warn'd by me,
How you do go a-wooing;
Seek not to climb, for fear ye fall,
Thereby comes your undoing, *&c.* [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Valentine, Alice, and Servant.

Val. HE cannot go, and take no farewell of me?
Can he be ſo unkind? He's but retir'd
Into the garden or the orchard. See, Sirs.

Alice. He would not ride there certain; thoſe were planted
Only for walks, I take it.

Val. Ride? Nay then——
Had he a horſe out?

[42] *I ſee no venture* is in no hand:—] This ſcarcely ſeems intelligible. Tom is triumphing with the thoughts of his ſucceſs; I believe therefore that the common proverb, *Nothing venture, nothing have,* was all

Serv. So the groom delivers,
Somewhat before the break of day.
Val. He's gone,
My beſt friend's gone, Alice! I have loſt the nobleſt,
The trueſt, and the moſt man, I ere found yet.
Alice. Indeed, Sir, he deſerves all praiſe.
Val. All, ſiſter;
All, all, and all too little. Oh, that honeſty,
That ermine honeſty, unſpotted ever,
That perfect goodneſs!
Alice. Sure he will return, Sir;
He cannot be ſo harſh.
Val. Oh, never, never,
Never return; thou know'ſt not where the cauſe lies.
Alice. He was the worthieſt welcome——
Val. He deſerv'd it.
Alice. Nor wanted, to our knowledge——
Val. I will tell thee,
Within this hour, things that ſhall ſtartle thee.
He never muſt return.

Enter Michael.

Mich. Good morrow, Signior.
Val. Good morrow, maſter Michael.
Mich. My good neighbour,
Methinks you're ſtirring early, ſince your travel;
You've learnt the rule of health, Sir. Where's your miſtreſs?
She keeps her warm, I warrant you, a-bed yet.
Val. I think ſhe does.
Alice. 'Tis not her hour of waking.
Mich. Did you lie with her, lady?

---

all that was intended here, and have ventur'd to change the words to it; though not without apprehenſions of being thought to have taken unwarrantable liberties. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

I ſee no venture, nothing have: *I have it.*

I have it refers to the ſcarf; and Mr. Seward's *liberties* are certainly *unwarrantable.* The ſentence appears as incomplete, and ſo intended by the Writer, whoſe dialogue ſhould not be changed by an Editor, who profeſſes giving the original text.

Alice. Not to-night, Sir,
Nor any night this week elſe.
Mich. When laſt ſaw you her?
Alice. Late yeſternight.
Mich. Was ſhe a-bed then?
Alice. No, Sir?
I left her at her prayers. Why do you aſk me?
Mich. I have been ſtrangely haunted with a dream
All this long night, and, after many wakings,
The ſame dream ſtill: Methought I met young Cellide
Juſt at St. Catherine's gate, the nunnery——
Val. Ha!
Mich. Her face ſlubber'd o'er with tears and troubles;
Methought ſhe cried unto the lady abbeſs,
'For charity receive me, holy woman,
'A maid that has forgot the world's affections,
'Into thy virgin order;' methought ſhe took her,
Put on a ſtole and ſacred robe upon her,
And there I left her.
Val. Dream?
Mich. Good miſtreſs Alice,
Do me the favour (yet to ſatisfy me)
To ſtep but up, and ſee.
Alice. I know ſhe's there, Sir,
And all this but a dream.
Mich. You know not my dreams;
They are unhappy ones, and often truths:
But this, I hope yet——
Alice. I will ſatisfy you. [*Exit.*
Mich. Neighbour, how does the gentleman?
Val. I know not.
Dream of a nunnery?
Mich. How found you my words
About the nature of his ſickneſs, Valentine?
Val. Did ſhe not cry out, 'twas my folly too
That forc'd her to this nunnery? did ſhe not curſe me?
For God ſake ſpeak! did you not dream of me too?
How baſely, poorly, tamely, like a fool,
Tir'd with his joys——
Mich. Alas, poor gentleman!

You——

You promis'd me, Sir, to bear all theſe croſſes.
Val. I bear 'em 'till I break again!
Mich. But nobly,
Truly to weigh——
Val. Good neighbour, no more of it;
You do but fling flax on my fire. Where is ſhe?

Enter Alice.

Alice. Not yonder, Sir, nor has not this night certain
Been in her bed.
Mich. It muſt be truth ſhe tells you;
And now I'll ſhew you why I came: This morning
A man of mine, being employ'd about buſineſs,
Came early home, who, at St. Catharine's nunnery,
About day-peep, told me he met your miſtreſs;
And, as I ſpoke it in a dream, ſo troubled,
And ſo receiv'd by th' abbeſs, did he ſee her:
The wonder made me riſe, and haſte unto you,
To know the cauſe.
Val. Farewell! I cannot ſpeak it. [*Exit Val.*
Alice. For Heav'n ſake, leave him not!
Mich. I will not, lady.
Alice. Alas, he's much afflicted.
Mich. We ſhall know ſhortly more. Apply your own care
At home, good Alice, and truſt him to my counſel.
Nay, do not weep; all ſhall be well, deſpair not. [*Exe.*

SCENE II.

Enter Sebaſtian and a Servant.

Seb. At Valentine's houſe ſo merry?
Serv. As a pie, Sir.
Seb. So gameſome, doſt thou ſay?
Serv. I'm ſure I heard it.
Seb. Ballads, and fiddles too?
Serv. No, but one fiddle;
But twenty noiſes.

Enter Launcelot.

Seb. Did he do deviſes?
Serv. The beſt deviſes, Sir. Here's my fellow Launcelot,
He can inform you all; he was among 'em,
A mad thing too; I ſtood but in a corner.
Seb. Come, Sir; what can you ſay? Is there any hope yet
Your maſter may return?
Laun. He went far elſe:
I will aſſure your worſhip, on my credit,
By the faith of a traveller, and a gentleman,
Your ſon is found again, the ſon, the Tom.
Seb. Is he the old Tom?
Laun. The old Tom.
Seb. Go forward.
Laun. Next, to conſider how he is the old Tom.
Seb. Handle me that.
Laun. I would y' had ſeen it handled
Laſt night, Sir, as we handled it: *Cap-à-pie!*
Footra for leers and leerings[43]! oh, the noiſe,
The noiſe we made!
Seb. Good, good!
Laun. The windows clattering,
And all the chambermaids in ſuch a whobub,
One with her ſmock half off, another in haſte
With a ſerving-man's hoſe upon her head——
Seb. Good ſtill!
Laun. A fellow railing out of a loop-hole there,
And his mouth ſtopt with dirt——

[43] *For* leers *and* leerings.] The word *leer* occurs in the New Inn, by Ben Jonſon, act iv. ſcene iii. Lovel ſays,

'——— I'll to bed, and ſleep
'If th' houſe, and your *leer drunkards* let me.'

And alſo in Bartholomew-Fair, 'The Author doth promiſe a 'ſtrutting horſe-courſer, with a *leer drunkard*, two or three to attend 'him in as good equipage as you would wiſh.' Upon both which paſſages, Mr. Whalley obſerves, that though the meaning of the word *leer* cannot very eaſily be ſettled, the expreſſion ſeems in both places to denote *noiſy, laughing, roaring drunkards*. R.

Seb.

Seb. I'faith, a fine boy!
Laun. Here one of our heads broke——
Seb. Excellent good ſtill!
Laun. The gentleman himſelf, young Mr. Thomas,
(Environ'd with his furious myrmidons,
The fiery Fidler, and myſelf) now ſinging,
Now beating at the door, there parlying,
Courting at that window, at the other ſcaling,
And all theſe ſeveral noiſes to two trenchers,
Strung with a bottom of brown thread, which ſhew'd admirable.
Seb. There; eat, and grow again; I'm pleas'd.
Laun. Nor here, Sir,
Gave we the frolick over, tho' at length
We quit the lady's ſconce on compoſition;
But to the ſilent ſtreets we turn'd our furies:
A ſleeping watchman here we ſtole the ſhoes from,
There made a noiſe, at which he wakes, and follows;
The ſtreets are dirty, takes a Queenhithe cold,
Hard cheeſe, and that, choaks him o' Monday next:
Windows and ſigns we ſent to Erebus:
A crew of bawling curs we entertain'd laſt,
When having let the pigs looſe in out-pariſhes,
Oh, the brave cry we made as high as Aldgate!
Down comes a conſtable, and the ſow his ſiſter
Moſt traitorouſly tramples upon authority:
There a whole ſtand of rug gowns routed manly,
And the king's peace put to flight: A purblind pig here
Runs me his head into the admiral's lanthorn [44];
Out goes the light, and all turns to confuſion:
A potter riſes, to enquire this paſſion;
A boar imboſt takes ſanctuary in his ſhop,
When twenty dogs ruſh after, we ſtill cheering;
Down go the pots, and pipkins, down the pudding-pans,
The cream-bowls cry revenge here, there the candle-ſticks!

[44] *Into the* admirable *lanthorn.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

Seb. If this be true[45], thou little tiny page,
This tale that thou tell'ſt me,
Then on thy back will I preſently hang
A handſome new livery;
But if this be falſe, thou little tiny page,
As falſe it well may be,
Then with a cudgel of four foot long
I'll beat thee from head to toe[46].

Enter Servant.

Seb. Will the boy come?
Serv. He will, Sir.

Enter Thomas.

Seb. Time tries all then.
Laun. Here he comes now himſelf, Sir.
Seb. To be ſhort, Thomas,
Becauſe I feel a ſcruple in my conſcience
Concerning thy demeanor, and a main one,

[45] *If this be true*, &c.] In Dr. Percy's Reliques of Ancient Poetry, vol. iii. p. 67. is an old ballad entitled, Little Muſgrave and Lady Barnard, from which we ſhall extract two ſtanzas, which Sebaſtian ſeems to have intended to imitate:

'If it be trewe, thou tiney foot-page,
'This tale thou haſt told to mee,
'Then all my lands in Bucklesford Bury
'I freelye will give to thee.
'But if it be a lye, thou tiney foot-page,
'This tale thou haſt told to mee,
'On the higheſt tree in Bucklesford Bury
'All hanged ſhalt thou bee.'

[46] *I'll beat thee from* head to toe.] Unleſs the Poets here deſign'd on purpoſe to diſappoint the readers of a rhime, we muſt look on this as a corruption, and then a very humourous expreſſion may ſupply its place. Launcelot in his affectation of talking French had us'd the words *cap à pie* juſt before. The old man therefore may here repeat it with great humour—*I'll beat thee from* cap à pie. But the tranſcriber ſeeing what the ſenſe ſhould be, and not knowing that this expreſs'd it, choſe to put the Engliſh without regard to the rhime. I hope therefore I do no more than reſtore it. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's alteration is not unplauſible; yet it is too violent to be admitted into the text, contrary to the authority of all the old copies: Beſides that, FROM *cap à pie* is rather a harſh expreſſion.

And

And therefore like a father would be ſatisfied,
Get up to that window there, and preſently,
Like a moſt complete gentleman, come from Tripoly[47].
Tho. Good Lord, Sir, how are you miſled! What fancies
(Fitter for idle boys and drunkards, let me ſpeak't,
And with a little wonder, I beſeech you)
Choak up your noble judgment!
Seb. You rogue, Launcelot,
You lying raſcal!
Laun. Will you ſpoil all again, Sir?
Why, what a devil do you mean?
Tho. Away, knave!—
You keep a company of ſaucy fellows,
Deboſh'd, and daily drunkards, to devour you;
Things, whoſe dull ſouls tend to the cellar only:
You're ill advis'd, Sir, to commit your credit——
Seb. Sirrah, ſirrah!
Laun. Let me ne'er eat again, Sir,
Nor feel the bleſſing of another blue coat,
If this young gentleman, ſweet maſter Thomas,
Be not as mad as heart can wiſh, your heart, Sir:
If yeſternight's diſcourſe—Speak, fellow Robin;
And if thou ſpeakeſt leſs than truth——
Tho. 'Tis ſtrange theſe varlets——
Serv. By theſe ten bones, Sir, if theſe eyes and ears
Can hear and ſee——
Tho. Extreme ſtrange!—Should thus boldly
Bud in your ſight, unto your ſon,
Laun. Oh, *Deu guin*[48]!

Can

47 *Come from* Tripoly] In Ben Jonſon's Silent Woman, act v. ſcene i. La-Foole ſays, 'I proteſt, Sir John, you come as high from 'Tripoly as I do every whit, &c.' Upon which paſſage Mr. Whalley obſerves, that, *To come as high from Tripoly*, was a phraſe then in uſe, to ſignify doing feats of activity and ſtrength, and that *Tripoly* was famous for the juſts and tournaments held there in the days of chivalry; and from thoſe feats the phraſe was perhaps derived. *R.*

48 *Deu guin.*] Mr. Seward, with his accuſtomed fidelity, reads, *Dieu guarde*; apprehending, no doubt, that it either was or *ought* to

Can you deny you beat a conſtable
Laſt night?
Tho. I touch authority, ye raſcal?
I violate the law?
Laun. Good maſter Thomas!
Serv. Did you not take two wenches from the watch too,
And put 'em into Pudding-Lane?
Laun. We mean not
Thoſe civil things you did at Mr. Valentine's,
The fiddle, and the fa'las.
Tho. Oh, ſtrange impudence!
I do beſeech you, Sir, give no ſuch licence
To knaves and drunkards, to abuſe your ſon thus;
Be wiſe in time, and turn 'em off. We live, Sir,
In a ſtate govern'd civilly, and ſoberly,
Where each man's actions ſhould confirm the law,
Not crack, and cancel it.
Seb. Launcelot du Lake,
Get you upon adventures! caſt your coat,
And make your exit.
Laun. Pour l'amour de Dieu!
Seb. Pur me no *purs*; but *pur* at that door; out, ſirrah!
I'll beat ye *purblind* elſe; out, ye eight languages!
Laun. My blood upon your head! [*Exit.*
Tho. Purge me 'em all, Sir.
Seb. And you too preſently.
Tho. Even as you pleaſe, Sir.
Seb. Bid my maid-ſervants come [49], and bring my daughter;
I will have one ſhall pleaſe me. [*Exit Servant.*
Tho. 'Tis moſt fit, Sir.
Seb. Bring me the money there. Here, Mr. Thomas!

' *to have been* ſo wrote;' and, claſſing it among thoſe variations which are ' too *ſelf-evident* to require a *note*,' ſays nothing about it. *Ducu guin* is the Welch ejaculation here deſigned, meaning literally *white God*.

[49] *Bid my maid* ſervant *come*.] Former editions. *Seward.*

Enter

Enter two Servants, with two bags.

I pray ſit down; you are no more my ſon now;
Good gentleman, be cover'd.

Tho. At your pleaſure.

Seb. This money I do give ye, becauſe of whilom
You have been thought my ſon, and by myſelf too,
And ſome things done like me: Ye are now another.
There is two hundred pound, a civil ſum
For a young civil man: Much land and lordſhip
Will, as I take it, now but prove temptation
To dread ye [50] from your ſettled and ſweet carriage.

Tho. You ſay right, Sir.

Seb. Nay, I beſeech you cover.

Tho. At your diſpoſe. And I beſeech you too, Sir,
For the word civil, and more ſettled courſe,
It may be put to uſe, that on the intereſt,
Like a poor gentleman——

Seb. It ſhall, to my uſe,
To mine again; do you ſee, Sir? good fine gentleman,
I give no brooding money for a ſcrivener;
Mine is for preſent traffick, and ſo I'll uſe it.

Tho. So much for that then.

Enter Dorothy, and four Maids.

Seb. For the main cauſe, Monſieur,
I ſent to treat with you about, behold it;
Behold that piece of ſtory-work, and view it.
I want a right heir to inherit me;
Not my eſtate alone, but my conditions,
From which you are revolted, therefore dead,
And I will break my back, but I will get one.

Tho. Will you chuſe there, Sir?

Seb. There, among thoſe damſels,
In mine own tribe: I know their qualities,

[50] *To* dread *you.*] i. e. *To frighten you:* If the reader does not admit this uncommon uſe of the word (which ſeem'd deſignedly affected by the Authors) he may perhaps prefer, *draw* or *drive* or *drag*, either of which may ſtand in its room. *Seward.*

Which

Which cannot fail to pleaſe me. For their beauties
A matter of a three farthings makes all perfect,
A little beer, and beef-broth; they are found too.
Stand all a-breaſt. Now, gentle Mr. Thomas,
Before I chuſe, you having liv'd long with me,
And happily ſometimes with ſome of theſe too,
(Which fault I never frown'd upon) pray ſhew me
(For fear we confound our genealogies)
Which have you laid aboard; ſpeak your mind freely:
Have you had copulation with that damſel?

Tho. I have.

Seb. Stand you aſide then. How with her, Sir?

Tho. How, is not ſeemly here to ſay.

Dor. Here's fine ſport!

Seb. Retire you too. Speak forward, Mr. Thomas.

Tho. I will, and to the purpoſe; even with all, Sir.

Seb. With all? that's ſomewhat large.

Dor. And yet you like it.
Was ever ſin ſo glorious?

Seb. With all, Thomas?

Tho. All ſurely, Sir.

Seb. A ſign thou art mine own yet!
In again all, and to your ſeveral functions!

[*Exe. Maids.*

What ſay you to young Luce, my neighbour's daughter?
She was too young, I take it, when you travell'd;
Some twelve years old.

Tho. Her will was fifteen, Sir.

Seb. A pretty anſwer, to cut off long diſcourſe,
For I have many yet to ask you of,
Where I can chuſe, and nobly. Hold up your finger,
When you are right: What ſay you to Valeria,
Whoſe huſband lies a-dying now?—Why two,
And in that form?

Tho. Her huſband is recover'd.

Seb. A witty moral! Have at ye once more, Thomas;
The ſiſters of St. Albans?—All five? Dat boy!
Dat's mine own boy!

Dor.

Dor. Now out upon thee, monſter!
Tho. Still hoping of your pardon.
Seb. There needs none, man;
A ſtraw on pardon! prithee, need no pardon.
I'll aſk no more, nor think no more of marriage,
For o' my conſcience I ſhall be thy cuckold.
There's ſome good yet left in him: Bear yourſelf well,
You may recover me. There's twenty pound, Sir;
I ſee ſome ſparkles which may flame again.
You may eat with me when you pleaſe; you know me. [*Exit Seb.*
Dor. Why do you lie ſo damnably, ſo fooliſhly?
Tho. Doſt thou long to have thy head broke? Hold thy peace,
And do as I would have thee, or by this hand
I'll kill thy parrot, hang up thy ſmall hound[51],
And drink away thy dowry to a penny.
Dor. Was ever ſuch a wild aſs?
Tho. Prithee be quiet!
Dor. And doſt thou think men will not beat thee monſtrouſly,
For abuſing their wives and children?
Tho. And doſt thou think
Mens' wives and children can be abus'd too much?
Dor. I wonder at thee.
Tho. Nay, thou ſhalt adjure me
Before I've done.
Dor. How ſtand you with your miſtreſs?
Tho. I ſhall ſtand nearer
Ere I be twelve hours older: There's my buſineſs.
She's monſtrous ſubtle, Doll.
Dor. The devil, I think,
Cannot out-ſubtle thee.
Tho. If he play fair play.

[51] ——— *by this hand*
I'll kill thy parrot, hang up thy ſmall hand.] Here the word *hand* by accident has been repeated at the end of the ſecond line and expelled the true word. The ſenſe plainly leads us to a lap dog, or a monkey, and the epithet *ſmall* makes the former moſt probable; I read therefore *ſmall hound*. *Seward.*

Come,

Come, you muſt help me preſently.
Dor. I diſcard you.
Tho. Thou ſhalt not ſleep nor eat!
Dor. I'll no hand with you,
No bawd to your abuſes.
Tho. By this light, Dol,
Nothing but in the way of honeſty!
Dor. Thou never knew'ſt that road: I hear your vigils.
Tho. Sweet honey Dol—If I don't marry her,
Honeſtly marry her; if I mean not honourably—
Come, thou ſhalt help me—Take heed how you vex me!
I'll help thee to a huſband too, a fine gentleman,
(I know thou'rt mad) a tall young man, a brown man;
I ſwear he has his maidenhead; a rich man——
Dor. You may come in to dinner, and I'll anſwer ye.
Tho. Nay, I'll go with thee, Dol.—Four Hundred a-year, wench! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Michael and Valentine.

Mich. Good Sir, go back again, and take my counſel:
Sores are not cur'd by ſorrows, nor time broke from us
Pull'd back again by ſighs.
Val. What ſhould I do, friend?
Mich. Do that that may redeem you, go back quickly:
Sebaſtian's daughter can prevail much with her;
The abbeſs is her aunt too.
Val. But my friend then,
Whoſe love and loſs is equal tied?
Mich. Content you;
That ſhall be my taſk. If he be alive,
Or where my travel and my care may reach him,
I'll bring him back again.
Val. Say he come back
To piece his poor friend's life out, and my miſtreſs
Be vow'd for ever a recluſe?
Mich. So ſuddenly

She

She cannot; haſte you therefore inſtantly away, Sir,
To put that danger by. Firſt, as to a father,
Then as a friend, ſhe was committed to you,
And all the care ſhe now has: By which privilege
She cannot do herſelf this violence,
But you may break it, and the law allows you.
Val. Oh, but I forc'd her to it.
Mich. Leave diſputing
Againſt yourſelf: If you will needs be miſerable,
Spite of her goodneſs, and your friend's perſuaſions,
Think on, and thrive thereafter.
Val. I will home then,
And follow your advice; and, good, good Michael—
Mich. No more; I know your ſoul's divided, Valentine:
Cure but that part at home with ſpeedy marriage,
Ere my return; for then thoſe thoughts that vex'd her,
While there ran any ſtream for looſe affections,
Will be ſtopt up, and chaſte-ey'd honour guide her.
Away, and hope the beſt ſtill! I'll work for you,
And pray too, heartily. Away; no more words! [*Exe.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Hylas. I care not for my broken head.
But that it ſhould be his plot, and a wench too,
A louſy, lazy wench prepar'd to do it!
Sam. Thou hadſt as good be quiet; for o' my conſcience
He'll put another on thee elſe.
Hylas. I am reſolv'd
To call him to account. Was it not manifeſt
He meant a miſchief to me, and laugh'd at me,
When he lay roaring out, his leg was broken,
And no ſuch matter? Had he broke his neck,
Indeed 'twould ne'er have griev'd me. Gallows gall him!
Why ſhould he chuſe out me?
Sam. Thou'rt ever ready

To

To thruſt thyſelf into theſe ſhe-occaſions,
And he as full of knavery to accept it.
Hylas. Well, if I live, I'll have a new trick for him.
Sam. That will not be amiſs, but to fight with him
Is to no purpoſe: Beſides, he's truly valiant,
And a moſt deadly hand; thou never fought'ſt yet,
Nor, o' my conſcience, haſt no faith in fighting.
Hylas. No, no, I will not fight.
Sam. Beſides, the quarrel,
Which has a woman in't, to make it ſcurvy,
Who would lie ſtinking in a ſurgeon's hands,
A month or two this weather? for, believe it,
He never hurts under a quarter's healing.
Hylas. No; upon better thought, I will not fight, Sam,
But watch my time.
Sam. To pay him with a project;
Watch him too, I would wiſh you. Prithee tell me,
Doſt thou affect theſe women ſtill?
Hylas. Yes, 'faith, Sam,
I love 'em ev'n as well as e'er I did;
Nay, if my brains were beaten out, I muſt to 'em.
Sam. Doſt thou love any woman?
Hylas. Any woman,
Of what degree or calling.
Sam. Of any age too?
Hylas. Of any age, from fourſcore to fourteen, boy;
Of any faſhion.
Sam. And defect too?
Hylas. Right;
For thoſe I love to lead me to repentance.
A woman with no noſe, after my ſurquedry [52],

[52] *A woman with no noſe, after my* ſurquedry.] *Surquedry* is pride or preſumption; the original French word ſignifies *over-thinking*, and in that ſenſe it is here uſed, ——*After my* ſurquedry, or *according to my profound judgment.* *Seward.*

In the Firſt Part of Marſton's Antonio and Mellida, act iii. this word occurs;

'——————I will confeſſe plaine troth,
'I envy nothing but the Travenſe light,

Oh,

Shews like king Philip's moral, *Memento mori*;
And ſhe that has a wooden leg demonſtrates,
Like hypocrites, we halt before the gallows;
An old one, with one tooth, ſeems to ſay to us,
Sweet meats have ſour ſauce; ſhe that's full of aches,
Crumb not your bread before you taſte your porridge:
And many morals we may find.

Sam. 'Tis well, Sir,
You make ſo worthy uſes. But, *quid igitur?*
What ſhall we now determine?

Hylas. Let's conſider
An hour or two how I may fit this fellow.

Sam. Let's find him firſt; he'll quickly give occaſion:
But take heed to yourſelf, and ſay I warn'd you;
He has a plaguy pate.

Hylas. That at my danger. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Sailors ſinging; to them, Michael and Francis.

Sail. Aboard, aboard! the wind ſtands fair.

Mich. Theſe call for paſſengers; I'll ſtay and ſee
What men they take aboard.

Fran. A boat, a boat, a boat!

Sail. Away then.

Fran. Whither are ye bound, friends?

Sail. Down to the Streights.

Mich. Ha! 'tis not much unlike him.

Fran. May I have paſſage for my money?

Sail. And welcome too.

Mich. 'Tis he; I know 'tis he now.

Fran. Then, merrily aboard. And, noble friend,
Heav'n's goodneſs keep thee ever, and all virtue

' O, had it eyes, and eares, and tongues it might
' See ſport, heare ſpeech of moſt ſtrange *ſurquedries*
' O, if that candle light were made a poet,
' He would prove a rare ſirking ſatyriſt,
' And draw the core forth of impoſthum'd ſinne.

The word is alſo uſed by Spenſer, and the Gloſſary to that Writer explains it in the ſame manner as Mr. Seward. *R.*

Dwell in thy boſom! Cellide, my laſt tears
I leave behind me thus, a ſacrifice!
For I dare ſtay no longer to betray you.
Mich. Be not ſo quick, Sir. Sailors, I here charge ye,
By virtue of this warrant, as you'll anſwer it,
(For both your ſhip and merchant I know perfectly)
Lay hold upon this fellow!
Fran. Fellow?
Mich. Ay, Sir.
Sail. No hand to ſword, Sir; we ſhall maſter you.
Fetch out the manacles!
Fran. I do obey ye.
But, I beſeech you, Sir, inform me truly
How I am guilty.
Mich. You have robb'd a gentleman,
One that you're bound to for your life and being;
Money and horſe unjuſtly you took from him,
And ſomething of more note; but—for you're a gentleman——
Fran. It ſhall be ſo; and here I'll end all miſeries,
Since friendſhip is ſo cruel!—I confeſs it,
And, which is more, a hundred of theſe robberies:
This ring I ſtole too from him, and this jewel,
The firſt and laſt of all my wealth.—Forgive me,
My innocence and truth, for ſaying I ſtole 'em,
And may they prove of value but to recompenſe
The thouſandth part of his love, and bread I've eaten!—
'Pray ſee 'em render'd, noble Sir; and ſo
I yield me to your power.
Mich. Guard him to th' water,
I charge you, ſailors; there I will receive him,
And back convey him to a juſtice.
Sail. Come, Sir;
Look to your neck; you're like to ſail i'th' air now.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Thomas, Dorothy, and Maid.

Come, quickly, quickly, quickly; paint me handſomely;

Take

Take heed my noſe be not in grain too.
Come, Doll, Doll, diſen me.
Dor. If you ſhould play now
Your devil's parts again——
Tho. 'Yea and nay,' Dorothy [53].
Dor. If ye do any thing, but that ye have ſworn to,
Which only is acceſs——
Tho. As I'm a gentleman!
Out with this hair, Doll, handſomely.
Dor. You have your breeches?
Tho. I prithee away; thou know'ſt I'm monſtrous ticklish:
What, doſt thou think I love to blaſt my buttocks?
Dor. I'll plague you for this roguery; for I know well
What you intend, Sir. [*Aſide.*
Tho. On with my muffler!
Dor. You're a ſweet lady! Come, let's ſee you court'ſy:
What, broke i' th' bum? Hold up your head.
Tho. Plague on't,
I ſhall bepiſs my breeches if I cower thus [54]!
Come, am I ready?
Maid. At all points as like, Sir,
As if you were my miſtreſs.

---

[53] Yea and nay, *Dorothy.*] The humour of this ſeems loſt in the former editions. Tom ſeems to uſe the expreſſion *yea and nay* as an adjective, *yea-and-nay* Dorothy: i. e. *Puritanical* Dorothy.
Seward.

Mr. Seward is wrong, though the comma after *yea and nay*, might have kept him right. Tom does not call her *puritanical*, but, by a droll imitation of the fanatics of our Authors' time, intimates that his deſigns are as chaſte as thoſe of the religioniſts, whoſe converſation was *Yea, yea*, and *nay, nay*. He makes uſe of the ſame expreſſion, at his firſt meeting with Hylas and Sam:

Do not you ſee me alter'd? 'Yea and nay,' *gentlemen*;
A much-converted man.

[54] *If I* cowr *thus.*] *i. e.* Bend, ſtoop, or ſhrink.

'As thus he ſpake, each bird and beaſt behold
'Approaching two and two, theſe *cow'ring* low
'With blandiſhment, each bird ſtoop'd on his wing.'
Paradiſe Loſt, b. viii. l. 349. *R.*

Dor. Who goes with you?

Tho. None but my fortune, and myſelf. [*Exit.*

Dor. Bleſs you!—
Now run thou for thy life, and get before him,
(Take the bye-way) and tell my couſin Mary
In what ſhape he intends to come to cozen her;
I'll follow at thy heels myſelf. Fly, wench!

Maid. I'll do it. [*Exit.*

Enter Sebaſtian and Thomas.

Dor. My father has met him; this goes excellent!
And I'll away in time. Look to your ſkin, Thomas!
[*Exit.*

Seb. What, are you grown ſo corn-fed, goody Gillian,
You will not know your father? What vagaries
Have you in hand? what out-leaps, dirty heels,
That at theſe hours of night you muſt be gadding,
And thro' the orchard take your private paſſage?
What, is the breeze in your breech? Or has your brother
Appointed you an hour of meditation
How to demean himſelf? Get you to bed, drab,
Or I'll ſo crab your ſhoulders—You demure ſlut,
You civil diſh of ſlic'd beef, get you in!

Tho. I wi' not, that I wi' not.

Seb. Is it even ſo, dame?
Have at you with a night-ſpell then!

Tho. 'Pray hold, Sir!

Seb. 'St. George, St. George, our lady's knight,
'He walks by day, ſo does he by night;
'And when he had her found,
'He her beat and her bound,
'Until to him her troth ſhe plight,
'She would not ſtir from him that night.

Tho. Nay then, have at you with a counter ſpell;
'From elves, hobs, and fairies,
'That trouble our dairies,
'From fire-drakes and fiends,
'And ſuch as the de'il ſends,
'Defend us, good Heaven!'

[*Knocks down Seb. and exit.*

Enter

Enter Launcelot.

Laun. Bleſs me, maſter! Look up, Sir, I beſeech you!
Up with your eyes to Heav'n!
Seb. Up with your noſe, Sir!
I do not bleed. 'Twas a ſound knock ſhe gave me;
A plaguy mankind girl[55]! How my brains totter!
Well, go thy ways; th' haſt got one thouſand pound more
With this dog trick. Mine own true ſpirit in her too.
Laun. In her? Alas, Sir,
Alas, poor gentlewoman, ſhe a hand ſo heavy,
To knock you like a calf down, or ſo brave a courage
To beat her father? If you could believe, Sir——
Seb. Who wouldſt thou make me believe it was? the devil?
Laun. One that ſpits fire as faſt as he ſometimes, Sir,
And changes ſhapes as often; your ſon Thomas.
Ne'er wonder; if it be not he, ſtraight hang me.
Seb. He? If it be ſo,
I'll put thee in my will; and there's an end on't.
Laun. I ſaw his legs; h' has boots on like a player,
Under his wench's cloaths; 'tis he, 'tis Thomas,
In his own ſiſter's cloaths, Sir, and I can watch him[56].
Seb. No more words then; we'll watch him. Thou'lt not believe, Launce,
How heartily glad I am.
Laun. May you be gladder!
But not this way, Sir.
Seb. No more words, but watch him. [*Exeunt.*

[55] *A plaguy* mankind *girl.*] Dr. Johnſon ſays, that a *mankind woman* is yet uſed in the midland counties, for a woman violent, ferocious, and miſchievous. *R.*

'Oh, *mankind* generation!' occurs in the Silent Woman.

[56] *In his own ſiſter's cloaths, Sir, and* I can waſt *him.*] The variation is Mr. Seward's, who ſays he at firſt propoſed reading *unvaſt*; *i. e.* ſcatch'd or enquired into him; but that by Sebaſtian's anſwer, *We'll* watch *him*, the word *watch* ſeems the more probable reading.

SCENE VII.

Enter Mary, Dorothy, and Maid.

Mary. When comes he?
Dor. Preſently.
Mary. Then get you up, Doll;
Away; I'll ſtraight come to you. Is all ready?
Maid. All.
Mary. Let the light ſtand far enough.
Maid. 'Tis plac'd ſo.
Mary. Stay you to entertain him to his chamber:
But keep cloſe, wench; he flies at all.
Maid. I warrant you.
Mary. You need no more inſtruction?
Maid. I am perfect. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Valentine and Thomas.

Tho. More ſtops yet? Sure the fiend's my ghoſtly father.
Old Valentine! what wind's in his poop?
Val. Lady,
You're met moſt happily. Oh, gentle Doll,
You muſt now do me an eſpecial favour,
Tho. What is it, maſter Valentine?—I'm ſorely troubled
With a ſalt rheum fall'n i' my gums.
Val. I'll tell you,
And let it move you equally: My bleſt miſtreſs,
Upon a ſlight occaſion taking anger,
Took allo (to undo me) your aunt's nunnery,
From whence by my perſuaſion to redeem her
Will be impoſſible; nor have I liberty
To come and viſit her. My good, good Dorothy,
You are moſt powerful with her, and your aunt too,
And have acceſs at all hours liberally;

Speak

Speak now or never for me?

Tho. In a nunnery?

That courſe muſt not be ſuffer'd, maſter Valentine;
Her mother never knew it.—Rare ſport for me;
Sport upon ſport!—By th' break of day I'll meet ye;
And fear not, man; we'll have her out, I warrant ye.
I cannot ſtay now.

Val. You'll not break?

Tho. By no means.

Good night.

Val. Good night, kind miſtreſs Doll. [*Exit.*

Tho. This thrives well;

Every one takes me for my ſiſter; excellent!
This nunnery's fall'n ſo pat too, to my figure,
Where there be handſome wenches, and they ſhall know it,
If once I creep in, ere they get me out again.
Stay, here's the houſe, and one of her maids.

Enter Maid.

Maid. Who's there?

Oh, miſtreſs Dorothy! You are a ſtranger.

Tho. Still miſtreſs Dorothy? This geer will cotton[57].

Maid. Will you walk in, forſooth?

Tho. Where is your miſtreſs?

Maid. Not very well; ſhe's gone to bed: I'm glad
You're come ſo fit to comfort her.

Tho. Yes, I'll comfort her.

Maid. 'Pray make not much noiſe, for ſhe's ſure aſleep.
You know your ſide; creep ſoftly in; your company

57 *This geer will* cotton.] This ſeems to have been a cant expreſſion, underſtood at the time. In Lily's Campaſpe, an old play in Dodſley's Collection, vol. ii. Alexander ſays, 'Now, Hepheſtion, doth not this 'matter *cotton* as I would? Campaſpe looketh pleaſantly, liberty 'will encreaſe her beautie, and my love ſhall advance her honour.' By which it appears, that the matter is ſaid to *cotton* from the concurrence of all theſe circumſtances: So here, from the number of ſucceſsful tokens, Thomas ſays, 'This geer will *cotton*.' In the ſame ſenſe we ſtill ſay, that 'things *cotton* together.'

Will warm her well.

Tho. I warrant thee, I'll warm her.

Maid. Your brother has been here; the ſtrangeſt fellow!

Tho. A very rogue, a rank rogue!

Maid. I'll conduct you
Ey'n to her chamber-door, and there commit you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Michael, Francis, and Officers.

Mich. Come, Sir, for this night I ſhall entertain ye,
And like a gentleman, howe'er your fortune
Hath caſt you on the worſt part.

Fran How you pleaſe, Sir;
I am reſolv'd; nor can a joy or miſery
Much move me now.

Mich. I'm angry with myſelf now
For putting this forc'd way upon his patience;
Yet any other courſe had been too ſlender.
Yet what to think I know not; for moſt liberally
He hath confeſs'd ſtrange wrongs, which, if they prove ſo,
Howe'er the other's long love may forget all,
Yet 'twas moſt fit he ſhould come back, and this way.
Drink that; and now to my care leave your priſoner;
I'll be his guard for this night.

Offi. Good night to your worſhip. [*Exeunt.*

Mich. Good night, my honeſt friends. Come, Sir, I hope
There ſhall be no ſuch cauſe of ſuch a ſadneſs
As you put on.

Fran. 'Faith, Sir, my reſt is up,
And what I now pull ſhall no more afflict me
Than if I play'd at ſpan-counter; nor is my face
The [illegible] of any thing I ſeem to ſuffer;
Lighter affections ſeldom dwell in me, Sir.

Mich.

Mich. A conſtant gentleman.—'Would I had taken
A fever, when I took this harſh way to diſturb him!
Come, walk with me, Sir; ere tomorrow-night
I doubt not but to ſee all this blown over. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Hylas.

Hylas. I HAVE dog'd his ſiſter, (ſure 'twas ſhe)
And I hope ſhe will come back again this night too;
Sam I have loſt of purpoſe: Now if I can,
With all the art I have, as ſhe comes back,
But win a parley for my broken pate,
Off goes her maidenhead, and there's *vindicta!*
They ſtir about the houſe; I'll ſtand at diſtance. [*Exit.*

Enter Mary and Dorothy, and then Thomas and Maid.

Dor. Is he come in?
Mary. Speak ſoftly;
He is, and there he goes.
Tho. Good night, good night, wench!
[*A bed diſcovered, with a Blackmoor in it.*
Maid. As ſoftly as you can. [*Exit.*
Tho. I'll play the mouſe, Nan.
How cloſe the little thief lies!
Mary. How he itches!
Dor. What would you give now to be there, and I
At home, Mall?
Mary. Peace; for ſhame!
Tho. In what a figure
The little fool has pull'd itſelf together!
Anon you will lie ſtraighter; ha! there's rare circumſtance
Belongs to ſuch a treatiſe. Do you tumble?
I'll tumble with you ſtraight, wench. She ſleeps ſoundly.

Full

Full little think'ſt thou of thy joy that's coming,
The ſweet, ſweet joy! full little of the kiſſes;
But thoſe unthought-of things come ever happieſt.
How ſoft the rogue feels! Oh, you little villain,
You delicate coy thief, how I ſhall thrum you!
Your, 'fy! away, good ſervant! as you are a gentleman!'——

Mary. Prithee leave laughing.

Tho. 'Out upon you, Thomas!
'What do you mean to do? I'll call the houſe up!
'Oh, God, I'm ſure you will not!' ſhall not ſerve you,
For up you go now, an you were my father.

Mary. Your courage will be cool'd anon.

Tho. If I do hang for't,
Yet I'll be quarter'd here firſt.

Dor. Oh, fierce villain!

Mary. What would he do indeed, Doll?

Dor. You had beſt try him.

Tho. I'll kiſs thee ere I come to bed, ſweet Mary—

Mary. Prithee, leave laughing.

Dor. Oh, for gentle Nicholas!

Tho. And view that ſtormy face that has ſo thunder'd me.
A coldneſs crept over't now? By your leave, candle,
And next, door, by yours too! So; a pretty, pretty—
Shall I now look upon ye? By this light it moves me.

Mary. Much good may it do you, Sir!

Tho. Holy ſaints defend me!
The devil, devil, devil, devil! oh, the devil!

Mary. Dor. Ha, ha, ha, ha! The devil! oh, the devil!

Tho. I am abus'd moſt damnedly, moſt beaſtly!
Yet, if it be a ſhe-devil—but the houſe is up,
And here's no ſtaying longer in this caſſock.
Woman, I here diſclaim thee! and, in vengeance,
I'll marry with the devil, but I'll vex thee!

Mary. By'r lady, but you ſhall not, Sir; I'll watch ye.

Tho. Plague o' your Spaniſh leather hide! I'll waken

Dor. Good night, good devil!

Moor.

Moor. Oh!

Tho. Roar again, devil, roar again. [*Exit.*

Moor. Oh, oh, Sir!

Mary. Open the doors before him; let him vaniſh:
Now, let him come again, I'll uſe him kinder.
How now, wench?

Moor. 'Pray lie here yourſelf next, miſtreſs,
And entertain your ſweetheart.

Mary. What ſaid he to thee?

Moor. I had a ſoft bed, and I ſlept out all
But his kind farewell: You may bake me now,
For o' my conſcience, he has made me veniſon.

Mary. Alas, poor Kate! I'll give thee a new petticoat.

Dor. And I a waiſtcoat, wench.

Mary. Draw in the bed, maids,
And ſee it made again; put freſh ſheets on too,
For Doll and I. Come, wench, let's laugh an hour now.
Tomorrow, early, will we ſee young Cellide;
They ſay ſhe has taken ſanctuary: Love and hay [58]
Are thick ſown, but come up ſo full of thiſtles!

Dor. They muſt needs, Mall, for 'tis a pricking age grown.
Prithee to bed, for I am monſtrous ſleepy.

Mary. A match; but art not thou thy brother?

Dor. 'Would I were, wench!
You ſhould hear further.

Mary. Come; no more of that, Doll! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Hylas and Thomas.

Hylas. I heard the doors clap; now, an't be thy will, wench——
By th' maſs, ſhe comes. You're fairly met [59], fair gentlewoman!

[58] *Love and* they — *are thick ſown,* &c.] That this is corrupt needs no proof: I read *love and hay,* i. e. *Hay ſeeds are thick ſown,* &c. *Seward.*

[59] *You're* ſurely *met.*] Former editions all read thus. I take

I take it miſtreſs Doll, Sebaſtian's daughter.

Tho. You take it right [60], Sir.—Hylas, are you ferreting?

I'll fit you with a penny-worth preſently.

Hylas. How dare you walk ſo late, ſweet, ſo weak guarded?

Tho. 'Faith, Sir, I do no harm, nor none I look for;
Yet I am glad I've met ſo good a gentleman,
Againſt all chances; for tho' I never knew you,
Yet I have heard much good ſpoke of you.

Hylas. Hark you;
What if a man ſhould kiſs you?

Tho. That's no harm, Sir.—
'Pray God he 'ſcapes my beard! there lies the miſchief.

Hylas. Her lips are monſtrous rugged; but that ſurely
Is but the ſharpneſs of the weather.—Hark ye, once more,
And in your ear, ſweet miſtreſs, (for you are ſo,
And ever ſhall be from this hour, I've vow'd it)——

Enter Sebaſtian and Launcelot.

Seb. Why, that's my daughter, rogue; doſt thou not ſee her
Kiſſing that fellow there, there in that corner?

Laun. Kiſſing?

Seb. Now, now; now they agree o'th' match too.

Tho. Nay then, you love me not.

Hylas. By this white hand, Doll!

Tho. I muſt confeſs, I've long deſir'd your ſight, Sir.

Laun. Why, there's the boots ſtill, Sir.

Seb. Hang boots, Sir!
Why, they'll wear breeches too,

Tho. Diſhoneſt me?
Not for the world.

Seb. Why, now they kiſs again; there!
I knew 'twas ſhe, that her crafty ſtealing

[60] The ſenſe and meaſure both are imperfect in his reading. *Seward.*

Out

Out the back way muſt needs have ſuch a meaning.
Laun. I'm at my ſmall wits' end.
Tho. If you mean honourably——
Laun. Did ſhe ne'er beat you before, Sir?
Seb. Why doſt thou follow me?
Thou raſcal, ſlave, haſt thou not twice abus'd me?
Haſt thou not ſpoil'd the boy? By thine own covenant,
Wouldſt thou not now be hang'd?
Laun. I think I would, Sir;
But you are ſo impatient! Does not this ſhew, Sir,
(I do beſeech you ſpeak, and ſpeak with judgment,
And let the caſe be equally conſider'd)
Far braver in your daughter? In a ſon now,
'Tis nothing, of no mark, every man does it;
But to beget a daughter, a man-maiden,
That reaches at theſe high exploits, is admirable!
Nay, ſhe goes far beyond him; for when durſt he,
But when he was drunk, do any thing to ſpeak of?
This is Sebaſtian truly.
Seb. Thou ſay'ſt right, Launce;
And there's my hand once more.
Tho. Not without marriage.
Seb. Didſt thou hear that?
Laun. I think ſhe ſpoke of marriage.
Seb. And he ſhall marry her (for it ſeems ſhe likes him)
And their firſt boy ſhall be my heir.
Laun. Ay, marry,
Now you go right to work.
Tho. Fy, fy, Sir!
Now I have promis'd you this night to marry,
Would you be ſo intemperate? are you a gentleman?
Hylas. I have no maw to marriage, yet this raſcal
Tempts me extremely.—Will you marry preſently?
Tho. Get you afore, and ſtay me at the chapel,
Cloſe by the nunnery; there you ſhall find a night-prieſt,
Little Sir Hugh, and he can ſay the matrimony
Over without book; for we muſt have no company,
Nor

Nor light, for fear my father know, which muſt not yet be:
And then tomorrow-night——
Hylas. Nothing to-night, ſweet?
Tho. No, not a bit. I'm ſent of buſineſs,
About my dowry, ſweet; do not you ſpoil all now;
'Tis of much haſte.—I can ſcarce ſtay the marriage!
Now, if you love me, get you gone!
Hylas. You'll follow?
Tho. Within this hour, my ſweet chick.
Hylas. Kiſs.
Tho. A rope kiſs you!—
Come, come; I ſtand o' thorns.
Hylas. Methinks her mouth ſtill
Is monſtrous rough; but they have ways to mend it.—
Farewell!
Tho. Farewell!—I'll fit you with a wife, Sir.
Seb. Come, follow cloſe; I'll ſee the end ſhe aims at,
And if he be a handſome fellow, Launcelot,
Fiat! 'tis done, and all my 'ſtate is ſettled. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Abbeſs, Cellide, and Nuns.

Abbeſs. Come, to your matins, maids! Theſe early hours,
My gentle daughter, will diſturb a while
Your fair eyes, nurtur'd in eaſe.
Cel. No, virtuous mother,
'Tis for my holy health, to purchaſe which
They ſhall forget the child of eaſe, ſoft ſlumber [61].
O, my afflicted heart, how thou art tortur'd!
And, Love, how like a tyrant thou reign'ſt in me,
Commanding and forbidding at one inſtant!
Wh[illegible]hat deſire to have
C[illegible]ke me happy?
W[illegible]g that young man home, oh,

[illegible]umbers.] Former editions. *Sene*

That virtuous youth? Why didſt thou ſpeak his goodneſs,
In ſuch a phraſe as if all tongues, all praiſes,
Were made for him? Oh, fond and ignorant!
Why didſt thou foſter my affection
'Till it grew up to know no other father,
And then betray it?

Abbeſs. Can you ſing?

Cel. Yes, mother,
My ſorrows only.

Abbeſs. Be gone, and to the choir then.

[*Exeunt. Muſick, ſinging.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Michael and Servant, and Francis.

Mich. Haſt thou enquir'd him out?

Serv. He's not at home, Sir;
His ſiſter thinks he's gone to th' nunnery.

Mich. Moſt likely; I'll away. An hour hence, ſirrah,
Come you along with this young gentleman;
Do him all ſervice, and fair office.

Serv. Yes, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Sam. Where haſt thou been, man?

Hylas. Is there ne'er a ſhop open?
I'll give thee a pair of gloves, Sam.

Sam. What's the matter?

Hylas. What doſt thou think?

Sam. Thou art not married?

Hylas. By th' maſs but I am, all to being married *;
I am i'th' order now, Sam.

Sam. To whom, prithee?

* *All to* be *married.*] We ſhould either read, *All* but *to be married*; or, *All to* being *married.*

I thought

I thought there was ſome ſuch trick in't, you ſtole from me.
But who, for Heav'n's ſake?

Hylas. Ev'n the ſweeteſt woman,
The rareſt woman, Samuel, and the luſtieſt,
But wondrous honeſt, honeſt as the ice, boy,
Not a bit beforehand, for my life, ſirrah;
And of a luſty kindred!

Sam. But who, Hylas?

Hylas. The young gentleman and I are like to be friends again;
The fates will have it ſo.

Sam. Who, Monſieur Thomas?

Hylas. All wrongs forgot.

Sam. Oh, now I ſmell you, Hylas;
Does he know of it?

Hylas. No, there's the trick I owe him;
'Tis done, boy; we are faſt, 'faith! My youth now
Shall know I am aforehand, for his qualities.

Sam. Is there no trick in't?

Hylas. None, but up and ride, boy.
I have made her no jointure neither; there I have paid him.

Sam. She's a brave wench.

Hylas. She ſhall be, as I'll uſe her;
And, if ſhe anger me, all his abuſes
I'll clap upon her caſſock.

Sam. Take heed, Hylas!

Hylas. 'Tis paſt that, Sam. Come, I muſt meet her preſently,
And thou[62] ſhalt ſee me a moſt glorious huſband. [*Exe.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Dorothy, Mary, and Valentine.

Dor. In troth, Sir, you ne'er ſpoke to me.

Val. Can you forget me?

[62] *And* now *ſhalt*] Former editions. *Sewa...*

Did

Did not you promiſe all your help and cunning
In my behalf, but for one hour to ſee her?
Did you not ſwear it? By this hand, no ſtrictneſs
Nor rule this houſe holds, ſhall by me be broken.

Dor. I ſaw you not theſe two days.

Val. Do not wrong me!
I met you, by my life, juſt as you enter'd
This gentle lady's lodge, laſt night, thus ſuited,
About eleven o'clock.

Dor. 'Tis true, I was there;
But that I ſaw or ſpoke to you——

Mary. I've found it;
Your brother Thomas, Doll!

Dor. Pray, Sir, be ſatisfied,
And wherein I can do you good, command me.—
What a mad fool is this!—Stay here a while, Sir,
Whilſt we walk in, and make your peace.

[*Exit with Mary.*

Enter Abbeſs.

Val. I thank you. [*Squeak within.*

Abbeſs. Why, what's the matter there among theſe maids?
Now, *benedicite!* Have ye got the breeze there?
Give me my holy ſprinkle!

Enter two Nuns.

1 *Nun.* Oh, madam,
There is a ſtrange thing like a gentlewoman,
Like miſtreſs Dorothy, (I think the fiend)
Crept into th' nunnery, we know not which way,
Plays revel-rout among us.

Abbeſs. Give me my holy water-pot.

1 *Nun.* Here, madam.

Abbeſs. Spirit of earth or air, I do conjure thee,
Of water, or of fire—— [*Squeak within.*

1 *Nun.* Hark, madam, hark!

Abbeſs. Be thou ghoſt that cannot reſt,
Or a ſhadow of the bleſs'd,
Be thou black, or white, or green,
Be thou heard, or to be ſeen——

Enter Thomas and Cellide.

2 *Nun.* It comes, it comes!

Cel. What are you? ſpeak, ſpeak gently
And next, what would you with me?

Tho. Any thing you'll let me.

Cel. You are no woman certain.

Tho. Nor you no nun,
Nor ſhall not be.

Cel. What make you here?

Tho. I am a holy friar.

Abbeſs. Is this the ſpirit?

Tho. Nothing but ſpirit, aunt.

Abbeſs. Now out upon thee!

Tho. Peace, or I'll conjure too, aunt.

Abbeſs. Why come you thus?

Tho. That's all one; here's my purpoſe[62]:
Out with this nun; ſhe is too handſome for ye.
I'll tell thee, aunt, and I ſpeak it with tears to thee,
If thou keep'ſt her here, as yet I hope thou art wiſer,
Mark but the miſchief follows!

Abbeſs. She's a votreſs.

Tho. Let her be what ſhe will, ſhe will undo thee.
Let her but one hour out, as I direct you,
Or have among your nuns again!

Abbeſs. You have no project
But fair and honeſt?

Tho. As thine eyes, ſweet Abbeſs.

Abbeſs. I will be rul'd then.

Tho. Thus then, and perſuade her——
But do not juggle with me; if you do, aunt——

Abbeſs. I muſt be there myſelf.

Tho. Away, and fit her.

Abbeſs. Come, daughter, you muſt now be rul'd, or
power.

Cel. I muſt obey your will.

Abbeſs. That's my good daughter. [*Exeunt*

[62] Here's *my purpoſe.*] The old quarto reads, HER'S *my purpoſe.*

SCE]

SCENE VII.

Enter Dorothy and Mary.

Mary. What a coil has this fellow kept i'th'nunnery!
Sure he has run the Abbeſs out of her wits.
Dor. Out of the nunnery, I think; for we can neither
ſee her,
Nor the young Cellide.
Mary. Pray Heav'ns, he be not teaſing!
Dor. Nay, you may thank yourſelf; 'twas your
own ſtructures.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Sam. Why, there's the gentlewoman.
Hylas. Maſs, 'tis ſhe indeed.
How ſmart the pretty thief looks! 'Morrow, miſtreſs!
Dor. Good morrow to you, Sir!
Sam. How ſtrange ſhe bears it!
Hylas. Maids muſt do ſo, at firſt.
Dor. Would ye aught with us, gentlemen?
Hylas. Yes, marry, would I,
A little with your ladyſhip.
Dor. Your will, Sir?
Hylas. Doll, I would have you preſently prepare
Yourſelf and thoſe things you would have with you;
For my houſe is ready.
Dor. How, Sir?
Hylas. And this night
Not to fail; you muſt come to me; my friends
Will all be there too. For trunks, and thoſe things,
And houſhold-ſtuff, and cloaths, you would have
carried,
Tomorrow, or the next day, I'll take order:
Only what money you have, bring away with you,
And jewels.
Dor. Jewels, Sir?
Hylas. Ay, for adornment.
There's a bed up to play the game in, Dorothy:

And now, come kiſs me heartily!

Dor. Who are you?

Hylas. This lady ſhall be welcome too.

Mary. To what, Sir?

Hylas. Your neighbour can reſolve you.

Dor. The man's fooliſh!

Sir, you look ſoberly: Who is this fellow,
And where's his buſineſs?

Sam. By Heav'n, thou art abus'd ſtill.

Hylas. It may be ſo. Come, ye may ſpeak now boldly;
There's none but friends, wench.

Dor. Came you out of Bedlam?
Alas, 'tis ill, Sir, that you ſuffer him
To walk i' th' open air thus; 'twill undo him.
A pretty handſome Gentleman: Great pity!

Sam. Let me not live more if thou be'ſt not cozen'd.

Hylas. Are not you my wife? Did not I marry you laſt night,
At St. Michael's Chapel?

Dor. Did not I ſay he was mad?

Hylas. Are not you miſtreſs Dorothy, Thomas's ſiſter?

Mary. There he ſpeaks ſenſe; but I'll aſſure you, gentleman,
I think no wife of yours. At what hour was it?

Hylas. 'Sprecious, you'll make me mad! Did not the prieſt,
Sir Hugh, that you appointed, about twelve o'clock
Tie our hands faſt? Did not you ſwear you lov'd me?
Did not I court ye, coming from this gentlewoman's?

Mary. Good Sir, go ſleep; for, if I credit have,
She was in my arms then a-bed.

Sam. I told you.

Hylas. Be not ſo confident!

Dor. By th' mais, ſhe muſt, Sir;
For I'll no [illegible] here, before I know him:
And ſo good [illegible] ow to ye! Come, let's go ſeek 'em

Sam. I told you what you had done.

Hylas. Is the devil ſtirring?
Well, go with me; for now I will be married.

SCE I

SCENE VIII.

Enter Michael, Valentine, and Alice.

Mich. I've brought him back again.
Val. You have done a friendſhip,
Worthy the love you bear me.
Mich. 'Would he had ſo too!
Val. Oh, he's a worthy young man.
Mich. When all's tried,
I fear you'll change your faith. Bring in the gentleman.

Enter Francis and Servant, Abbeſs and Cellide, ſeverally.

Val. My happy miſtreſs too? Now, Fortune, help me!
And, all you ſtars that govern chaſte deſires,
Shine fair, and lovely!
Abbeſs. But one hour, dear daughter,
To hear your guardian, what he can deliver
In love's defence, and his; and then your pleaſure.
Cel. Tho' much unwilling, you have made me yield,
More for his ſake I ſee: How full of ſorrow,
Sweet catching ſorrow, he appears! Oh, Love,
That thou but knew'ſt to heal, as well as hurt us.
Mich. Be rul'd by me: I ſee her eye faſt on him:
And what you heard, believe; for 'tis ſo certain
He neither dar'd, nor muſt oppoſe my evidence:
And be you wiſe, young lady, and believe too.
This man you love, Sir?
Val. As I love my ſoul, Sir.
Mich. This man you put into a free poſſeſſion
Of what his wants could aſk, or yourſelf render?
Val. And ſhall do ſtill.
Mich. Nothing was barr'd his liberty
But this fair maid: That friendſhip firſt was broken,
And you and ſhe abus'd; next, (to my ſorrow
So fair a form ſhould hide ſo dark intentions)
He hath himſelf confeſs'd (my purpoſe being

Only

Only to ſtop his journey, by that policy
Of laying felony to his charge, to fright the ſailors)
Divers abuſes done, thefts often practis'd,
Monies and jewels too, and thoſe no trifles.

Cel. Oh, where have I beſtow'd my faith? in neither
(Let's in for ever now) there is virtue[63]!

Mich. Nay, do not wonder at it; he ſhall ſay it:
Are you not guilty thus?

Fran. Yes.—Oh, my fortune!

Mich. To give a proof I ſpeak not enviouſly,
Look here: D'you know theſe jewels?

Cel. In, good mother!

Enter Thomas, Dorothy, and Mary; then Sebaſtian and Launcelot.

Val. Theſe jewels I have known.

Dor. You've made brave ſport!

Tho. I'll make more, if I live, wench.
Nay, do not look on me; I care not for you.

Laun. Do you ſee now plain? That's miſtreſs Dorothy,
And that's his miſtreſs.

Seb. Peace; let my joy work eaſily.
Ha, boy! art there, my boy? mine own boy, Tom, boy!
Home, Launce, and ſtrike a freſh piece of wine; the town's ours!

Val. Sure, I have known theſe jewels.

Alice. They are they, certain.

Val. Good Heav'n, that they were!

Alice. I'll pawn my life on't;
And this is he. Come hither, miſtreſs Dorothy,

---

63 ——— *in neither!*
Let's in for ever now, there is virtue.] I read,
——— *in neither* ——— *there is* no *virtue.*

I fear that I ſhall be thought to put a nonſenſical expletive into the text for the ſake of meaſure only; but the uſe of two negatives in this manner is very common to all old Engliſh writers, and to our Authors in particular; that I cannot doubt of its being the true reading. *Seward.*

We [illegible] for this alteration; though two negatives [illegible] not uncom[illegible] are not neceſſary.—Beſides, Mr. Seward is wrong in his aſſertion, [illegible] that two negatives are *particularly common* to [illegible] Authors.

And miſtreſs Mary: Who does that face look like,
And view my brother well?
Dor. In truth, like him.
Mary. Upon my troth, exceeding like.
Mich. Beſhrew me,
But much, and main reſemblance, both of face
And lineaments of body: Now Heav'n grant it!
Alice. My brother's full of paſſion. I'll ſpeak to him.
Now, as you are a gentleman, reſolve me,
Where did you get theſe jewels?
Fran. Now I'll tell you,
Becauſe blind Fortune yet may make me happy.
Of whom I had 'em I have never heard yet,
But from my infancy upon this arm
I ever wore 'em.
Alice. 'Tis Franciſco, brother;
By Heav'n, I tied 'em on! A little more, Sir,
A little, little more; what parents have you?
Fran. None,
That I know yet, the more my ſtubborn fortune;
But, as I heard a merchant ſay that bred me,
Who, to my more affliction, died a poor man,
When I reach'd eighteen years——
Alice. What ſaid that merchant?
Fran. He ſaid, an infant in the Genoa gallies,
(But from what place he never could direct me)
I was ta'en in a ſea-fight, and from a mariner,
Out of his manly pity, he redeem'd me.
He told me of a nurſe that waited on me,
But ſhe, poor ſoul, he ſaid, was kill'd:
A letter too I had enclos'd within me,
To one Caſtruccio, a Venetian merchant,
To bring me up: The man, when years allow'd me,
And want of friends compell'd, I ſought; but found him
Long dead before, and all my hopes gone with him.
The wars was my retreat then, and my travel,
In which I found this gentleman's free bounty,
For which Heav'n recompence him[64]! Now ye've all.

[64] *For which Heav'n* recompenc'd *him.*] Former edit. *Seward.*

Val.

Val. And all the worldly bliſs that Heav'n can ſend me,
And all my prayers and thanks!
Alice. Down o' your knees, Sir!
For now you've found a father, and that father
That will not venture you again in gallies.
Mich. 'Tis true, believe her, Sir; and we all joy with you.
Val. My beſt friend ſtill, my deareſt! Now Heav'n bleſs thee,
And make me worthy of this benefit!
Now, my beſt miſtreſs.
Cel. Now, Sir, I come to you——
Abbeſs. No, no; let's in, wench.
Cel. Not for the world, now, mother.—
And thus, Sir, all my ſervice I pay to you,
And all my love to him.
Val. And may it proſper!
Take her, Franciſco, now no more young Callidon[65],
And love her dearly; for thy father does ſo.
Fran. May all hate ſeek me elſe! and thus I ſeal it.
Val. Nothing but mirth now, friends.

Enter Hylas and Sam.

Hylas. Nay, I will find him.
Sam. What do all theſe here?
Tho. You're a truſty huſband,
And a hot lover too.
Hylas. Nay then, good morrow!

---

[65] *Take her*, Franciſco, *now no more young* Callidon.] There is an inaccuracy in this play. *Frank* had been never call'd *Callidon* before, but by his own name. Thus in the ſecond act Thomas ſays,

What young Frank?
The only temper'd ſpirit, &c.

But it is very probable, that this was the actor's or printer's miſtake, who ſeeing him call'd *Frank* in the *Perſons of the Drama*, might call him ſo here without attending to the ſequel, without which the name *Callidon* in that place would not have been intelligible. *Seward.*

We ſee no way of clearing the Author of this inaccuracy; [illegible] the effect of haſty compoſition.

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